THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning

The Gay and Festive Claverhouse—By Anne Warner

"DAT CREAM OF WHEAT DONE SHORE MAKE HIM GROW, MISSY."

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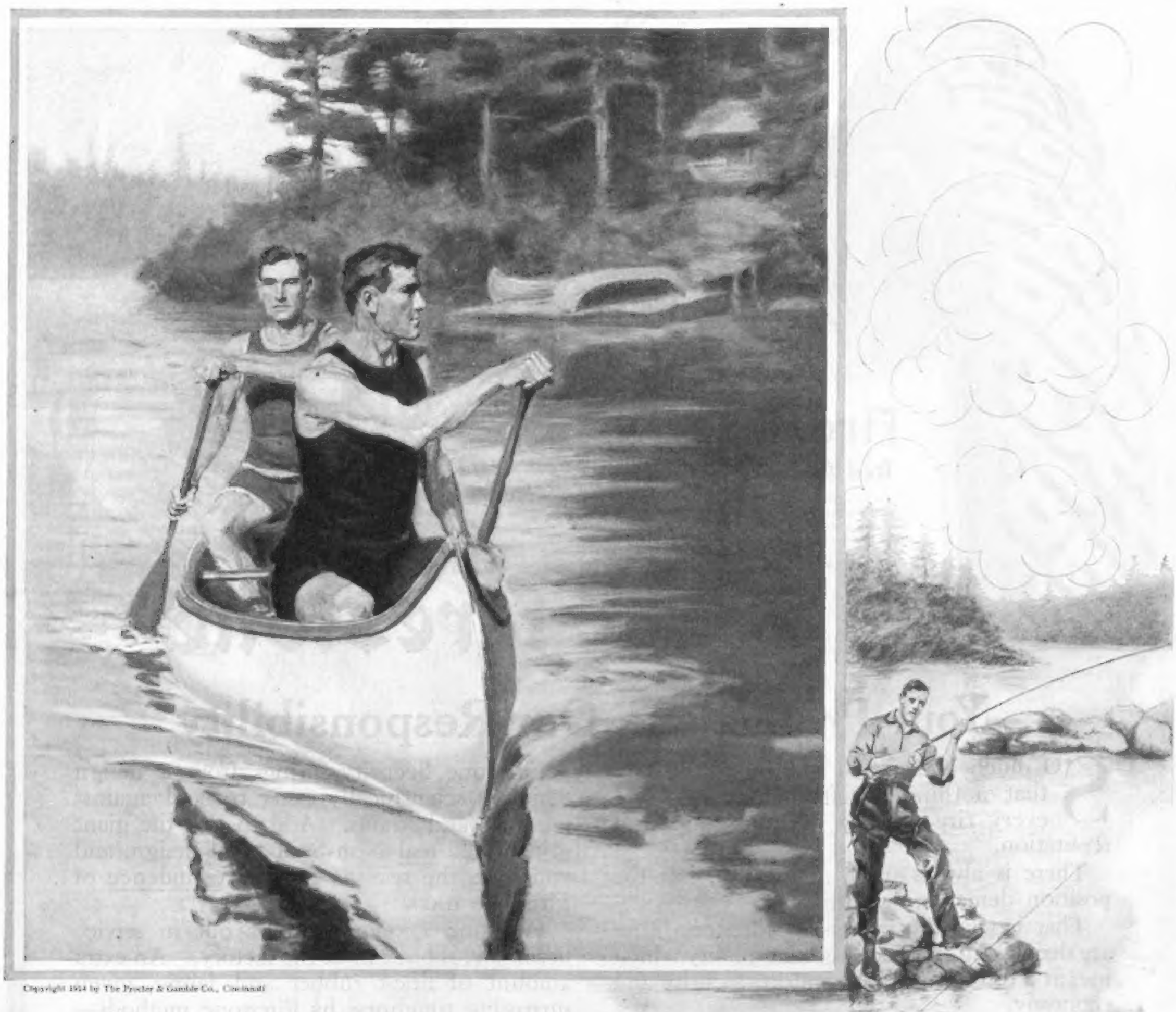

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The Gay and Festive Claverhouse—An Extravaganza

By Anne Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

CLAVERHOUSE was just as wicked, and extravagant, and unprincipled, and good-looking, and altogether delightful as he could be. Everybody execrated and blackguarded and loved him. He was a sort of reprehensible but genial cyclone let loose in good society. He was all things that he shouldn't have been—at once the joy and the curse of his intimates. Rich, handsome, two doors from a title and unmarried. Black-haired, gray-eyed, large and a linguist. Idle, worthless and a popular *parti*. There you have our hero *en silhouette*, as the world in general knew him. As he knew himself was another matter. Very possibly very much another matter. Scientists have not yet settled whether a man be more responsible for being than for having; more culpable as to stealing than as to curly hair; more praiseworthy as to poetry than as to princely blood.

It happened—just accidentally fell out—that Claverhouse, the Honorable Ernest Claverhouse, to give him his full title, was born with no sense of responsibility toward anything or anybody. There lay the key to all his character. He never was able to comprehend a social standard that included the rights or pleasure of any other than himself. Nothing in him made him try to attain to the possession of such a comprehension, for it never struck him as in the least needful. Successive nurses, governesses, tutors and teachers labored hard to instil the missing quality, but they never succeeded in the least. Neither the root idea nor the soil necessary to its growth existed. Their charge grew up just as he had set out, and lived for himself alone, a creature as free from all moral pullbacks as any wren or elephant that was ever alive.

"I Might Just Suggest, Miss, the Sending Out of a Cup of Tea to Poor Mrs. Watson"

At thirty he had a goodly career behind him and was still quite calm as to slashing along ruthlessly. Then one fine day he fell ill, and was very ill. Fancy then if you can the feelings of the famous specialist who attended him, when that same pompous and ponderous practitioner decided that the only course open to him was to tell the good-tempered—I said, did I not, that he was riotously good-tempered?—young reprobate that he must die!

They were in the luxurious quarters occupied by the young man, and the young man himself was sitting up in bed, ghastly white, and with horrid sharp lines round his eyes and mouth. The room was well done in mahogany and yellow, and the specialist matched the room to a nicety. He sat on a chair and the nurse stood at the other side of the bed. Conrad, Claverhouse's cosmopolitan valet, waited in the dressing room beyond, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon of a late August day. The doctor was very quiet and made the hard statement both kindly and carefully. He watched the effect with great attention.

Claverhouse didn't say anything at first, turning his hands up and scrutinizing the palms meticulously, and then arranging his sheet very neatly and precisely in one long, even fold across the bed.

"We all have to face many hard facts in life," the doctor added.

Claverhouse examined the cuffs of his pajamas and straightened the underarm seam of each sleeve.

"Life is full of hard facts," went on the sitter at the bedside.

The invalid tipped his head round and looked at him. "You don't mean it really?" he said with great interest. "How did you ever find that out?"

The doctor did not color, but the outer end of one of his eyebrows just twitched a bit, for really he wanted to feel sympathy for an earl's nephew.

"And how soon may I expect my happy release?" the patient continued, evidently feeling that the burden of keeping up the conversation was now passed to him.

The doctor bit his lip.

"You don't expect me to be absolutely careless as to such a trifling detail of my future, do you?" the young man went on. "It will be convenient for me to make a few plans. I usually go to Scotland for the shooting; but if I'm going to die first of course I'll give up going."

As this was latter August the famous specialist felt quite sure as to the shooting, but he felt equally sure that the man sitting up in bed would not be on his feet to shoot.

"As to plans, if you take the greatest of care, the greatest of care, observe," he said with precision of word and emphasis, "I can promise you"—he paused and considered—"perhaps six months." It was in this way that one of the greatest of modern medical men hoped possibly to frighten the gay and festive Claverhouse into a few stray bits of prudence. He looked away as he spoke, but having spoken he returned his eyes to the field of war, and was more than a little depressed to note that the doomed man was looking for his cigarette case. Abstinence from cigarettes was one of the chiefest of the modes of prudence enjoined.

"Have one?" asked Claverhouse, swooping toward the case, which rested on a table by his side. The swoop was also a part of the forbidden, and the medical man was subjected to further mental anguish in being forced to witness it.

"No, thanks," he responded briefly.

Claverhouse lit a cigarette and leaned back, puffing gently. "Six months, eh?" he murmured, as if striving to impress the fact on his memory. "Six months, and this is

August—September, October, and so forth, clear through to spring. If I take care?"

"That's where it is, you see."

"Hm!"

There was a silence. The nurse walked into the next room and returned with a vase of trailing vines which she placed on a cabinet in the corner. The cabinet looked Chippendale and was a cooler holding iced wines.

"Perhaps you'll have a drink?" the ill man asked suddenly. The doctor started slightly and shook his head.

"Now I put it to you ——" posed Claverhouse, reaching for his monocle and applying it with great precision. "Now I put it to you, supposing I don't take care, eh?"

The doctor was quite prepared for that, considering as he did that such would be the likeliest course of both patient and malady.

"Any day," he said gravely. "Any day."

"Any day?"

"Any day."

"And what," asked the man in bed, carefully folding his arms and grinning pleasantly, "what might you call taking care now?"

This had all been explained, not once but several times; yet the doctor was patient. "Abstention from stimulants and excitement of all kinds," he repeated slowly.

Claverhouse nodded. "I quite understand. I quite understand." He dropped his chin and considered. Then he threw up his head, took the cigarette from between his lips, pitched the ash off upon the rug and smiled. "And so, if that's all, I think I needn't trouble you further. I mean, you know, you can go."

The famous specialist was totally unprepared for that; even though he did suppose that he, in common with all the rest of their little world, did know the man before him. But professional dignity is in itself a science, and his was well-grounded. He arose at once and his face expressed nothing.

"Shall I make a report to his lordship?" he asked. They both knew that he would have to so report, but he asked as a matter of departing courtesy.

"What for?" snapped Claverhouse.

"It—it is customary."

"I don't come next," snarled the patient, replacing his cigarette between his lips and grabbing up the morning papers. "Report to Vivian Beck, if you feel so inclined."

"Do you desire that I make a report to any one else?"

"I don't care what you do from now on," concluded Claverhouse, turning his back and opening a paper. "Suit yourself."

It may have been surmised that those about the Honorable Ernest must often have writhed in the effort to control their tempers.

The gentleman now leaving the room did not exactly writhe, but he had great difficulty in speaking quite calmly when he came to the door.

"I trust," he said, pausing there, "that you will make every effort toward a temperate ——"

And then he was startled indeed. For Claverhouse, slamming over in bed, his eyes flashing, cried:

"Get out! Get out! Don't bore me any more!"

And then, flinging his arms across his eyes, he lay quite still and silent, while the doctor, offended mortally, stalked out.

II

WHEN he was gone and all doors had closed behind him, the man on the bed uncovered his eyes and said to the flushed nurse who stood now by the window, having returned from administering to the specialist such stray bits of attentiveness as she felt survive within her after the last scene: "You leave the room, too, at once."

She went out again at that and Claverhouse called loudly for his valet, who came directly and stood by the bedside, smiling cheerfully.

"Conrad, you're the one joy of my existence."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"You heard all that old idiot said?"

"Yes, sir."

"All that tommyrot about my having to die?"

"Yes, sir."

Claverhouse lifted up his eyes—lovely Scotch-Irish eyes they were, with long lashes striping their dangerous attractiveness—and gave a glance full of meaning into those other eyes meeting his, those good brown eyes of slavish and Slavonic devotion.

"Conrad, my lad, we've no secrets from each other. I don't know whether I'm going to die or not; but so far as actually dying by itself is concerned, I don't give a damn. I've lived in lots of countries and I don't mind trying a new one any time. But"—he stopped, and then went on impressively—"there's one little matter that I want to set straight before I go, if I really must go, and that's a bit of work that will require a deal of planning. You'll have to help me; and the only way that you can help me is to do just what I've to do myself—launch out into the deep water and then go it blind and follow your own inclinations. I've been thinking for some time that something must be done, and since that old fool began talking I've been arranging what to do. You know me well, and you know

Vivian Beck Bitterly Hated the Man Who Would be His Successor

the thought and care which I give to each detail of my life. I've given the same thought and care to this matter. I know just what I mean to do. I'd tell you the whole of it if I thought it would do any good; but it wouldn't. All that you need to know you'll know in good time, depend upon it. As for the rest, just remember that if I should let you into the whole secret you'd be bound to hash the game; and the game in this case is one that can't be hashed. It's one that at all odds must be put through successfully. Do you understand?"

The valet looked anything but understanding; but, as that was the look which his master liked to see him wearing and which he accordingly wore the most of the time, it really didn't count for much.

"I'll do my best, sir," he pledged himself cheerfully; and Claverhouse was satisfied.

"I'll warrant that you will," he said, reaching for another of the forbidden cigarettes. "And now first of all I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to go and try to get hold of Captain Beck. I must see him as soon as I can. Do you think you can find him this afternoon and get him here?"

"I'll try very hard, sir."

"Good! And if you succeed, if he comes here, while he's here you'll take a taxi to Portland Place, to Wythe House. I'll have a note ready for Miss Wythe. I'll hand it to you when you show Beck in. If she's at home—and she will be, for we're all up in town for the same reason: to see whether I'm to live or die, you know—you'll give her the note, and she'll read it; and then I'm fairly certain that she and her maid will return here with you. You'll show them up. It's all part of my plan, and as I've always been a lucky dog I think that I can work the whole game through to a finish. I think so. Now go."

Conrad went.

Then the nurse came back into the room.

"I shan't need you for the rest of the afternoon," Claverhouse said in an incisive tone; "and I think that really I shall not need you at all any more. My man is much more useful to me. You can pack up and I'll write you a check for whatever I owe you. Fetch me my checkbook!"

The nurse, open-eyed and open-mouthed, shivered and obeyed. She was too glad to get away to cavil at being dismissed, however, as her main duty had been playing cards from midnight on when her patient couldn't sleep.

When the check was written Claverhouse smiled and looked about the room in an extremely pleasant manner.

"Now let me see if there's anything I want before you go! The doctor said that I must not drink; so put the whisky and soda by me. And—ah, yes—my portfolio. I think that's all. Good-by!"

The nurse said good-by and went out. Of course she remained in the hall until she saw the valet returning, but Claverhouse did not know it.

He wrote his note; and then he smoked and read, well pleased with himself.

"I don't wonder that Madeleine worships me," he reflected, as he poured out a stiff drink. "I'm such a change from the ordinary mortal. But she mustn't love me any more."

He finished the drink and poured out a second.

"No, no; she mustn't love me any more."

He finished the second and poured out a third.

"Curious creatures, girls," he observed, as he unfolded another newspaper. "But then I'm curious too. The thing is to ——"

He ceased to think, becoming interested in his reading just there.

III

WHEN Conrad returned to say Captain Beck was coming immediately Claverhouse flung down his paper and looked really very well pleased.

"And here's the note," he said, shying it across the bed. "All written and ready and waiting, you see."

Conrad picked it up and asked if there was not something he could do for his master in preparation for the captain's visit.

"Oh, I don't know," said Claverhouse, reaching for the eternal cigarette. "Twist the chair round a bit perhaps—there, like that. I fancy there's nothing else. And now, as soon as he's here go on with that note at once. Don't lose any time, for there won't be any time to lose." And then, laughing in a good-looking, easy-going, riotous way that was all his own, he added: "I ought to have been a writer for the stage. I calculate my exits and entrances so prettily. 'Beck, left bedside front. Conrad, exit rear door right.' But I'll tell you one thing you can do before running along; and that is you might—I don't ask it, but you might—just fetch another bottle of whisky and a fresh siphon, for the doctor's prohibition has given me a most awful thirst."

Conrad looked a little bothered, but only a little, and fetched the whisky.

"And do not ever forget or let me forget that I am to give up smoking," Claverhouse added, reaching for the matches now. "And, therefore, while you're out buy another dozen boxes of cigarettes."

Conrad bowed; and just at that instant Vivian Beck rapped at the door. The valet hastened to open to him. Then the cousin, who stood between Claverhouse and the gray-haired and tottering title of their uncle, the earl, stood also between him and his sitting-room door—a tall, handsome, indignant and protesting image; for Vivian Beck bitterly hated the man who would be his successor if he himself never had a son; hated him with all the intensity which may be postulated for a decent man who sees in a thorough-paced good-for-nothing the rival beloved of the girl whom he desires to marry. Vivian Beck loathed and despised his cousin as much as he hated him. He regarded him as unworthy the company of gentlemen. He never met him when he could avoid it; but he had come to-day, because the message had run that Claverhouse must die and that he desired to see him.

He stood now halfway between the bed and the door, more than a little startled at the cigarette and the siphon, the smile and the gesture.

"You don't look as though you were dying," Vivian Beck's face said for him; and Claverhouse, understanding perfectly, replied aloud with:

"Too bad, isn't it?"

Captain Beck frowned and advanced a little.

"No, I won't shake hands," said Claverhouse, with a tip of his head forward; "for I abominate you worse than poison and know that you reciprocate. But sit!" He pointed to the conveniently placed chair and tossed his cigarette-case to that side of the bed.

"I didn't fancy coming," said Beck, standing very straight and looking extremely forbidding; "but your man put it up to me rather strongly. Said you were ill, and repeated the doctor's opinion and all that."

"You may as well sit down," Claverhouse insisted, leaning back and arranging the sheet fold with his accustomed precision. "I won't kill you, you know," he went on, lifting his brows whimsically. "Nor yet attack you. I prefer not to shake hands with you; but still I have sent for you to do you a kindness. Won't you really sit down? You can go, Conrad."

Conrad left the room.

"I'll stand, if you don't mind," said Beck, folding his arms. "I prefer standing."

"As you please," Claverhouse acceded. "Perhaps I ought to stand, too, for I'm not overfond of you, as I've already implied. But I can't stand unfortunately. I'm too beastly ill. So we'll meet on a half-and-half basis. Which reminds me: won't you have a whisky and soda?"

"No, thanks," declined the captain. "But go on now. What do you want with me? You're seedy and have sent, and I want to know why."

Claverhouse, who never under any circumstances put himself out for any one, and whose main joy lay in the ingenuity with which he could torment, now poured himself out a glass of Scotch, diluted it from the siphon and drank it deliberately.

"Curious that she wouldn't have you," he said as he set the glass down; "isn't it now? Especially when you and I both know whom she would have and why she can't have him." Then he looked earnestly into his empty glass.

The blood mounted to Beck's face until his blond hair and mustaches appeared white against its crimson. The veins swelled high in his temples and the cords stood out in his neck. He was obviously furious. And his cousin was looking at him and noting every sign of his emotion.

"I'd like to love like that," Claverhouse commented slowly; "but I never could. It isn't in me. I never felt anything take possession of me yet. I've never met anybody or anything that struck me as worth getting red about."

Beck said nothing, but bit his lip and slowly paled again.

Claverhouse reached for his cigarette case.

A wax match flamed, and he filled his lungs with the fragrant smoke of the rolled tobacco. "And now, Vyvie," leaning back again and arranging the bedclothes about him carefully, "before I forget it let me ask you a question: Do you remember the old place, Yewstones, that old, old manor of our respected ancestors? The house where we used to have the larks when we were boys? How long since you've been there?"

Captain Beck said nothing.

"Is it empty or rented or what?"

Captain Beck shook his head.

"I've a reason for wanting to know. I've a good reason. I've been thinking of the house this whole afternoon. You surely remember those walls and the paneled rooms. We used to drive the servants out of their heads, I recollect."

"Of course I remember the place," the captain said then. "It's closed years since, I fancy."

"Know nothing of its present state?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing whatever?"

Beck moved to the chair and sat down. The conversation promised to be prolonged.

"Yewstones is vacant," he returned in an expressionless voice. "It's been vacant for some time. I believe that our uncle keeps a man and his wife in the lodge, to open windows and build fires. I don't know that they do, however, and I know nothing else as to any of it."

"You don't know whether it's habitable?"

"I said I knew nothing else, nothing else whatever."

Claverhouse turned upon his pillows.

"I'm going to give you a shock," he said presently. "It will be pretty difficult for you to bear it. It's this: I've sent for Madeleine to come here to see me. I have a little scheme. It's quite a difficult matter, but I think it can be put through. When she comes I want you to go in there and listen." He pointed to the next room. "That's part of your work—to sit in there."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Captain Beck indignantly. "I have no desire to play eavesdropper."

He sounded unpleasantly haughty and scornful.

Claverhouse poured himself out another peg. "You know you can be pig-headed if you choose," he said, stopping between swallows to speak over the rim of his glass. "If I'd cut out drinking and smoking I could live long enough to ruin all our lives. But look at me; I ruin no one. I am going right on killing myself. It wouldn't be playing the game for me to live now."

"Rot!" muttered Beck with emphasis.

"Well, if you think so," said his cousin agreeably. "But don't speak in that tone again, for it goes near to making me angry. And if I fly into a rage I'm liable to drop dead. And if I drop dead, as things are now she'll worship me to the last day she lives. You know that as well as I do. Girls are like that."

Beck drew a very deep breath. "What do you want with her?" he asked sharply.

"I want to take her into my confidence," said Claverhouse, putting down his empty glass. "And I want to prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt that I'm an upright and honorable man. The only way to make that clear is to let you hear Madeleine and me talk together. I give you the chance. You can take it or leave it. There's the room. Go in and listen; and maybe some time you will follow up the advantage it will give you by going in and winning.

"If you don't want to listen you can go out the other door at any minute. I'll never know how long you stayed. Suit yourself."

"Has Madeleine Wythe actually consented to come here to your rooms? or are you merely asking her to do so?" Vivian Beck demanded.

"She is coming with her maid and my valet."

"You're a blackguard, Claverhouse, to let her do such a thing."

"The leopard can't change his spots," returned the ill man calmly enough; "but we won't argue. I know what I'm about."

There was a short, pregnant silence; and then the captain suddenly rose and stalked through the door which Claverhouse had indicated.

"Better take some cigarettes with you," his cousin called after him; but the only response was a violently banged door.

Then Claverhouse shook the ash from his own cigarette and turned again to his newspapers. "That's one reason why really decent fellows have such a hard time in this world," he observed cryptically to himself as he hunted for an article of interest: "they're made the way he is."

IV

A FEW minutes later Conrad returned from his second voyage of good or evil omen.

"Well?" queried his master, looking over the paper.

"Miss Wythe and the housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, are here, sir."

Claverhouse smiled joyously. "Good. Bring Miss Wythe in at once and give Mrs. Wilson a chair in the sitting room where she can look out of the window. . . . And Conrad ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep watch." Claverhouse indicated the inner room and raised his eyebrows. "Keep a good watch!"

"Yes, sir."

"But don't ever tell me what you see, unless I expressly ask. Mind that."

"Yes, sir." Conrad had approached the bed. Now he spoke very low. "Perhaps he's gone already, sir."

"Perhaps, but I don't want to know it if he has. I want to play my part naturally; and to do that I mustn't know too much."

"Very good, sir," replied the valet.

"And now hand me a hairbrush."

Conrad obeyed. Claverhouse brushed his hair most carefully, and again arranged his bed-sheet in one long, beautifully even fold.

"Now you may fetch Miss Wythe, and stay within call."

Conrad hastened to obey.

"Vivian," Claverhouse whispered to himself when alone, "you're a fool if you're not there. But it would be just like you to be a fool."

Then he fixed his eyes expectantly on the door, which presently opened to allow Madeleine Wythe, tall, slender, lovely and thickly veiled, to be shown in by Conrad, who, having performed that service, instantly retreated and closed the door after him.

"Well," said Claverhouse, extending his hand, "so you're here. Welcome!"

She stood quite still, unwrapping her scarf. When it was all put back he saw that she was weeping.

"It was very good of you to come," he said then quickly in a casual tone. "Sit down!" And he pointed to the chair which Beck had occupied.

But she did not sit down, going to the foot of the bed instead and standing there, her elbows upon the crossbar, staring hard at him.

"Oh, Ernest," she said at last, "it can't be true what your letter said. It can't be that the doctor really knows. Persons do pull through, even with the most awful things."

"Sit down and we'll talk about it," said Claverhouse, speaking in a gentle, serious tone. "It's awfully good of you to come and you know how I appreciate it. Still, Madeleine dear, I'm afraid that all I wrote you is only too true. But . . . after all, what of that?"

The tears swiftly chased one another down the girl's cheeks.

"Ernest, Ernest ——" She could say no more.

Claverhouse looked troubled. "Be a good girl and listen," he said kindly. "I shouldn't have sent for you if it hadn't been most awfully necessary, you know that; but now that you're here we mustn't waste precious time. You love me, don't you, and want to please me?"

She nodded, sobbing. "But can't the doctors do something? Can't you go somewhere and be helped? Can't ——"

Claverhouse put his hand to his head. "Madeleine, I haven't much breath to talk and I never liked being interrupted. I've sent for you to speak to you very seriously. Will you stop crying and sit down in that chair and listen to me, or will you go away at once?

(Continued on Page 45)

"I Know a Girl Who Has Professed to be Madly in Love With Me For Ever and Ever So Long"

THE GENTLEMANLY THING

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MR. ALBERT EDWARD HARTSHORNE was not a gentleman exactly, either by birth or education; but somehow he always felt that Nature had designed him for that state of being—so perhaps it is not to be wondered at that this instinctive sense came to have an important bearing on his life. Still, he was not at all puffed up about it. He gave himself no airs; he wore no side on account of it—that is, in the days before the great adventure.

It began—this splendid and signal experience—during the first fortnight in September, at Sheercliffe-on-Sea. Almost as a matter of course Mr. Hartshorne spent the fourteen days' holiday, so kindly granted to him every year by the Palatial Insurance Company, at that fashionable watering place on the southeastern coast of Britain.

It was rather expensive, for everything was on a grand scale at Sheercliffe-on-Sea, including its prices. It was "a guinea a minute," in fact, as Mr. Hartshorne always said; but he stinted himself in cigarettes and picture palaces for fifty rather drab and uninspired weeks in order that he might enter his kingdom for one fortnight in the year.

And it was worth it every time to Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne, as he had confided more than once to his admiring friend and colleague, Mr. Percy Burrows, whose democratic soul was satisfied with unlimited straight-cut and bird's-eye, and the female society of Margate.

"Fact is, Bert," said Mr. Burrows, as he accompanied his friend in a taxi to Liverpool Street on the Saturday afternoon of Mr. Hartshorne's annual departure for Sheercliffe-on-Sea—"fact is, Bert, you are a born nut! It's something in you—it's something you can't account for; but, right enough, it's there! I should no more think of taking a taxi for Sheercliffe-on-Sea than I should think of setting out for the moon on a motor bicycle! But, as I say, it's something that's there!"

Mr. Hartshorne did not take a first-class return, though he hesitated about even that. It was second-class this time; but, with a rise of half a crown a week in his salary, due on the first of the following May, he had hopes of being able to afford even that next year.

It was when he had settled himself, with his Gladstone bag, his lawn-tennis racket, and his favorite novelist in an excellent sevenpenny edition, on the cushions of his compartment, and had exhorted Mr. Burrows to be good while he was away, that Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne really began to live. As he moved out of the station a new aura enveloped his being. He inhabited a new heaven and a new earth.

After a very good tea at his boarding house—The Durdans, Rosebery Avenue—Mr. Hartshorne took his first constitutional that evening on the Marine Parade. In his new suit, so full of style and that indefinable quality called snap; in his well-polished brown shoes, each displaying two inches of light green sock; in his new straw hat, with the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers, whose colors were the same as I Zingari, except that they were worn the other way up; and twirling a small cane with the abandon of one absolutely and completely happy—he was ready to welcome adventure with both hands.

This romantic feeling crystallized presently into an intense desire to speak to a girl. Mr. Hartshorne did not know a soul in Sheercliffe-on-Sea except his landlady, Mrs. Price, who had welcomed him as an old friend. And the longer he walked up and down the Marine Parade the more intense grew the craving for female society that had so suddenly descended on him.

There was one girl in particular who had caught his eye. She was the real thing—that was the point to which the subtle laws of Mr. Hartshorne's being invariably began directing him—in her very plain but well-cut blue serge coat and skirt, and her very neat straw hat; with her Atalanta-like carriage—as his favorite novelist would have said—and her head held so proudly, with its air of smiling disdain. Yes; that girl, whoever she might be, was clearly, unmistakably it.

That was the kind of girl you seldom saw in Leadenhall Street, E. C. Romance was in the very salt of the atmosphere of this wonderful place. She looked so nice that he felt he must—he really must—risk it! As she passed him the third time she met his eye. He raised his new hat with its startling ribbon, a combination that in other glad and glorious fortnights at Sheercliffe-on-Sea had done remarkable things; he raised his hat with a studied grace of style and murmured:

"Nice evening—isn't it?"

And Mr. Hartshorne met with a rebuff. There was no doubt about it—a rebuff! A very firm and charmingly rounded chin came forward a little; a pair of really glorious gray eyes opened in a way that suggested a cobra unhooding itself, and they went literally right through Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne. Yes; it was a rebuff—not a doubt about that.

Mr. Hartshorne sat down on the first seat he came to in order to collect himself a little. He must really be more careful. Every fortnight, as it came round, seemed to find him a little more ambitious. There was a kind of demon in him that urged him to fly at higher and higher game.

Two years ago he would never have risked such a fall! He must not overdo it altogether; he must not lose entirely his sense of proportion. Why, that girl was a regular out-and-outer! Even the dash, the style, the address of an Albert Edward Hartshorne—even the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers might fail of impact on such unmistakable class.

Nay; it had been so undoubtedly. It had been one fair and square in the face. Still, after all, a man of his experience should have known better than that. This was his fifth year at Sheercliffe-on-Sea—and he had behaved as poor Percy Burrows might have done, or any other mere Margate amateur. By Jove, he must remember where he was!

However, the band suddenly struck up on the Marine Parade. The Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas, under the personal direction of Herr Stumer, the gifted *chef d'orchestre*, discoursed a really charming air from the latest musical comedy and Mr. Hartshorne at once began to feel good again. It would be easy to attach too much importance to the incident; and, after all, even a severe defeat at the beginning of a campaign does not necessarily mean an 1812.

A Pair of Glorious Gray Eyes Went Literally Right Through Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne

II

MONDAY morning was the beginning of the great adventure. The incident of the girl in the blue serge coat and skirt was a mere prelude to that immortal experience. And it began in the simplest way.

Mr. Hartshorne had just had his morning dip and was feeling very good indeed. His hat was at its most dangerous angle; he was twirling his cane as Herr Stumer twirled the bow of his fiddle; he was ready to look the whole world in the face and to bestow the glad eye on anything that wore a skirt—when he came straight on a dogfight.

In point of fact it was not a fight at all; but it was fraught with such consequences as to aspire to that dignity on the pages of Mr. Hartshorne's history. An officious sort of terrier was bullying a harmless little Pekingese—really doing it no hurt, but rolling it over in the sand and pretending to worry it, and so on. The little Pekingese was yelping a bit, though it was not really being hurt at all; but the sight of beauty in distress was at any time enough to fire the chivalrous soul of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne.

"Get away, you brute!"

He promptly gave the terrier a cut with his cane and sent it off about its business.

"Thank you so much!"

A very clear voice, with a slight note of fatigue in it, came to Mr. Hartshorne's ear. It was from within the precincts of a folding chair about five yards away, which Mr. Hartshorne in the stress of his gallant action had not noticed.

The tone was so unmistakably a little bit extra that Mr. Hartshorne's first thought, before he had time to envisage the occupant of the folding chair, was that it must proceed from the divinity of Saturday evening, whom, since his rebuff, he had twice gazed on from afar—once at church, which he had attended in the hope of seeing her and had been rewarded accordingly, and once on the pier, looking more of an out-and-outer than ever.

Mr. Hartshorne was disappointed, however. The occupant of the folding chair was a very ordinary sort of girl, about twenty-two, and so plain that you might almost have called her ugly—except that Mr. Hartshorne never called any young woman ugly; but her teeth stuck out fearfully, and her chin went back a goodish bit, and her complexion was certainly not of the best. No; she was plain enough, but her voice was a little bit extra.

Mr. Hartshorne raised his beribboned hat impressively. He then made a dive for the Pekingese, which was sitting in the sand doing no harm to anybody, and bore him triumphantly to his mistress.

The mistress of the Pekingese received her property with quite a commonplace remark.

She merely tickled the head of that mildly absurd member of the canine race and said:

"Pore old feller!"

Nevertheless the complete detachment of this young woman's manner, and particularly her odd pronunciation of the word "feller," appeared somehow to speak to the soul of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne.

Involuntarily he lingered a moment beside the folding chair. The occupant seemed suddenly to realize that he was standing there.

"Thank you so much!" she said, but with perhaps a slightly greater suggestion of fatigue than when she had thanked him before.

In spite of this young woman's commonplace appearance, there was a subtle something in her manner that at once put Mr. Hartshorne on his mettle. A second time he raised aloft the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers—on this occasion with a suspicion of a flourish.

"Not at all!" he said. "Don't mention it. It was merely the gentlemanly thing."

Just as this young woman's mispronunciation of the King's English had roused the curiosity of Mr. Hartshorne, so his excess of modesty seemed to rouse hers. Very gravely she laid down the book she was reading.

Then she looked up at Mr. Hartshorne very intently; and all at once her whole face, including those really unfortunate teeth, lit up in a slow but spreading and quite unforgetable smile.

Yes, she was quite a commonplace girl, so far as looks went; and her clothes seemed to be designed to keep up the tradition—very good and neat, and all that, but with really hardly any style at all. However, that smile was so deep, so ardent, so searching, that it made quite an impact on the young man. Moreover the possessor of the smile looked so easy and so friendly that he was tempted to forget his recent rebuff.

Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did not realize it then, but he was at the threshold of the great adventure.

III

"BEAUTIFUL weather—isn't it?" said Mr. Hartshorne, shooting his cuffs.

As a matter of fact Mr. Hartshorne was not wearing cuffs that morning, but had he been wearing them he would have shot them undoubtedly; so it is well perhaps to give him the full credit of his intentions, which were certainly of the best.

Her eyes were blue and they looked up at Mr. Hartshorne very quietly but very kindly, and that subtle smile was in them all the time.

"Yes; delightful!" she said. The voice was still a little fatigued, though not quite so much so as it had been. "But September is generally full of good weather."

"Yes, at Sheercliffe," said Mr. Hartshorne easily. Conversation was one of his gifts. "Do you come here every year?"

"No," said the occupant of the folding chair. "I have not been here before."

"This is my fifth visit." Mr. Hartshorne threw off the words so casually that he wished his friend Burrows could have heard him. The artist in his soul acclaimed it as the perfection of style.

"Really!"

The occupant of the folding chair laid down her book, which was a novel in French by an author of whom Mr. Hartshorne had not heard.

"Do you read much?" he said, his eye falling on the paper-covered volume.

"Yes, a good deal." Her promptness and her directness were not only pleasant, they were encouraging.

"I'm always glad when I run up against people with literary tastes," said Mr. Hartshorne. "I've got them myself."

"How interesting!" The voice was certainly a little fatigued, but it undoubtedly meant what it said. Moreover that odd kind of smile appeared to deepen and spread.

"Who's your favorite author?"

"Oh, I don't know"—yes, the smile was charming—if only those unfortunate teeth were not so prominent. "It rather depends on one's mood, don't you think?"

"Do you think so?" A slight note of authority came into Mr. Hartshorne's voice. It was not very marked, but still it was there. He was on his own ground now and he felt that he had maneuvered for position skillfully. "I'm a great believer in having a favorite author. I'm all for Prosser myself."

"Who?"

"Prosser. Big man! But there's Thackeray, of course. Still, he's a classic."

"Which is your favorite work of Thackeray's?" She was a plain girl, but really that smile had a regular picture-postcard effect.

"Oh, give me Vanity Fair every time! What?"

"I haven't read it."

She went down with a slump. Even her smile could not save her from Mr. Hartshorne's scorn.

"Oh, but I thought that everybody——" Mr. Hartshorne tried his hardest to suppress the note of patronage, but it could not be done by flesh and blood. However, he was tactful; and *Noblesse oblige!* was instinctively Mr. Hartshorne's motto. "But really, you know, you ought to read Prosser. He's—he's immense!"

"What has he written?"

"I've got one in my pocket." Mr. Hartshorne produced Prosser. "It's not one of his best, but it'll give you some idea of what he can do."

"It looks interesting." The fatigue was really very slight.

"You can have it if you'd like to read it. I've quite done with it."

"No—really! But thank you very much."

It was a very polite refusal, but it was very firm, very definite; and it left not a suspicion of a wound—it was all done so nicely.

"Well, if you won't —— But it's every man's and every woman's duty to read Prosser."

Mr. Hartshorne was almost in danger of becoming a little rhetorical, as was sometimes the case when he discoursed of literature and the drama, and the wind was blowing from the head of the pier.

Still, for all Mr. Hartshorne's fervor and in spite of Prosser's literary eminence, the occupant of the folding chair could only be induced to take a perfunctory interest in Prosser. This was disappointing. She looked like a rather intellectual girl; but as Mr. Hartshorne almost carelessly threw off the names of half a dozen of Prosser's undoubted masterpieces—names that should have been household words among people of culture—the suggestion of fatigue returned to her voice, and the smile in her eyes—in her really nice eyes—died down a little. Therefore, very reluctantly, Mr. Hartshorne decided to let go of literature. And yet it was strange that a person who was almost illiterate should be reading a novel in French.

He would try the drama. She might be better there. She might even belong to the stage—her voice was so good, in spite of a curious little lisp there was in it; but somehow he did not think the stage was her line. For one thing she was not good-looking enough, and her clothes did not suggest it either.

"Do you go much to the theater?"

"Oh, yes—fairly often when I am in London."

"What is your favorite play?"

"I don't know—I like so many." She was frank to naïveté—her taste was so very inclusive.

"I s'pose you've seen East Lynne?"

No; she had not seen East Lynne. That was a setback. Inclusive as was her taste, it almost seemed as though the drama was going to do no better than literature.

"Oh, but you ought. Everybody ought to see East Lynne." Mr. Hartshorne was suddenly submerged by his dramatic sense. The wind was undoubtedly blowing from the head of the pier this morning. "It's simply great—so true to life and so fruity. I know that some people go in for G. R. Sims and Ibsen; but give me East Lynne every time."

In spite of all Mr. Hartshorne's efforts, however, the drama seemed to languish too, and the conversation became, as it were, more general. He was at The Durdans, Rosebery Avenue, which was where he always stayed—because you could depend on the cooking—and where the prices, for Sheercliffe-on-Sea, were quite moderate. Where was she?

She was staying, it appeared, at the Hotel Majestic.

"Oh!"

There was a brief lull in the conversation. Somehow Mr. Hartshorne was not quite prepared for the Majestic. Her easy directness of manner and the simplicity of her attire had not suggested it. The Majestic was so exclusively for "the nuts" that Mr. Hartshorne's artistic sense reproved him at once for having made that statement about the moderate charges of his boarding house. Still, she might not have heard it. At least she did not allow it to affect the general accessibility of her attitude toward him—which, after all, was the reflection of his.

Almost at once, now that the murder was out in regard to this really rather commonplace girl, certain subtle forces within the soul of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne took charge of him.

"Bert, my friend," they seemed to say, "it's up to you to put your best left first. You've got to rise to the Majestic."

Immediately and quite automatically the Majestic wrought a change in Mr. Hartshorne's manner. His voice changed into a higher register; his aitches became a little more conspicuous; his vowels grew a little purer—somehow the streak of imagination in his soul was touched.

He was encouraged—not obtrusively, but very kindly and gently and quite firmly—to be autobiographical. Bagsworth was the home of his fathers. For the fraction of a moment he hesitated over this disclosure, having made one bad break already; but, after all, that pleasant suburb, less than twenty minutes from Waterloo, was nothing to be ashamed of—though Park Lane, of course, would have had a better sound.

Still, Bagsworth was not so bad in its way. Yes; he lived there with his mother, who was a widow, and he was the eldest of five children, one of whom—his sister Helen—had died of measles at the early age of seven. His father was dead too—naturally, as his mother was a widow. His father had been an officer in the army. His own profession was the stock exchange; and his youngest brother, Harold, was reading for the bar.

Mr. Hartshorne was quite simple and modest and pleasant about it all—just manly and unaffected, but a little stimulated perhaps by the sea air.

"What regiment was your father in?"

"His regiment? Oh, I think it was the Guards."

Somehow the Guards seemed to come involuntarily. Prosser was always a great believer in the Guards.

The rather subtle blue eye gazed at him with its mild light. It was as if she would like him to be quite sure.

"Yes, it was the Guards," he said with manly conviction. "I remember now."

"What was his rank?" The lisp grew a little more obvious in the very nice voice, but the fatigue seemed to be there no more.

"His rank?" There was a moment's hesitation at this rather superfluous question. "Oh, I only know he wasn't a general."

"He would have been had he lived perhaps?"

She Awaited the Arrival of a Most Enthusiastic Admirer

Mr. Hartshorne Was Magnificently at His Ease

"Oh, yes, of course"—if habitués of the Majestic would be so very encouraging!—"I think he was a sort of a major or a colonel. Anyhow I do know"—in a burst of candor—"I do know he wasn't a general."

In justice to the memory of Mr. Hartshorne *père* it seems right to mention that before he had been gathered to his fathers his profession had been that of a piano tuner. Therefore it was not to be wondered at that Albert Edward, his son, had suffered all his life from an effusion of the artistic sense. And it was impossible for one endowed with this inconvenient appanage not to feel that a piano tuner was a little out of the picture when it came to a matter of the Majestic. And he had no reason to doubt this agreeable young woman. She did not betray the Majestic on the surface, but to a trained observer there was undoubtedly a flavor of latent nuttiness about her. For example, she cut off all her g's. And anybody with even a superficial knowledge of Prosser was aware that that was an almost infallible sign of blood.

"I s'pose you'll get some huntin' in the winter?" Mr. Hartshorne made quite a vicious cut with his cane at a perfectly harmless dragon fly that was performing some kind of autumn maneuvers in midair.

"Yes," she said quite modestly; "I hope to get a little in the winter."

This was undoubtedly a she-nut *pur sang*—a nut-ess of the great breed, in fact. Really this thing promised to develop into something perilously like Prosser in real life. The hidden forces in the soul of Mr. Hartshorne never stood to him so manfully as now, however.

"I s'pose"—he made a second cut at the same harmless but irresponsible dragon fly—"I s'pose you'll be goin' up to town for the royal weddin' at the beginnin' of October?"

He knew that for what it was—a real touch of genius. And how simply, how finely this nut of nuts from the Majestic rose to it.

"Ye-es," she said—"unfortunately. Will you?"

No; unfortunately Mr. Hartshorne would be there already. He was bound to return not later than Saturday week. Did he say he was in diplomacy?

No—the stock exchange. The artistic sense was almost tempted to forget the stock exchange now. Like the moderate charges at his boarding house, the stock exchange was another bad break.

"After all"—as he made his third cut at the still hovering dragon fly and for the third time missed it—"a regular five thousand a year—don't you know?—from vulgar commerce"—Mr. Hartshorne was talking Prosser without knowing it—"is quite as good as fiddlin' with the peace of Europe."

The she-nut, her eyes round and starlike with entrancement, seemed to think pensively that it might be so.

IV

MR. HARTSHORNE was in the midst of his social triumph when a rapidly advancing figure caught his eye. And very shining, very splendid it looked in Mr. Hartshorne's sight as it moved in a dancing framework of green sea, golden sunlight and yellow sand. A thrill of excitement passed through his being. It was the lady of the blue serge coat and skirt.

As she stepped so proudly and so daintily over the yellow sands the Majestic was in every line of her. Yes, there could be no mistake about that. In spite of the plainness of her attire, here was nuttiness all compact.

Was it possible that this divinity would hail the lady of the folding chair as a sister nut? Indeed, it seemed most likely. Certainly she was coming straight and rather rapidly toward her, with a coat on her arm.

Mr. Hartshorne had quite a struggle to compose his fluttering heart. This was a wonderful moment in its history. The divinity was undoubtedly making a bee line for the folding chair.

A grave problem of the higher deportment was presented to Mr. Hartshorne's mind. Should he draw himself up to his full height and raise aloft the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers, with a well-bred but slightly ironical air, as one of Prosser's heroes would have done undoubtedly in these romantic circumstances? Or would it be the more gentlemanly thing—as real life was in question—to ignore the incident of Saturday evening on the Marine Parade and appear sublimely unconscious of the fact that they had ever converged on one another before?

Perhaps the star of Mr. Hartshorne's destiny never stood to him more nobly than in this emotional crisis. He was gazing far out to sea, but with one hand placed negligently on the top of the folding chair, as the divinity came up, clear-eyed, firm-chinned and haughty.

"Is This the Cloak You Meant, My Lady?"

"Is this the cloak you meant, my lady?"

The voice of the divinity was so astonishingly humble that Mr. Hartshorne could hardly believe his ears.

"Put it there, Wilkins. Thank you."

There was nothing more than that. The divinity was already returning whence she had come before Mr. Hartshorne could disengage his faculties from the thrall and impact of the incident. And again she had taken no cognizance of Mr. Hartshorne's presence; but she had not looked right through him this time. She had not looked at him at all.

It would be idle to deny that for a moment Mr. Hartshorne was a good deal shaken. The walls of his little world had fallen in, as Prosser would have expressed it.

Mr. Hartshorne felt that it would be wise to take his bearings a little before he went any further. So this commonplace nut-ess, with no complexion to speak of, and teeth that stuck out and a chin that went back a bit, was a title. Well, he was not altogether surprised. He had felt that that curious voice stood for something. But the divinity! She of the glorious eye, of which he had been dreaming ever since it had cut him dead, she was—she was —— No; it couldn't possibly be so.

"Put it there, Wilkins. Thank you."

They were only six words altogether, but they were haunting him. Very nicely spoken too—no hauteur. But somehow the yellow sands seemed now to be slipping under Mr. Hartshorne's feet. Already those six little words had seemed to change his attitude to life.

It was a merciful thing the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers had not been raised aloft—even with a slightly ironical air.

All at once it occurred to Mr. Hartshorne that the hour had come in which to draw out of action. He had borne himself with distinction, but somehow his conversational power had now deserted him in the oddest way. The pole-star of his destiny, however, reënforced by recollections of Prosser, stood to him nobly, even in the order of his going.

"Well, I think I'll be gettin' a move on," he said, removing his left hand from the top of the folding chair with airy nonchalance. "Good mornin'! Very pleased to have met you."

Thereupon, in grim and deadly earnest, the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers was literally flaunted in the sight of heaven and incidentally in that of the occupant of the folding chair. But Mr. Hartshorne was not allowed to escape so easily as all that.

"By the way, do you mind telling me your name?" How nice the lisp was; and the smile, too, was very fascinating.

"Mr. Hartshorne." Even Prosser would have approved the quiet dignity. "Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne—but no relation to the late king."

It was his only private little jest—by royal letters patent as it were—just to put strangers at their ease. It never failed of its effect, and long practice enabled it to be so well done as to be generally admired. In this instance it might have been a little superfluous to put the occupant of the folding chair at her ease—she was so much at her ease already; but, all the same, the glamour of her eyes seemed readily to approve it.

"Mr. Hartshorne, do you care to come to tea at the Majestic on Thursday at half-past four?"

For a moment Mr. Hartshorne felt a little dizzy, but he had the presence of mind to murmur that he would be delighted.

"That will be so nice. Goodby!" The yellow-gloved hand was raised in a truly Prosserian manner; a firm, decisive shake; a flatteringly unmistakable leavetaking. "On Thursday, half-past four. Ask for Lady Mary Cardew. Goodby!"

The banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers almost described a parabola in the ecstasy of departure. Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne walked on air for two miles along the yellow sands.

V

DEAR SYBIL: Please come to a freak tea here on Thursday, and bring Dorothy and Pauline. I have found something priceless.

Yours, MARY.

VI

THURSDAY came at last and at last came half-past four; and exactly on time by the clock in the lounge of the Majestic a gorgeously upholstered gentleman announced Mr. Halbert 'Artshorne.

There were five ladies to meet him. Also there was a gentleman—a very soft-spoken and quite nice-looking young chap if his teeth had not stuck out quite so much and his chin had not gone back quite so far. Still, he made himself very agreeable. He was called Cardew and he was Lady Mary's brother. Mr. Hartshorne was introduced to him at once; but Lady Mary was so busy pouring out the tea that she forgot to introduce Mr. Hartshorne to the ladies. Mr. Hartshorne was a little disappointed at this. They were none of them beauties; still, he would like to have known them by name—not, of course, that it mattered particularly; he had so many other things to think of.

Cardew's eye fell on the ribbon of the hat in Mr. Hartshorne's hand. His own, by a coincidence, was also adorned with the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers, except that their rather striking colors were worn the other way up.

"Do you play cricket much, Mr. Hartshorne?" said Cardew.

"No, not much. Bicycling's my game."

"You do have sugar, Sylvia?"

Really that lisp of Lady Mary's was charming. But it seemed—alas!—that poor Sylvia was choking, and she had to be soundly beaten on the back by two of her companions before she was able to say that she did not have sugar but she had cream.

Mr. Hartshorne was magnificently at his ease. There was something about the atmosphere of this informal gathering that seemed to call for ease. Everybody was so friendly, so awfully nice to talk to. Not for a moment did the conversation flag; and the cakes and the bread and butter and the tea, which he helped Cardew most assiduously to hand round, were all first-class.

Yes, these nuts were absolutely the pleasantest people Mr. Hartshorne had ever met. Somehow they seemed to speak to his higher nature. There was a great deal in being a gentleman. One could appreciate all the finesse of these people—their agreeable voices, their charming friendliness, their quaint and unexpected little turns of speech. Somehow they made the Palatial and poor old Percy seem very far away indeed.

For instance, this chap Cardew, who frankly admitted that he had not read Prosser, but was so ashamed of his ignorance that he wanted to know all about him—this chap Cardew was in the Guards. He did not look the least like the Guards as the Guards had been represented by Prosser, but still, as Cardew was Lady Mary's brother, he was bound to take his word for it, even against the word of Prosser—not, of course, that he could ever have confessed this disloyalty.

"Which was your father's regiment, Mr. Hartshorne?" said the pleasantly conversational Cardew.

"Oh, the Guards," said Mr. Hartshorne inclusively.

"Yes; but which regiment?"

That rather bad break of Cardew's came, of course, of Cardew's not being up in his Prosser. According to Prosser, if you were in the Guards you were in the Guards, and there was an end of the matter. Prosser seemed to consider it rather superfluous to trouble about which regiment and trivial details of that kind. The Guards were the Guards, according to Prosser.

"Which regiment did you say, Mr. Hartshorne?"

"Oh, the Guards!" said Mr. Hartshorne; and then, after an instant's reflection as Cardew seemed inclined to press his question: "The cavalry, of course."

"The Blues, I expect."

"Yes; the Blues," said Mr. Hartshorne with decision tempered by promptitude.

Had Cardew expected the Greens or the Browns, Mr. Hartshorne would have been equally prompt and decisive. Cardew was making a bit of an ass of himself—how could he help it, poor fellow, with a chin of that kind! But it all came of his not having given his nights and days to Prosser. The poor chap almost conveyed the impression of not being in the Guards at all.

Cardew looked so inefficient and unmilitary that it was hard to think of him as in any way connected with the British Army; but then he was a viscount, it seemed. Mr. Hartshorne, being a man of large views, thought none the worse of him for it. Yet it accounted, no doubt, for his silk shirt and his light-gray spats, and his general air of having got up a little too early.

And it was a blow to Mr. Hartshorne's passion for correctness not to have discovered Cardew's romantic status before he had addressed him as Mister quite a number of times. That was, of course, an unfortunate lapse; but it was not allowed to make any difference to Mr. Hartshorne's standing in the charmed circle. And, after all, it was really Lady Mary's fault. She ought to have pronounced the important word "viscount" more distinctly when she had introduced him; as it was, Mr. Hartshorne was almost prepared to take his oath she had not pronounced it at all. Still, if he had had any sense—confound it!—he ought to have remembered that to be the brother of a title you are bound to be a title yourself.

"The car is waiting, my lord," a footman had said.

Happily these were broadminded people. They treated those unfortunate "Misters" of his as a thing of nought. Indeed, the announcement that the car was waiting was really the prelude to Mr. Hartshorne's coming triumph.

"Can I give you a lift anywhere, Mr. Hartshorne?" said the viscount.

It was such a moment as only comes to a man once in his life; but Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne kept wonderfully cool.

"Thanks," he said carelessly. "You can put me down, my lord, at the end of the pier."

Mr. Hartshorne was as calm as a church; yet somehow he knew that his whole being was raised just now to a higher power.

"Goodby, Mr. Hartshorne. It has been such a pleasure!"

The shake of Lady Mary's hand was very definite, but altogether delightful; and the eyes, so full of merry kindness, made him feel that she really meant what she said. But even this was not the end of the great adventure.

"Please give me your London address," she said.

Mr. Hartshorne had not one of his own cards unfortunately. By a stroke of irony the only card he had in his pocket was that of the Palatial Insurance Company, and he was constrained to write Number 6, Arcadia Villas, Bagsworth, on the back of that.

He apologized very gracefully for this makeshift, which was also treated as a thing of nought by these charming people; and Lady Mary's last words were that she hoped Mr. Hartshorne would find his way round to 1A, Grosvenor Square, some afternoon, when she would promise to be a little better acquainted with the works of Prosser.

VII

MR. HARTSHORNE turned up at the office on the Monday week in a pair of light-gray spats. Much needless comment was at once excited. The head of his department looked as if he wanted to kick him downstairs as soon as he saw them, and several of his peers suddenly became quite aggressively witty and sarcastic; but that is the worst of underbred people—they are so grievously lacking in the true amenities of life.

Mr. Burrows, however, his faithful henchman and satellite, was not of these. He would not admit, in the presence of the most searching criticism, that the spats were even an error of judgment.

"They might be, Mr. Saunders, for you and me," said Mr. Burrows to one of equal standing in the Palatial as himself, over their midday sausage roll and ginger ale at the Bodega, at the corner of Throgmorton Street. "I'll admit that for you and me they might be going a bit far; but, you see, with Mr. Hartshorne it's different."

"Can't see it myself," said Mr. Saunders. "In my opinion it's pure swank."

"No, you are wrong there, Mr. Saunders," said Mr. Burrows earnestly. "It's not swank at all in Bertie Hartshorne—it's something deeper than that."

"Don't believe it!" said Mr. Saunders, biting rather savagely at his sausage roll. "I was at school with young Hartshorne, and he was always inclined to consider himself better than chaps just as good as himself. I know his mother had once taught in a school, and all that; but I shall always maintain that spats are uncalled for in a chap like young Hartshorne."

However, Mr. Burrows still saw the matter in another light.

"No, Mr. Saunders," he said, "it's the wrong way of looking at it, to my mind. It's just a matter of what you happen to be born. You may be a born musician, or a born artist, or a born stamp collector. Well, in my opinion Bertie Hartshorne is a born swell."

During the next week Mr. Burrows' view gained ground in the office. A pair of light-gray spats were without precedent, except in the case of the submanager who, of

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A LILY OF THE FIELD

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THE American nation has a frank admiration for the lilies of the field, who toil not, neither spin, and eclipse the glory of Solomon. It is understood that if they toiled they could not look the part. The man who cannot afford them is quite willing for them to be ornamental and parasitic, and to form an occasional spectacle for him as he sees them from a bus on Fifth Avenue going into some exclusive place for tea, or as he envisages them at the grand opera through cheap opera glasses which make a long angle from his skyward seat to their boxes. The woman who cannot afford to be like them may or may not wish she could change places; but she, too, looks at them with admiration. And every one knows that the field in which such lilies are set must be a Field of the Cloth of Gold; that their only real excuse for being is that each is a vehicle of conspicuous consumption—each advertises some man's ability to pay.

The moral right of the golden lily of the field to exist may be questioned, but not her financial right. It is equally not to be questioned that the middle-class girl, the daughter of parents in comfortable circumstances—an elastic term—has no right to be a lily of the field. Her right is to be a working mate to her husband, who has no room in his scheme of things for a parasite.

"If You're Not Afraid of Losing His Love, Why Don't You Show Him These Bills?"

Marjory Martin was a middle-class girl, reared as a lily of the field but born to be some sensible and fragrant hearth flower, like Sweet William or mignonette. Marjory's parents had themselves had the sort of training that should have fitted them to become wise parents. Neither of them had known an easy childhood; they had to earn their own livings by hard work. They had received some rather rough buffets from life, which they had taken pluckily.

They began their married life with the determination to live well within their means, carry a good life insurance, and save enough yearly besides to pay for possible illnesses. Their young married friends thought they did not spend enough money for fun; older critics called them sensible. After Marjory came they were not quite so sensible.

"I suppose I've been extravagant to get this for Marjory," Mrs. Martin said once, showing her husband a filmy little dress; "but I never had any pretty clothes when I was a child. I well remember a little girl saying to me: 'I saw you wear that dress you have on last Sunday in church! Haven't you more than one dress?' I hadn't, and I well remember the humiliation I suffered. I am going to see that Marjory looks as well as other little girls."

Whenever Martin bought an expensive mechanical toy for Marjory he justified himself on the double score that it would be educational for the child and that he himself had never had anything to play with except blocks and cheap marbles and a broken jackknife. If the Martins had put their psychology into words it would have gone something like this:

"We have made the most of ourselves with almost no advantages. If we had been used to nice surroundings when we were children we should have been farther along now. Our child must go beyond us; and she can do that only when we give her a good start."

So Martin, on two thousand a year, gave Marjory, while she was in the early grades of the grammar school, as good an appearance as though he had had four thousand. He was able to manage it because they lived in a five-room flat where Mrs. Martin did her own work, even the washing. Yet she was careful to look well herself, so that the mothers of nice little children, with whom she wished Marjory to play, might see that she also was keeping up with the procession of rising Americans. By the time Marjory was in the late grades of the grammar school Martin was getting thirty-five hundred a year, and his daughter was taking lessons in dancing, music and French conversation.

One night Martin came home to dinner jubilant. His salary had been raised to forty-five hundred dollars—a long jump and perhaps the last he should ever receive. He did not mean to tell his wife until after the meal. Marjory had to be called twice to the table; and when at last she arrived her eyes showed unmistakable traces of tears.

"What's the matter, precious?" her father asked her tenderly.

Marjory's very pretty face became convulsed with grief.

"Why, that nice new girl, Carrie Jenkins, came to see me to-day," she sobbed, "and she said: 'Why, Marjory—why do you live in this tiny little flat? Why, I thought from your clothes you'd have a nice house somewhere.'"

"Don't say 'why' so much," murmured Mrs. Martin mechanically.

"And then," Marjory continued, "then she said: 'Why, does your mother do all her own work? Why, my mother has two maids!'"

"She was a very rude little girl to make such remarks about the home of her hostess," Mrs. Martin said.

"I suppose she might as well say them as think them," Marjory sighed.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Martin. "Aren't you satisfied with what father and mother can give you?"

Marjory fled to his knee.

"Oh, yes," she said; "only I thought maybe you could give me more."

The Martins smiled at each other rather painfully across Marjory's head. Doubtless one symptom of the ability to rise was this fashion of demanding more from parents. Later, when the child was doing her home work on the dining-room table, the elders went into the living room and talked over their new possibilities.

"We've come to a place of departure," Martin said. "We save between four and five hundred dollars a year over our living expenses and premiums. With my new raise, that means we have a margin of from fourteen to fifteen hundred. Shall we blow it in? You look pretty tired to me. Marjory doesn't give you much help round the house, does she?"

"I'll Save Somehow and Make Up That Money You Had to Pay"

"Of course I have her dust and make a bed now and then," Mrs. Martin said rather guiltily. "Later on I mean to teach her to cook. She does housework badly—hinders rather than helps; but I mean to have her learn—only just now, with all her school work, she really hasn't time."

"She's a nice child," Martin said; "but ——"

"She has her faults, of course," Mrs. Martin said; "and I suppose it's natural for her to want the things other children have whose parents have a scale of expenditure higher than ours."

"I've always meant that some day you should have a girl to do the housework," Martin said; "or a maid, as Marjory puts it."

"It would be nice for Marjory."

"It all comes back to Marjory, I suppose," Martin agreed dryly. "I guess we've come to the parting of the ways, Maggie. We can go on as we've been doing and save so much that by the time I'm laid on the shelf we'll be able to gratify all reasonable and many unreasonable wants, and leave Marjory a few thousands. Or we can live up to every cent of our income—paying the premiums, of course and then, when I'm retired, you and I can scrape along modestly on the income from the endowment policies, leaving Marjory, in the end, very little."

"It means," Mrs. Martin translated, "giving Marjory an absolutely unfettered youth. It means she need never be hurt at being left out of things because her clothes aren't good enough or because her home isn't good enough. Oh, Henry, I can't bear to have her hurt when there isn't any need for it! She'll have troubles, no doubt, when she is older; we can't ward off grief forever from her, but I do want her to be able to look back and say that the early part of her life was perfect!"

Off to a Finishing School

"NOTHING very joyful ever came my way until I met you," Martin said. "Then I forgot any bad luck I'd had. But I've got no assurance as to how much good luck life is going to bring our child. I only know how much happiness we can bring her."

Somewhere up aloft there must have sat a colony of ironic spirits, grinning at the sensible Martins. No voice whispered to them:

"You are going to make personal sacrifices so that you, a forty-five-hundred-a-year man, may have your child associate with the children of ten-thousand-a-year men. You are inducing in her a subtle dishonesty, because you are keeping up appearances that don't belong to you. For every comfort your child has, she will see among these ten-thousand-a-year children a corresponding luxury she cannot have. You will inspire in her a spirit of envy and climbing, a spirit of snobbery and false values. She will judge other girls by their clothes and homes, and the amount of spending money they have. She will use whatever graces of personality she possesses to ingratiate herself, not with children who are intrinsically worth while but with children whose material possessions are worth while."

Their own experience should have suggested to them:

"You want to guard your child from a youth as starved and joyless as your own was. You remember your own deprivations and the heartburnings you suffered because other children had what you wanted; and the slights and humiliations you suffered from those luckier children—the very slights and humiliations your own child is now about to bestow on others. You should realize that what you suffered strengthened your characters, hardened your nerves, and made you the stuff that conquers the world. Without those deprivations you never could have known the happiness you have had in each other, for you would have unconsciously expected too much of each other; a fortunate youth would have made you exacting of life. And now you ignore all that this discipline has done for you and are about to sap the moral vitality of the person you love the most."

The Martins moved to an eight-room apartment, for which they paid a thousand dollars a year. Six hundred a year had to be set aside for the premiums. As maid, Mrs. Martin found a woman in late middle age, not especially strong, who was glad to come at four dollars a week. She did only about half the work, but she was most unexacting, being willing to wear a cap and never demanding a cleaning woman or a washerwoman to assist her.

Mrs. Martin herself still did the washing by means of a suction machine, which required only some muscular pounding for ten or fifteen minutes. It never occurred to her that Marjory might have developed her own arm muscles by swinging the washer, and it would have offended Marjory's young dignity if she had been asked to do the work. Mrs. Martin often said jubilantly to her family that she and Mary achieved the results of a washerwoman, cook and houseman. When she said that, she merely thought she was proving herself a good manager; it never occurred to her that she was developing the already well-marked tendency of Marjory toward keeping up false appearances.

There were twenty-seven hundred dollars a year remaining, for food, light, clothes, amusements and incidentals. Mrs. Martin made the living of the plainest, except when guests were expected. An undue proportion of the money went for clothes and entertaining. The Martins scarcely questioned the wisdom of their expenditures, because Marjory was so happy. She expanded under the sunshine of her larger life. The apartment was full of her gayety and that of her young friends.

Marjory was both pretty and popular. Every door at which she knocked in her high-school days opened welcomingly. Her parents were always receiving compliments about her from the parents of other young people. Her teachers spoke of her pleasantly—not as a good student, for she was merely average when she was not below the average in her marks, but as amicable and well-mannered, and a pleasure to behold.

Marjory was eighteen when she graduated from high school. Martin had assumed that she would go to college. He was not himself a college man, and for that reason perhaps he overrated the value of college training. Such a pretty girl as Marjory was likely to marry; but he intended her to be able to earn her own living in case she did not marry and wanted some occupation, or in case she married badly and might be obliged some day to take care of herself.

He knew that a college education would fit her to be a teacher; but shortly after graduation Marjory began to talk about a finishing school in the East, to which three of her special friends were going. Martin found that a year in that school would not be the equivalent of a year in college—that, in short, the school would give Marjory very little except that intangible thing called polish and the continued society of her friends. Moreover, it was very expensive; but, as Marjory pointed out, father and mother had always managed somehow.

"I suppose," Martin said to his wife, "that I could sell a bond; but if Marjory isn't going to college I think she ought to stay home with you and learn something about housekeeping."

"She does know something," Mrs. Martin protested.

"Oh, yes—how to handle a chafing dish and make salad dressing and fancy cake; but she's got no organized knowledge."

"I haven't wanted to hurry her," Mrs. Martin said; "she's so happy and there's plenty of time."

They gave Marjory a year in the Eastern finishing school and she came back with a remodeled accent, which she handled in a convincing fashion and with a very sophisticated manner. She had also acquired extravagant tastes in clothes and flowers and the niceties of the toilet, for she had associated with the daughters of millionaires, whose whims were always satisfied.

Their expenditures were such as Marjory, in her high-school days, would scarcely have looked on as credible. Their connection with her ended when she went home; for them it had been only casual, because their relationships had been made from babyhood. She had gained from them nothing but discontent with her parents' forty-five-hundred-dollar income, which looked like eight thousand.

Marjory was secretly ashamed of wishing that her father had fifty thousand a year; but she could not quite conceal her belief that she was born to a higher sphere than the one she occupied. Perhaps she was also disappointed because no rich young brother of her schoolmates had appeared to carry her off to her deserved sphere. She was so pretty and attractive, and so much admired by young men, that it was perhaps natural for her to think that the ideal lover—ideal in fortune as well as in character—must surely appear.

Marjory Falls in Love

HER parents observed her discontent. It was then that Martin began to question whether he had been wise in letting her associate with young people so much better off financially than herself. He proposed that she be set at once to learning to keep house; but Marjory begged to go to college instead. Mrs. Martin said she thought housekeeping would be too dull for Marjory after what she had been accustomed to; and that, besides, if she attended college at once she would still be in classes with some of her old friends, and could pick up her old life about where she had dropped it. Martin agreed that his daughter needed more education; and so Marjory had her way.

The girl, after all, had good stuff in her. She could not have lived with her unselfish father and mother without having absorbed something of their spirit. For all their mistaken training, they daily set an example of consideration for each other and of appreciation of certain fine ideals which their worship of the god of false appearances could not wholly destroy. It was because Marjory was the real thing, after all, that in her second year at college, when she was twenty-one, she fell in love with young Grover. He was a young man whose father had rather less means than the Martins. After working his way through college he had graduated at twenty-two from the engineering course, got work with an electrical company at two dollars a day, and when he was twenty-six was receiving eighteen hundred a year. It was then he met Marjory at a dance.

Almost from the first her other lovers ceased to matter to her. Because the core of her really was sound, after she began to be attracted to Grover it mattered nothing to her that he was not rich and that he had never been in any of the exclusive societies of high school or college. She merely knew that he was her man. Not being able to forget all at once her acquired worldliness she assumed that, poor as he was, he would soon be making plenty of money and that she could easily keep up with her expensive friends. She had always managed somehow.

The day had been when Marjory had said to herself that she would not marry any man with less than ten thousand a year—that she meant to marry some one who would begin financially considerably beyond where her father left off; but love made her lose what little practical sense she had about money. When her mother pointed out that Grover's salary of eighteen hundred dollars was relatively far less than that to which she had been accustomed, Marjory replied that it was much more than the salary with which her parents had begun.

When Mrs. Martin replied that she had been a good manager Marjory said she would learn to be. Words of warning pattered off her mind like shot off a sloping roof. She simply did not hear what was said to her; she heard only Grover's voice and saw his face. She was quite steeped in love and Grover.

"I don't know what we're going to do!" mourned Mrs. Martin to her husband. "I was so sure she'd marry a man with money! We never said it out loud, but that was really why we brought her up in the way we did. She herself has often said that it was just as easy to marry a rich man as a poor one."

"I'm not so sure but that it's easier to marry a worthless fellow than it is to marry a good fellow," Martin replied rather grimly. "I'm thankful that she's got some one as fine as Grover. He'll get on too."

"But eighteen hundred — —"

"Put Marjory in the kitchen at once," advised Martin. "If I were you I'd give the maid a holiday and drop all the burdens on Marjory. You and I could suffer a while if it were for her good."

Mrs. Martin saw the wisdom of the advice, especially as the engagement was to be a short one. She suggested her father's plan to Marjory.

"Oh, mother," protested Marjory, "there'd never be time for that, with my clothes to see to and all the other things to do! Besides, cooking for all four of us would be much harder than cooking for John and myself. I suppose I'll have to do my own work at first; but anything I don't know I'll pick up as I go along. Housekeeping can't be so hard; look at the easy way you've always done it. Besides, I know a lot already."

"All the same," Mrs. Martin said firmly, "you've got to begin to take lessons from me at once. I ought to have made you do it years ago."

They did begin some informal lessons; but then Marjory's trousseau began to occupy her time, and her friends so bombarded her with showers and teas and luncheons and dinners that Grover said he felt as though he were not engaged just to Marjory, but to the whole social game. Marjory was so excited and so tired that Martin told his wife to let things swing on as they were going.

"We've made a mistake with the girl—that's plain," he said. "Now she and Grover will have to work out their own salvation. The thing has got beyond our control."

Grover was so much in love with Marjory that he thought her a marvel of competency as well as of charm and beauty. He was sorry he had so little money; however, he never doubted but that the two could live and save on his salary. He had not thought much about expenditures, but he remembered having heard his father say that no one ought to pay out for rent more than twenty-five per cent of his income; so he told Marjory that he thought they must get a flat costing not more than thirty-seven dollars and a half a month. Marjory delegated the flat hunting to her mother, stipulating only that it must be within a certain territory, new and pretty, and not too dark or too small.

Marjory's Incompetence

AFTER weeks of wearying search Mrs. Martin found something that would do for forty dollars—that is, it was in a good neighborhood and in a good-looking apartment building, where the other flats rented for sixty dollars. Marjory's flat was cheaper because it was squeezed in at an angle, and because, of the five rooms, the only adequately lighted ones were the living room and the guest room. Marjory was starting her married life with the same false front the Martins had been showing for ten years.

Many wedding presents were put into the little home and Marjory's parents added whatever furniture was needed. There was a final furore of entertainment, a pretty wedding, a brief idyllic honeymoon, the expenses of which were paid by Grover's firm; and then Marjory and her husband came back to take up the business of living. She went into her little home to find it well stocked with provisions, which her mother had supplied. Marjory accepted this start as she always accepted good things—gratefully, but just as though they were hers by divine right.

The Grovers had never talked over the matter of a wife's housekeeping allowance. Grover merely expected to pay whatever bills Marjory presented to him. Marjory had found out on their honeymoon various dishes that Grover liked and had made a list of them. She felt quite businesslike. She resolved to deal with the butcher and grocer who had always supplied the Martins, "because," as she said regally, "they will know what I like." They did indeed; and as Marjory, ordering over the telephone, never asked what anything cost they charged her top prices.

During that first month Marjory's girl friends were always running in for luncheon or tea, and Marjory begged her mother for the loan of Mary, her mother's maid, to help her. Several postnuptial affairs were given the couple, and Marjory arranged several little luncheons and dinners in order to pay off the antenuptial obligations. She felt that she was being very economical, because she let her mother and Mary do the work in the kitchen on these occasions instead of hiring a caterer. Grover, very busy and too much in love to be quite clear-eyed, thought Marjory was doing most of the work, because he saw her getting toast and cereal and coffee for their breakfast. Marjory herself scarcely realized that Mary was carrying the responsibilities which should have been hers.

The first of the next month the bills came in. Marjory had not done any financial thinking, but she knew that their expenditures must not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars a month, for that was all Grover had. She was appalled at the number and size of the bills, and angry, not at herself for being extravagant but at the scheme of things that did not allow Grover more money. The grocer's bill was seventy dollars; the butcher's, twenty-five; the milkman's, six; the florist's, ten; the baker's, three; light and heat, five; the cleaner's, four; the department store's, twenty; and the rent was forty. That made one hundred and eighty-three dollars.

Besides, Marjory had been spending money for a cleaning woman, for carfare, for an occasional matinée, and for other sundries. She was pretty sure that twenty dollars must have gone in such ways. She was afraid to show the bills to Grover; she took them to her mother, with the remark that her tradespeople must have been cheating her.

In that moment Mrs. Martin realized the futility of the many sacrifices she had made in order to produce the charming finished product who was Marjory. She saw herself in perspective in an endless line of American parents who are hurting their young by an unwise tenderness. She had seen in Marjory what she considered her own and her husband's best characteristics, improved on, and she had secretly hoped to see Marjory carry out dreams and ambitions that had proved too high for herself.

Her own disillusions had taught her that the world cannot be a Utopia, and yet she had made an illogical Utopia for Marjory. She realized now she had hoped that, after all, Marjory had sufficient instinctive judgment to make her fit to be a poor man's wife. She felt a fear for her child's future happiness and a passion to help her. She wanted to teach her, all at once, to be wise, though she knew it was a task like sweeping away the ocean with a broom.

"The tradespeople haven't cheated you, Marjory," Mrs. Martin said severely. "It's your own incompetence. If you want to keep John's love you've got to learn to be the wife of a poor man. Don't toss your head! He won't consider inefficiency charming. If you're not afraid of losing his love, or at least destroying something of his faith in you, why don't you show him these bills instead of bringing them to me with the expectation that I'll offer to pay them?"

A flush of shame, so deep that it hurt, reddened Marjory's face. For the first time she realized she was no longer dependent on her parents, but on her husband.

"I'll pay these bills," Mrs. Martin said, "because I don't want John to find you out. Your father would say you ought to confess, and so you should; but I don't want John to lose faith in your ability yet. You go over these bills with me and I'll point out your mistakes."

Marjory sat humbly by her mother's side.

"You shouldn't have spent anything for flowers," Mrs. Martin said, "except fifty cents for a begonia in a pot, which would have lasted the month. I don't care if you did have luncheons; you cannot now afford the sort I used to give you—indeed, you can't afford luncheons. As to the cleaning, you should have done it yourself with benzine; you can't afford to consider your hands. As to the milk bill, it shouldn't be more than half what it is; get one quart daily and use the top of the bottle for John's coffee and cereal. You've no right to have sweetbreads and squabs and tenderloin steak in your butcher's bill. Your light and heat shouldn't be above three dollars; you must have a fireless cooker and you must turn off the electric lights when you're not using them. You needn't go to the baker's at all. With all those new clothes, why do you need anything at the department stores? As to the grocer's bill, it's outrageous! My own wasn't over fifty for four people. Why do you have out-of-season vegetables and fruits? The trouble with you is that you've not gone to market and looked things over; you've taken whatever they've sent at their own prices."

Trying the Allowance Plan

MUCH more of the same sort Mrs. Martin said, which left Marjory in tears, chastened and really convinced that something was wrong with her.

"You go home to John," Mrs. Martin said, "and ask him for an allowance. He pays for rent and life insurance, five hundred and forty dollars a year. For carfare, lunches, clothes and sundries, he ought to have two hundred and sixty or a bit over. You ask him for an allowance of eighty dollars a month."

"Just about what the grocer's bill this month was!" Marjory said drearily.

"Yes," Mrs. Martin said; "and remember that out of that you'll not only have to pay all the housekeeping bills but you'll have to dress yourself, too, when your trousseau wears out. You'd better try to save a little each month. I'll give you my cookbook, and you must come over here every day with a list of what you've got in your ice box; and I'll help you plan.

"Don't buy a thing without consulting me. I'll do my best to make up for spoiling you in the past."

When Mrs. Martin dropped her severe manner, kissed Marjory and drew her a heavy check, Marjory felt better. She went home determined to learn how to live within her income, and still somewhat depressed by the fact that mere love could not teach people how to live wisely; that they needed common sense too.

That evening she talked over the allowance plan with Grover, who was so delighted with her suggestion and her businesslike attitude that she felt too cowardly to tell him the suggestion came from her mother. He at once wrote her a check for eighty dollars; and she thought, with relief, that it would all be a clear saving, and that she could apply

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Her Hands Were Not So Well Kept, But Her Brain Was Kept Much Better

PINCH HITTING FOR CUPID

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Joe Sat Down Across the Lobby With a Magazine in His Hands

Tom Anchored Himself, With One Elbow on the Chewing-Gum Case

RATHER than have an argument about it, I'll admit there is such a person as Cupid and that he wears nothing much but a bow and a fistful of arrows, and does considerable reckless shooting. I haven't a thing in the world against him, because if he ever took a shot at me it went in his error column; but I do claim that Cupid doesn't know how to place his hits where they'll do the most good. I've got an outfielder on my payroll with the same failing and he's about as useful to me as a box of corn salve would be to a mermaid.

I'm a bachelor by choice—I did the choosing, if anybody should ask you—but there's no law against a single man keeping his eyes open. I've seen a lot of things that have sort of prejudiced me against romance. I'm not exactly sour on the subject of matrimony, but maybe I'm just the least little bit "turned," as my mother used to say about the milk.

If you listen to the baseball players, I wouldn't marry the best woman on earth. I don't go so far as to say that. Most likely the competition would be too keen for me and I couldn't make much of a showing. I've got to the point where my belt measures the same as my chest, a perfect forty-four all the way down; and I like to take things easy.

I've been managing a big-league ball club for so long that the smart-Aleck reporters call me the Methuselah of the National Pastime; but, even so, I'm better preserved than the married men of my age. I've only had a ball team to worry about. Maybe, if it came right down to it, I could still get out there and do a pretty fair job of third-basing; but I'm thankful I don't have to try. Young men for war; wise men for counsel. That's me—and I like my slippers and my pipe in the evening.

Getting back to this true-love proposition, it's the change of pace that makes it so dangerous. A man may be able to dodge the violent sort that hits like forked lightning, but what is he going to do with the kind of love that takes hold easy and hangs on like a lingering fever?

Another thing is that you never can tell who Cupid will send up to pinch-hit for him. You wouldn't think a drunken shoe drummer from St. Louis and an old fellow like me could play the little god of love without make-up; but we did it.

When our team visits Chicago we always stop at a certain hotel. We've done it for years. It's the sort of place that advertises a room and bath for two dollars a day. They've got that room, too, and they'll show it to you if you insist. The management caters to folks from Omaha and Chillicothe, and the lobby is full of palm trees and imitation rubber plants and genuine rubbernecks; but we get a good rate and we always go there.

When you give a hotel a steady play you get to know the people who work round the place. For instance, there was Mary McConnor. Mary ran the cigar counter and the news stand, and I guess she was on speaking terms with more big-league ball players than any woman in America, because nearly all the other teams stopped at the same house when they were in Chicago.

The ball players liked Mary. She knew what a box score meant and in a fanning bee she could hold up her end with anybody. She didn't get to see many games, but the boys always told her about 'em afterward and she had the inside dope on everything that came off, from Boston to St. Louis. We figured on getting the freshest news when we got to Chicago. There's some sense to a girl like that. If anything makes me weary it's a woman who tries to talk baseball but doesn't know the difference between a bunt and a bat bag.

Mary was a good mixer too. I don't mean anything wrong by that. She was the sort that you could josh with if you wanted to josh, and then she could turn right round and be serious half a minute afterward. She'd been handing out cigars and newspapers for so long that she had a pretty good line on men in general. She knew the best and the worst about 'em, and nobody fooled her very much. You couldn't put anything over on Mary, and I'll bet nobody ever tried it a second time. Of course a girl behind a counter in a big transient hotel has to stand for a lot, because she meets all comers; but Mary knew how to handle the fifty-seven varieties and the man who crossed the line got a call that was worth remembering.

The ball players were her favorites. I don't know as I blame her. Take 'em all round, professional ball players grade as high as young men in any other line—perhaps even a bit higher. Their jobs depend on their keeping straight. Men who drink and gamble and stay out at night don't last long in the big league. There's another point in favor of the ball player—he's always just out from under a shower bath. A man who is as clean as soap and water can make him is likely to be clean other ways too.

Of all the ball players, I think Mary liked us the best. The married men used to show her the pictures of their kids and the youngsters told her about their girls back home. If I tried a week I couldn't say anything better about Mary McConnor than just that.

II

IT WAS in the spring of 1905 that Joe Bancroft came to us from some little league out West. Dabney, the veteran second baseman, began to go bad in 1904 and Joe was the pick of the recruits the scouts dug up for me.

Joe was rather old for a recruit—a serious, quiet sort of a chap, not at all handsome, but solid and manly looking. Baseball was strictly a business proposition with Joe and it didn't take him long to demonstrate that he was the man to fill the gap. He was a great fielder, a sweet, natural hitter, and a streak on the bases.

He was a better listener than he was a talker and his idea of a riotous evening was to sit up till ten-thirty playing checkers with the night watchman. Because he didn't have much to say, people got the idea that he was slow; but he could think fast enough on the field. Joe had real baseball instinct. He wasn't the helpless sort of player that always looks toward the bench when in a tight place. Joe didn't need anybody to do his thinking for him. If the ball was hit in his direction we could depend on him to whip it to the point where it would do the most good; and the tighter the pinch, the steadier he seemed to be.

We made Chicago on the first Western trip and Bancroft was the man they all wanted to see. Some folks—particularly the Chicago fans—had been hoping that, with Dabney gone to the minors, we'd have a hole at second base that a lot of games would leak through. It's always nip and tuck when we meet that Chicago team.

On the opening day of the series Bancroft played as though he had a horseshoe in his hip pocket. Everything broke exactly right for him. He pulled off four or five circus stunts, started two double plays, cut off a run at the plate, and in the seventh inning he whacked out the triple that won the game for us. Joe was the man of the hour, sure enough, and the evening papers said that unless he was playing faster than he knew how we'd never miss Dabney.

That evening I was sitting in the lobby, close to the cigar counter. Mary had come on watch at six o'clock and most of us had been over to shake hands and say how glad we were to see her again.

"Well, Chief," says she, "your new man delivered the goods. I haven't seen him yet. What does he look like?"

"He's no chromo," says I. "He looks a lot better on the field than off it. Watch for a man about twenty-seven, with a big head of hair and an undershot jaw. That's Joe. Don't try to flirt with him, Mary. He's bashful."

"I think I see myself!" says Mary with a sniff.

Not many of the boys were round the hotel that night. Some theatrical press agent with a dead show on his hands had invited us to go and sit in the boxes as guests of the management, and most of the players fell for it. I didn't because it has been my experience that they never give away any seats they can sell. A stage box for nothing usually means a punk show.

Along about eight o'clock Joe Bancroft came wandering through the lobby. Big towns were new to him in those days and he couldn't seem to get used to living in a hotel. He anchored himself against a marble pillar at the end of the cigar counter, and he was standing there with his hat pulled down over his eyes when the shoe drummer from St. Louis came wabbling in from the café. The drummer had been treating his expense account unkindly and was pretty well illuminated.

I don't know what he said to Mary, but I could see by her face that she didn't like it. I was watching for the comeback when all at once Joe Bancroft stepped over, for all the world as though he knew this fellow and was going to speak to him. Joe put his hand on the back of the drummer's neck and shut down on it with a grip that made his knees knock together.

No fuss, no scene; it was done so quietly that if I hadn't been watching I never would have known that anything out of the ordinary was happening.

"Now then," says Joe, "you can tell this lady that you're ashamed of yourself."

I could see him digging his thumb in under the drummer's ear. There's nothing I know of that hurts any worse than that.

The drummer said he was ashamed—he would have said anything about that time—and Joe let go of him. He went weaving back to the café, rubbing his neck and talking to himself; and Joe turned on his heel and faded out the side door.

I managed to need a smoke about that time.

"Well, Mary," I says, "you are still batting a thousand with my ball club. Even the new man is for you."

"What do you mean—for me?" says she.

"Oh, nothing," I says; "but what was Joe Bancroft doing to that drunk?"

"Land of liberty, Chief!" says she. "You don't mean to tell me that was Bancroft! I took him for an Iowa farmer."

"Give us time, Mary, and we'll train him. We've only had him since the season opened. He still wears detachable cuffs and made-up neckties."

"So he's the new second baseman!" says Mary. "Is that his regular speed? Does he go round defending helpless women and choking folks, and all that sort of thing?"

"Not so you could notice it," I says. "He won't even talk to the married women with the club and a skirt scares him worse than the Miner's bean ball. But maybe," says I, "he saw something about you that took his fancy."

"Nonsense!" says Mary. "Why, he never even looked at me!"

"Don't be too sure of that. Bancroft has got a way of noticing things with the back of his head. The difference

between what he sees and what other people think he sees will make suckers of a lot of base runners this season."

"Is he as good as poor old Dabney used to be?" That question was just like Mary. She wanted to get a line on him straight from headquarters.

"As good?" says I. "Why, the best day Dabney ever saw he couldn't beat this fellow! Bancroft's a marvel that's what he is, a marvel! He's the sweetest infielder I've seen since—since ——"

"Since you quit, Chief," says Mary. Confound it! That girl can usually tell what you're thinking about.

"If he's as good as all that," she goes on, "I'll have to keep an eye on Mr. Bancroft. Thank him for me, Chief; but please tell him not to do it again. He might get me in bad with the boss. The man that he choked is a shoe drummer from St. Louis and he spends a lot of money in the house."

The shoe drummer, pinch hitting for Cupid, got on first base and then pulled up lame, as you might say. More out of mischief than anything else, I went in to run for him. It wasn't any of my business, but I dropped in on Bancroft just as he was getting ready for bed.

"The lady at the cigar counter would like to meet you," says I.

Joe suddenly stopped undressing with his shirt half over his head.

"Huh? What lady? Are you trying to kid me?"

"Tell it to Sweeney!" says I. "I saw the little squeeze play you put over on the souse. Nice work, Joe!"

Bancroft pulled his shirt off and sat on the edge of the bed for a while, thinking.

"Oh, that!" he says. "Maybe you think I was grandstanding, Chief; but I wasn't—honest! I don't even know what that girl looks like, but it went against the grain to have that drunken lobster call her 'Dearie.' If I'd only had him out in an alley somewhere I could have handed it to him right. I—I don't like his kind of folks, Chief. I was brought up to treat women different."

"You needn't apologize to me, Joe. It was coming to him and he got it. And, as it happens, that young woman is a particular friend of mine; in fact, she's the friend of all visiting ball players. They don't make 'em any finer than she is. That was Mary McConnor, Joe. You must have heard of her."

"Nope," says Joe, beginning to yawn.

"Well," I says, "there's a young woman with gifts. She knows more inside and lowdown stuff about the workings of this league than the National Commission. If there should be a row in the dressing room in Boston to-morrow Mary would know all about it by the end of the week. She's got a line on every new man that breaks in. I'll bet she's got your batting and fielding average figured down to the minute."

"No!" says Joe. "Well, what do you think of that? Must be quite a fan, eh? . . . Did she—say anything, Chief?"

"Nothing but that I was to thank you and she'd keep her eye on you after this. She's all right, Mary is; and if it was me she wanted to meet ——"

"Good night, Chief!" says Joe. "I'm going to turn out the lights and go to bed now."

He did it too; but there was an arrow planted in him a foot deep.

III

I DON'T know where people get the notion that true love can't be the real thing unless it breaks all the speed records. Maybe it's from the short stories in the magazines that a man can read in twenty minutes, and in those twenty minutes everything in the world happens. Two young people start out on the first page as total strangers and at the end of the fourth page they go into a clinch.

"I love you!" says Harold. "Be mine!"

"This is so sudden!" says Myrtle—and it is too.

Zing! Just like that. On the fifth page you get the orange blossom finish and the life sentence at the church.

Now in real life it's different. Not many men try to knock the cover off the first ball the lady puts over the plate. They want to wait her out and see what they're getting; they want to study her curves and her snap throw to first. That's the sensible system; but there is such a thing as a man being too deliberate and getting a third strike called on him. In a regular story Joe would have been leaning up against that cigar counter at daylight, waiting for Mary to come to work; but this isn't a regular story it's the truth.

It was in the spring of 1905 when Joe gave the drummer the squeeze play. Along in September he got up nerve enough to talk with Mary across the counter. The last Western trip we made he shook hands with her and said he hoped he'd see her again. That was a lot for Joe to say.

In 1906 he began to look like a big leaguer off the field. He had some clothes and shirts made to order, quit wearing tan socks with black shoes, and threw away his two-piece red flannels. He bought a diamond from a gambler who was broke and needed the money—four jewelers had to look at it first—but he never wore it. He carried it round in his pocketbook, wrapped up in tissue paper.

Joe warmed up to Mary considerable that season. Once he almost asked her to go to a show with him. He told her all about the quarter section he was buying out West, how much it would cost to get water on the land, and how many crops of alfalfa he figured it would yield. Whenever we were in Chicago, if he wasn't hanging round the cigar counter he was off in a corner somewhere, pretending to read the newspapers, but really watching every move Mary made.

I teased Mary about him a little bit, but I never got much of a rise out of her.

"You let him alone, Chief. It's a real treat to know one man who means everything he says."

"Yes; but he never says anything."

"He says enough. By the way, have you noticed how much better he looks since he's been paying some attention to his clothes?"

Mary needn't have taken the credit for that. We all had a hand in it. It's no boost for a big-league club to have a star player who might easily be mistaken for a farmer dressed up in his Sunday clothes. The boys had been instructing Joe—teaching him how to tie four-in-hands, and all that sort of thing.

They Didn't Know the Show Was Over—and Didn't Care Either

At the gait he was traveling Joe might have come to an understanding with Mary along about the year 1942; but Father Time and another man cut in on his play and balled it up.

Everybody knows what happens to infielders. They last anywhere from three to seven years, according to how old they are when you get 'em, and then their speed begins to go. When they quit covering as much ground as they used to and sharp-hit balls get by 'em without even a how-de-do? and when they can't beat out their own infield taps, the manager begins to look round for new blood.

Joe had four good years with us and the fifth season he began to slip a little. He was thirty-two then, which is quite an age for an infielder; and altogether he'd been playing baseball for twelve years. He was due, as we say. His fielding took a slump, his batting fell off about thirty points, he dropped away in stolen bases, and the whole machinery of the infield felt his slowing up and suffered. He was a heady ball player; he knew more about the fine points of the game than ever in his life; but he was a fraction of a second slower than he used to be, and in the big league the fraction of a second makes all the difference in the world.

It's all in the game, I know, and only the fastest and best men can hope to stay at the top; but to me the gradual slowing up of a great ball player is a tragedy. At first he won't admit it, even to himself. He tries to believe that it's nothing more than a temporary slump—something that will leave him in a few days. He doesn't think the manager has noticed it, but for fear that he has he works harder—tries harder; but it's no use. The best he's got left isn't quite good enough. When he gets overanxious and takes to fighting the ball and swinging at bad ones he has reached the last stage.

Some day he overhears a snatch of conversation in the clubhouse—something it wasn't meant that he should hear—or he picks up a newspaper and there it is, with a red headline on it. The poor devil hasn't been fooling any one but himself. His next stop is the American Association or the International, and after that it's a question: "Where do you go from here?" Cold blooded? Maybe; but it's baseball.

That season we closed at home. After the last game, when the skylarking was over and most of the boys had left the clubhouse, Joe came in from the locker room. I remember he had a key ring in his hands, and all the time he was talking to me he kept taking off his locker key and putting it back on the ring again, as though it was some kid's puzzle he was working with. I knew he wanted to say something and didn't quite know how to go about it. I hadn't opened my mouth to him about the way he was slowing up, for I could see he knew it better than I did.

"Chief," said he, after we had talked about the weather and the World's Series, and a dozen other subjects, "maybe

"What Do You Mean? I Didn't Say Anything Wrong About the Girl, Did I?"

you'd better take a look round and get another second baseman. I've been going rotten lately."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a toothpick! Usually a man who is about through has forty alibis and he's always going to play the game of his life—next season. Joe put it up to me, cold turkey, and I didn't know what to say to him. That was Joe's style—telling you what he was thinking about without putting any frills on it. As a matter of fact I had already arranged to pick up a few promising recruit infielders, but I didn't want to tell Joe so.

"Things have been breaking bad for you," says I, stalling him along. "Take a good rest this winter. You'll be all right in the spring."

"I don't know," says Joe. "I've been playing ball a long time, Chief. Maybe I'm due."

"Shucks!" says I. "Don't let it bother you."

"Just as you say"—and he put the key ring back in his pocket—"Just as you say, Chief—only I thought it was up to me to tell you."

IV

THE next spring at the training camp I picked up Tom Roche, a second baseman from the Southern Association. He wasn't a Bancroft by any manner of means, nor yet a Dahney; but he was young, fast, aggressive, and not entirely solid ivory above the ears. There's a chance for a kid if he can be taught that he doesn't know all the baseball there is, and Tom was willing to learn. Personally he didn't make much of a hit with me, but I found out a long time ago that I couldn't build a winning ball club on my own likes and dislikes. I'd sign the meanest man in the country if I thought he could help us win a pennant.

I hoped I wouldn't need Roche, but I wanted to have him handy in case Joe got any worse. It looked like a close fight in the first division and I wanted Joe's baseball instinct in there behind the young pitchers, even if I had to sacrifice a little speed to get it. Joe knew what was going on, of course; and how that fellow did work! He took off weight that had been on him for ten years, and he had the rubber kneading and pounding his legs for an hour every night. If sweating and massaging could have given him back his speed Joe would have been a lightning flash that season.

He didn't like Roche any better than I did, but he let the boy alone and gave him every chance to make good on his merits. Often the recruit who is being tried out for an old-timer's job has a pretty poor time of it. It's an unwritten law that a veteran has a right to hang on to his job tooth and toenail, as the saying is; and Roche knew this and expected trouble with Joe. Tom had a chip on his shoulder all the while we were down South, but Joe simply ignored him and went on about his own business. On the train bound North for the beginning of the season Joe spoke to me about Roche for the first time:

"I see you took my tip and got a second baseman."

"He might come in handy," I says.

"Well," says Joe, "if that fellow is a better ball player than I am he's welcome to the job." There was quite a silence after that remark and then Joe closed the incident. "But he ain't!" says he.

We had warm weather for the opening of the league season, which was lucky for Joe, and he started off at a fairly fast clip. He wasn't the old Bancroft by quite a considerable, but he was plenty good enough to keep Tom Roche mumbling on the bench.

On the first Western trip I had a long confidential chat with Mary. I had heard the Gamecocks were fighting among themselves and that some of the outfielders had even been accused of laying down behind certain pitchers, and I knew Mary would have the straight of it. While we were talking Joe Bancroft came along.

"Hello, Mary!" said he. "Gee, it's good to see you again! How have you been?"

"Just about the same, Joe. I don't change much. And you?"

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HOW PLAYS ARE BORN

By JOHN D. WILLIAMS

TO KNOW how plays are born rather than how plays are written is the quickest way of understanding that look on life which is indispensable to successful playwriting. Behind it always is the instinct expressed of old and still symbolized by the comic mask—to report the actions of men and women; but to do it in such a way that the world sees itself whitewashed of its ugliness, and tired children—so-called men and women—get relief from real life.

Tons of words are annually written and spoken on How to Write a Play; but it is not the How—it is the What of playwriting that should be mastered first. The trouble with the average How is that it is no more than it pretends to be. It tells how to cook the rabbit after he is caught. Granted that it is important for the huntsman to be rightly equipped with gun, ammunition and marksmanship, what he really wants to know is, where's the What?

Technic in playwriting is simply individuality. That is the reason why nobody can teach it and nobody can acquire it by rote. One man's technic is another man's poison. There is no one and all-sufficient technic of the drama. That structure which is truest to the plot in hand, resulting in the least amount of waste between thought and expression, is the best technic.

To the practical playwright, writing and rewriting his material are the least of his labors. It is not necessary to warn him not to pad out an insufficient main plot by the introduction of a weaker subplot; to avoid stage asides, empty stages, superfluous butlers, dialogue that does not send the story forward; and to observe the necessity of conflict of characters or ideas, and similar laws.

It is the conception and birth of the basic idea of a play he strives for. Once he gets his inspiration, the making of the play consists in thinking out its development from the fundamental idea. Pen may never be put to paper until the play has acted itself out in the playwright's mind. Then writing becomes the mere recording of a play already born.

Twelve years ago J. M. Barrie made an incident in Scottish life, which he had actually witnessed in Kirriemuir, into a one-act play. A young Scotsman was so ambitious for learning that every night he would break into the house of a parvenu neighbor and steal three hours' use of the books in the library. At the end of his studies each night he would leave the house—and the books—as he had found them. As a one-act play without a title that character sketch lay in Barrie's desk for six years. Then A. E. W. Mason, Barrie's friend, came up for Parliament.

The Czar's Ballet Master Teaching Girls the First Steps in the Coronation Ballet at the Alhambra Theater

The playwright accompanied the novelist throughout the hustings—not as a speaker, but as a spectator. It was a novel experience for Barrie. He saw in action not only his friend Mason, but Lloyd George. At sight of the member for Merthyr Tydfil haranguing the multitude, with a Welshman's burr, the dramatist suddenly remembered the young Scotsman of his one-act play. The two figures began to blend. The nameless one-act play, six years after being laid away, began to write itself in his mind into a four-act comedy.

During the rest of the electioneering his dramatic instinct was not only seeing but playseeing; for the direct result of Barrie's little trips about the hustings is Lloyd George—or, under another name, John Shand, Member of Parliament for Glasgow, in What Every Woman Knows.

To the scrupulously methodical Pinero such a haphazard method of playwriting would be unthinkable. Pinero gets his fundamental idea or incident, reflects on it for from six to eight months, and writes the play from beginning to end in two months. The pages of a Pinero manuscript, written in longhand, go direct from his desk to the printer. Proofs are made, and these are corrected for errors in spelling and punctuation. The play is then printed and bound in the form of a book for private circulation. Its text is never changed. The play may begin with an abstract idea—English middle-class hypocrisy—or, as in the following, a concrete incident.

One morning, during a walk through the streets of residential London, Sir Arthur Pinero saw a woman, in evident desperation, rush out on the balcony of a flower-decked house in Mayfair. It was clearly her intention to throw herself to the street below; but she was stopped and saved from such a death by two men—one young, the other middle-aged—who reached the balcony as quickly as the woman. The three figures soon returned into the house, disappearing from view—but not from the playwright's thoughts. In that incident Sir Arthur Pinero saw a new outcome of the eternal domestic triangle—a wife committing suicide to escape from the cruelty of a husband and the disloyalty of a paramour.

In London at that time there was a woman celebrated for her beauty and her success in breaking up homes. She has since become Robert Hichens' Bella Donna; but Sir Arthur first employed her to balance dramatically the guilt of a husband who would not forgive the same guilt in his wife—until, in desperation, she killed herself. The playwright even cast for his woman in the case an actress who strikingly resembled the woman in real life. With this much material assembled, Pinero followed his usual method: Went in for from six to eight months of social life in London, devoting that period to the gathering of material, to anything but playwriting—to club life, dinners, balls, the usual society treadmill.

Then he suddenly disappeared from London, and for the rest of the year he was secluded in a remote village, out of reach even of his immediate family; but before the year was up Mid-Channel, a play the story of which is the death by suicide of a repentant but unforgiven wife, was announced.

Every organic play, like any simple sentence, must have a subject and a predicate. This is only to say that every rightly thought-out play is reducible to a single proposition. The chief figure or protagonist is to a play what the subject is to a sentence; the action is to a play what the predicate is to a sentence.

For example: in Disraeli, Louis Parker laid emphasis on the subject, the chief figure, Benjamin Disraeli; in Rosemary, on the predicate, the story; in Pomander Walk, again on the predicate, the environment—because the germinal idea of the first was a character; of the other two, stories and scenes.

Had not the last-named play first taken root in Mr. Parker's mind entirely as a scene, it might just as well have been written with its emphasis put on the central character, the old admiral, rather than on his environment;. but it

was in the following way that Pomander Walk first occurred to Louis Parker: In 1910 the playwright reached the locality of his home, Kensington, late one night, empty of pocket and very low in spirits. He was returning from the last of the celebrated pageants, some dozen of which he had organized and presented as open-air performances in various parts of historical England.

Great fame, but not even a shadow of financial fortune, accrued to Parker from these pageants.

As he puts it: "What was made at the Warwick Pageant was lost at Bury Saint Edmunds."

Hence, after a long absence he had to return home and there plunge into fresh devices to get free from serious financial straits. His thought as he neared his house in Pembroke Road was: "I must write a play; I have a family awaiting me at home." But where to find the necessary material? How to make even a beginning?

"If I could look beneath the roofs of that row of houses standing before me," the playwright said to himself as he came within sight of Pembroke Road, "I am sure I should find dozens of plays." And on the heels of that thought came the idea: "Why not? Who knows those people better than I? I have been beneath every one of those roofs."

And, with that, Mr. Parker entered his house; hurried to his desk; wrote steadily for three hours, and the following noon delivered to Golding Bright, his play agent, a fifteen-page scenario of a play to be called Pomander Walk. Two days later George Tyler, the manager, then in London seeking plays, gave Mr. Parker, through Mr. Bright, a check for two thousand dollars for the scenario.

"Directly I knew it was to be produced," says Mr. Parker, "the play practically wrote itself from my original scenario."

Where the greatest emphasis shall be laid, then, in the making of a play is also determined by the character of the idea from which it is born. The coming of that idea is all a matter of chance.

Very likely Jove thought it an idea for a play when he first felt Minerva springing from his brain.

Three Kinds of Plays

REPRESENTATIVE contemporary plays, traced to their origins, are divided into three groups:

1 Those that are born of a central figure—man or woman—which, in conflict with environment, reveal character and important social ideas, thus generating dramatic or comic situations; for example, Cæsar and Cleopatra, Romance, Lady Windermere's Fan, and so on.

2 Those that are born of important social ideas or ideals which, put into practice, generate dramatic or comic situations and reveal character; like Man and Superman, Truth, As a Man Thinks, The Thief, and so on.

3—Those that are born of dramatic or comic situations which, when developed, generate dramatic or comic action and reveal character, but no special ideas or ideals; like Arizona, Secret Service, The Seven Keys to Baldpate, The Music Master, and so on.

In short, all sound plays are born of the development of a character, an idea or a situation. This central character, idea or situation comes of reflection—is found in the newspapers and magazines, heard in chance conversation, or encountered on the streets.

Augustus Thomas, who thrives on a healthy scorn of technic—his saying is: "The longer I live, the less regard have I for the so-called technic of the drama"—but who is a consummate master in building up in his own way dramatic or comic material of almost any origin, once gave me the following set of notes, briefly accounting for the origin of his best-known plays:

"When I started to write Arizona it was only with the main idea to produce a modern and sane melodrama on a Western subject. With personal letters from General Nelson A. Miles I went to the military posts, where I was made at home and was introduced to the neighboring ranchers, whose guest I subsequently became. I spent a couple of months in the district and was impressed by the juxtaposition of these two lives—that is, the ranchman and the soldier; also, by the points of contrast between them as well as those of contact. Most of the people were young and romantic; when not so they were middle-aged and vigorous.

"The character element was there plentifully—the story grew of itself. For some time after, I was at a loss for a sufficient reason to have the military active, as I needed them. One morning the papers reported the Maine as having been sunk in Havana Harbor; I promptly invented the Spanish War and raised a company of Arizona volunteers. The United States Government and General Leonard Wood stole my idea before I could get it into print; but that was the genesis of my piece.

"It is a theory of mine that one of the chief tasks of the dramatist is to know what will interest people a year from now—that is to say, when his proposed play shall be launched. Some three years ago I said a good play should be written on the relation of the Jew to the life about him in America. I had no intention then of writing such a play myself. Several plays with Jewish subjects followed; but it seemed to me they had failed to get the relation I had noted—to show the Jews charitable, high-minded and ethically conscious, as I know them to be.

"These plays had also failed to note the connection of the early Jewish law with our own modern code. It was a wish to depict this social relation of the Jew, and to show the value of his early and persisting standard of morals, that made me write As a Man Thinks. The starting point there, as you note, was an idea and not a situation. The process was to select representative types—let them live together in one's mind and work out their own story, with such supervising hints as a dramatist would inevitably give.

"You ask me about The Witching Hour. The nucleus of that was written in a one-act form twenty-two years ago, and after I had had some business relationship with Washington Irving Bishop, the thought reader, and some knowledge of his telepathic power. A. M. Palmer, for whom the play was written, felt that the public knew too little of the subject; and I guess he was right, because even after the four-act form of the play was produced, under the title of The Witching Hour, an authority so eminent as our materialistic friend, Professor Münsterberg, denied that any such thing as telepathy existed. The preponderance of testimony, however, was on the other side, having such advocates as William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others; and besides, I had my own knowledge of the matter. There again an idea was the central thing."

Probably nine out of ten plays devoted principally to action owe their origins to the columns of newspapers. A Doll's House, for example, was born of a newspaper account of a wife who was arrested for forging a check in order to obtain money to repaper the walls of her sitting room.

William Gillette, bored to weariness from playing Sherlock Holmes season after season, one morning opened a copy of the New York Times and caught sight of a cabled dispatch from Russia. The item occupied exactly two inches on an inside page. It told of the escape of three spies from Siberia. The men had broken into a signal station, which stood alone by the railroad tracks. Two of the spies had chloroformed the telegrapher, while the third, himself a telegrapher, dispatched an order over the wires for a special locomotive. With its arrival all three, passing themselves off as linemen, rode away at top speed for the nearest boundary.

Now the one point in the item that fascinated Gillette was the fact that one of the spies, a prisoner in the enemy's country, was a telegrapher. In itself that was a dramatic nugget. At once there was a fresh interest in life for the playwright. A play was born and began to develop the moment he recognized the dramatic essences in that single situation.

Gillette went on a tour from New York to San Francisco, performing Sherlock Holmes in public; but by himself, during hours of secluded, silent reflection, it was the play with the telegraph scene that he was really acting.

June came, and not a line had yet been written of a play that had been constantly building itself in its author's mind since October. The tour ended and the company returned East, but without Gillette. Nothing was heard from him by anybody for seven weeks.

At the end of that period, however, he boarded a train in a suburb of Los Angeles, carrying the completed manuscript of Secret Service. In less than two months of playwriting its author had recorded nine months of playthinking. That was a play beginning with a single concrete incident, out of which naturally developed rapid, logical and picturesque action.

Plots From the News Columns

THE news column of the daily papers is a rich field for such material; but the vein does not always develop gold.

About six years ago the late Clyde Fitch had three plays going in as many theaters on Broadway. They were called Truth, The Happy Marriage and The Woman in the Case. The last is worth mentioning as an example of what not to do with a good plot found in a newspaper.

The Woman in the Case is the story of a wife's loyalty to her husband, who has been convicted of poisoning a friend, a member of his club, and is up for a second trial; but there was another figure, a woman of the half-world The Woman in the Case. She had been loved by the murdered man. The accused had tried to undermine her influence over her lover. In revenge she became the star witness for the prosecution. She implied that the husband had been jealous. All circumstantial evidence pointed to the husband's guilt, but the wife was eloquent in her belief in his innocence. Her loyalty knew no bounds. Her presence at the Tombs was constant.

Of course The Woman in the Case was the Molineux trial, which was then filling the newspapers. The names of the principals were changed and the character of the husband was somewhat ennobled to allow for a happy ending; but he was acquitted in the theater, just as he subsequently was in court, and for the same reasons.

In short, a celebrated local case of absorbing interest to the public was transcribed by Fitch's pen until it fitted the limitations of the stage instead of being translated through his imagination and given an extra social significance by the stage. A real local event of tragic importance was

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A Full-Dress Rehearsal

A Half-Dress Rehearsal

THE LAST ENTERPRISE

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

WHEN the San Francisco earth quake had ended its forty-eight seconds of diabolic dancing, "Judge" Harris, in one of the police-station cells of the City Hall's basement, peered out of the folded arms in which he had hidden his bald pate and saw before him a good breach in the wall. Without too much hesitation he walked through that breach to the sidewalk and stood free beneath the morning sky.

He had gotten into the cell through a long course of debauch alcoholic, begun many years before with a sorrow so old he could not remember it. This time even his legendary frock coat, his extraordinary beaver, and his reputation on the streets of Frisco as the last of the characters left by a departed romantic period had failed to save him. But the elements were with him. Years of gradual slipping had put him in; a few seconds of cataclysm had taken him out. He turned his blinking eyes and his inflamed nose to the rising sun in supreme inquiry.

The sun was rising strangely, as though behind a pane of cracked glass. It danced; it turned; it was very red; it was dull and molten. Finally the judge diagnosed this behavior—the city was burning. He shuffled on downtown to see it burn.

He saw it burn for three days. He lingered on the edge of the fiery sea, backing tranquilly before its steady advance, removing before its tide his extraordinary frock coat, his incredible beaver, his contemplative stupor; and standing at a corner now and then, legs apart, epic, he answered the conflagration's flaunting with the flume of his nose.

Then the fire ended. He found himself camped among ruins, by the trickle of an old waterpipe, and very happy; for his city now was different from the city it had been, was different from any city that ever had been. He had sensed the change even while it was still burning. Accosting then, with a muttered request, a man in an alley, he had been astonished to see the stranger empty the contents of his purse on his palm and count out to him exactly one-half—in this case one dollar and seventy-five cents. A little later, when he asked bread of a woman, she gave him precisely one-half of the loaf she bore under her arm.

This blessed condition was continuing; the city had become a city in which every one gave a moiety of what he had to every one else. Also, there were lines in which one took one's place; and, moving forward little step after little step, one came finally to an important individual with a red cross on his sleeve who gave one potatoes, beans, bacon, flour and pyramids of corned beef. Once, getting in the wrong line, the judge had even been offered a house.

It was a very little house and it carried with it the obligation of living in one of the organized refugee camps. The judge refused it; he preferred his own camp. This was in the ruins. A remnant of brick wall gave shade. Other bricks had fallen amiably into the shape of a very good fire trench. A broken pipe trickled like a spring; lush grass was already growing round it. Making his coffee and cooking his bacon and flapjacks, the judge felt long-gone efficiencies stir deliciously within him—floppings of pancakes, crispings of bacon, coaxings of biscuits to flaky embonpoint—and he was thrown back forty years to the time when, young, he "bached" it on the placers of Coyote Flat; to that time when something had happened—his old head could not quite remember what—which had sapped his fibers and had started him on the long downward path.

He was thus giving promise of ending his days in idyllic ease when an accident threw him back into the fields of endeavor. This accident was a small accident. The judge one morning again took a place in the wrong line. Arriving at its head he found himself facing, instead of the flour and bacon he needed, a huge heap of clothing.

"You See, Nicodemus, It Isn't the Custom. It Isn't Done"

The judge's capacity for refusing was not large; he did not turn away. A kind, round lady was distributing. In a moment she put in his arms a very respectable suit of black, with necktie and socks to match; but by this time his eyes were so very wistful on something else that she pivoted to see. The judge was looking hungrily and longingly at a shirt. She had been wondering earlier who could have sent in those shirts and what in the world she should do with them, for they were flannel shirts such as had won freedom and reconstruction for Italy, and many tender glances on the Fourth of July for the stalwart members of Exempt Company Number One, Sag Harbor. She did not know that forty years ago, on the placers of Coyote Flat, the judge had worn just such a red flannel shirt.

"Lady, please; may I have that shirt!"

"Why, certainly, my good man."

The good man, receiving the red shirt, returned the black coat.

"But you can have the coat, too, my good man."

"I don't want the coat. Just the shirt. Say, lady, may I have these overalls?"

"Certainly, my good man."

Now his mouth was open and the yearning in his eyes was far beyond that which the shirt had drawn. He had seen a mountain of boots—boots accordion-plaited at the ankle, with two unashamed loop-straps at the sides.

"If I could have boots like that, madam!" He was given the boots. "Now a belt?" he murmured. "And a sombrero"—when he had obtained the belt.

He left, holding the garments in his arms with the gesture of a mother holding her baby, and back in his camp, behind a ruined wall, put them on immediately. The shirt was open on the old ropy throat; the belt was tight about the sunken abdomen; the overalls were tucked within the boots, and there was a tilt to the sombrero. He stamped about weakly at first, then with what might have passed as rising strength. And with this act the vague fermentation that had been going on within him came to a clear result. He saw with abrupt vividness the placers of Coyote Flat, where he had mined forty years before, the pines, the swarm of men, the noisy camp with its frail cabins, the booming flumes; and sitting down, his old head in his hands, he began to consider seriously a project that for years had been tormenting him dimly.

It was to him a perfectly simple and good plan, and one certain of success. When he had thought of it ten years before, his heart had almost knocked him down with its beating, and he had thought his fortune surely made. Yet he had never succeeded in interesting the necessary capital. It was generally in saloons that he tried to do this. To any one who had been a little kind to him, who had allowed him to sneak into a general Come-boys-this-is-on-me line-up, the judge in gratitude would try to unfold the magnificence of his embryo enterprise. He would take him to the end of the bar and would mumble in his ear; but the chosen one never listened to the end.

At a certain moment he always raised his head abruptly, disentangled himself and laughed loud. Then he ceased laughing, gave the judge a curious glance, and ever afterward seemed just a bit afraid of him.

The judge, head in hands, thought now of these many rebuffs.

"What I need is a grubstake," he muttered.

The next day he appeared before a committee of leading citizens which was doling out loan funds to men seeking rehabilitation. Being leading citizens they had never met the judge in the places where he had sought capital, and now the experience of years caused him to be discreet.

He did not disclose his true intentions. He asked more modestly for a stake that would enable him to start a vegetable garden on the outskirts of the city. "A place to grow cabbages and things," he described it.

That forty-eight-second dreadful dancing which the men of this committee had suffered a few weeks before had left them a little more indulgent and skeptic and humorous than they had ever been. They staked the judge and his cabbages. The next day he left the city on his way to his splendid enterprise.

It did not occur to him to take the train, for he was doing things as he would have done them forty years before. He embarked on an old river steamer, which began to churn the waters with its wheel tail, slowly crossed the bay in black profile against the setting sun, and entered a river. Up this river, winding along interminable sloughs, it coughed all night. The judge, who to economize had taken no cabin, lay wrapped in his blanket on the upper deck. He did not sleep. The boat coughed, coughed, coughed; churned, churned, churned; sidled up to a low bank and sidled off again, its cargo increased by a sack of potatoes or a crate of strawberries. And the judge remembered the days when such steamers came swiftly down the river, splendid with lights, noisy with the clicking of chips and the loud exhilaration of men down from the placers with gold dust in their pockets, gold dust to stream on the roulette tables, and gold dust in the purser's safe for a longer orgy in Frisco.

At sunrise the spires of a city appeared across the tules, and an hour later the boat tied up at its very heart. The judge scrambled out, in haste to outfit. He wore his boots, his shirt, his sombrero; his blanket lay across his back. Early loafers viewed him with stupor.

His first search was among horse merchants and livery stables, and it took him some time to accept the fact that what he was seeking to buy was no longer an object of trade among men. Noon found him on the outskirts of the town, following a bevy of small boys in search of a certain Bob, who "had one." Bob, when found, did have one and was willing to sell. And the judge bought a little tan-hued, curly-haired donkey, with innocent eyes and a philosophical disposition.

This the judge led back to the center of the town, to the main street and the harness shop.

At the harness shop he bought a packsaddle, which he forthwith girthed on the burro, two big saddlebags, and a long cotton pack rope, with a hair cinch. The burro, thus accoutered, was then moved down the street to the grocer's, where his bags were filled with provisions—flour, bacon, coffee, baking powder, salt and sugar. At the drygoods store a thick double blanket was thrown over the pack. The last stationing was before the hardware store. By four

o'clock the judge was ready. By five he was out of town, on the long sun-white road that stretched toward the blue line of the distant sierra.

The little donkey trotted behind him, vaguely like a turtle beneath the carapace of its pack. From the knot of the faultless diamond hitch, cooking utensils dangled; fore and aft in the crotch of the saddle a pick and a shovel rose high above a wide, shining white pan. And the farmers along the way watched, with open mouths, the old man pass, with his white beard, his boots, his red shirt, his sombrero, his little pack animal, with pick, shovel and pan; and at the sight they felt stirring within them old memories of past romance.

He camped, as night came on, near a farm. Small boys in ambush behind the willows watched him eat, silhouetted against the fire, his supper of flapjacks and crisped bacon; later the farmer himself called, curious to engage him in talk; but, seized with a fear of betraying his precious plans, the judge answered only with ill-natured gruntings and in their presence rolled himself in his blanket to sleep.

He was off again early the next morning. For three days he trudged stubbornly across a plain in the glare of the sun. Then the ground rose under his feet to foothills. It was still early in the year; the grass was green; there were small oaks, and brooks that ran clear. His purpose now seemed to fade at times, to leave him altogether. He loitered a good deal. Once he passed a whole day playing with polliwogs in a green pool. Another afternoon slipped away while he wasted all of his ammunition shooting with his big six-shooter at a tin against a tree. He would stretch on his back for hours, his cheek caressed by a blade of grass, his eyes on the sky. A second childhood was coming to him like a grace.

Then, frowning, he would remember, and would push on with trembling energy; thus fitfully he rose into the heart of the hills. There came a long, steep grade, which wound him upward for a whole day; and when the road flattened again it was stretching high through the pines, and a new vigilance had come upon him. The sun set, the moon rose. He went on with long strides, prodding the little burro before him, while his old black eyes searched to the right, to the left, for faded recollections of old landmarks. The road, a tollpike, had been little traveled so far this year; but after a while he turned off from it into one still less frequented—one of which, in fact, the carpet of grass, the inreaching bramble and the absence of ruts told of long abandonment.

He followed this indistinct way through the pines, the burro trotting before him. Then the pines ceased to be and he was on the edge of a wide and denuded flat. His heart beat strongly; he halted and stood looking, immobile.

It was a ravaged stretch of land; the moon poured its accusation upon it and made it livid. There was not a tree and not a blade of grass. And not only was there not a tree and not a blade of grass, but there was no earth. The earth had been dug, scratched, scraped, swept, hydraulicked away to its most minute grain; it was as though over the face of this landscape some monstrous and jealous deity had poured vitriol, corroding its fairness down to the bone; and only the granite bedrock remained, this itself engraved in miniature cañons and frozen waves, sharp-crested.

The judge closed his eyes; and instantly he saw the land as it had been when he had been here, as it had been more than forty years before. Over the flat, hundreds of men swarmed, dressed as he was; bent at the waist, with pick and shovel they attacked fiercely the soil; their picks went up and down swiftly; they were like mechanical toys.

He opened his eyes now, however, and shading them with his hand peered across the space anxiously, touched for the first time with a doubt as to the possibilities of his enterprise. And then he saw that for which he was searching, that which was assurance of success. Over there in the dim opalescence of the moon rode something like a warship on waves of granite. A more fixed contemplation resolved it into a hillock with a flat top. It stood there in the center of the corroded devastation, an isle intact; a bit of the original landscape left there, spared through some mysterious caprice of the hordes which, all about, with the thoroughness of ants and the violence of dynamite, had gutted the land for its gold.

The judge spoke aloud in the stillness. "It is still here," he said.

But his emotion demanded an audience. "It is still here, Nicodemus!" he repeated, addressing the little ass.

Nicodemus licked up a blade of grass, but otherwise was unmoved.

"Our fortune is made, Nicodemus!"

Nicodemus rubbed his pack pensively against the last small pine.

The judge clucked the little donkey on. He did not drive the animal toward the mesa that had so interested him, however, but along the faint traces of the road skirting the flat to the right, leaving the mesa, mysterious island in the liquidity of the moon, to the left.

"We're going to see how the old camp has stood it, Nicodemus."

The burro's small hoofs drummed on the hard pan; the nails of his boot crunched on the granite. The noise they thus made stirred him with an uneasy sense of desecration; throwing long side glances he tried to walk on tiptoe and was glad when, with a little leap, the indistinct road came to fertile ground again. A minute later the way became the main street of a village.

It was a strange village. The street, long neglected, scooped by the rains, was a gulch. On both banks of the gulch the little houses rose. They were atilt, one to the left, another to the right, as though drunken or as if suddenly petrified in the middle of a mad dance; and some seemed to be bending toward the lone man passing and others to draw back in scandal.

From the yawning doors not a light came and not a sound; in the whole village there was not the bark of a dog or the passing of a cat.

"Coyote Flat, Nicodemus," said the judge with the tone of a cicerone.

He went on down the main street, pushing the little donkey ahead, until he came to a cabin larger than the others and with a false front that made its one story look two. This he entered.

He could see the stars through a rent roof; and his feet were in a soft dust made of the earth that had been beneath the floor. The room was large, and to his right, massive and well-preserved inside that frail and ruined house, possessed of an indestructibility like that of an altar, a long piece of furniture stretched a few feet from the wall. He moved toward this sort of counter, leaned one elbow on it, turned toward the center of the room and, with a large, loose, amiable herding gesture of his left arm, shouted:

"Come on, everybody! It's on me this time!"

No one answered. He pounded the counter impatiently. "Come! The poison is on me!"

Then the sound of his voice and the silence that answered frightened him abruptly. He stumbled toward the door, out on the street again.

"Nicodemus, take off your hat! This is the Golden Eagle Hotel and the Golden Eagle Hotel bar."

He went on a little farther and stopped by a cabin that was altogether down, a pile of loose boards and shakes on the ground.

"Nicodemus, here's firewood. We camp right here, Nicodemus."

When he had unpacked the burro and had lit his fire he went off with his pail behind the houses—the deserted camp was flat as cardboard scenery—slid out of sight, and a little later returned grunting, the pail full of cool, clear water. The burro was already at his meal, hopping about with hobbled ankles and cropping bunch grass between boards and shakes. The judge cooked, ate, rolled up by the fire and went to sleep.

He woke twice. The first time he remained motionless on his back, not daring to let his eyes roam. A great silence lay with the moon on the deserted and ruined camp, and the mountain cold pressed on him as though it were a hand. A deep sigh coming from very near raised abruptly his dim dread to a passion of fear. Then that which had so hurt him now reassured him—little Nicodemus came sauntering by, munching, carelessly treading possible terrors under his small hoofs. It was he who had sighed, waking half frozen.

And the second time the judge did not know whether he was really awake. The moon was sinking behind the trees and in the thickening darkness the camp seemed repaired and restored. What had been down was up; holes in roofs and walls were filled. And what thus stood repaired seemed of another stuff, less material, than the more solid parts that had resisted time. The doors were all closed; the windows were all closed; the judge fancied he heard behind these closed doors and windows the measured breathing of hundreds of men. From the Golden Eagle Hotel came a cry ——

An owl flew by, velvety. Nicodemus shook himself hard by; and the judge, sitting up with prickling hair, saw the little animal hop right through one of the restored walls. As though this had been a signal, a reassertion of things as they are, suddenly all the holes became holes again, the patches in walls disappeared, the semimaterial ghostly fabric became air—and the camp was a ruin again.

When in the morning the judge woke he found the devastation about him more eloquent in that light. The shakes with which roofs and walls had been made had curled to the heat and cold of successive seasons, and in agonized contortions had torn themselves from their nails; there were great holes in walls and roofs; many cabins were down altogether; one or two only were apparently intact.

The judge, with shuffling steps as though all his late energy had gone out of him, as though this had been a last flare to be followed by the final torpor of age, pottered about the ruins. He seemed to have forgotten altogether his superb and urgent enterprise. He stood on piles of shuffled lumber, picked up now and then an old corroded pot, a pan; he entered cabins and, before some rude fireplace still sooted with black, nodded with what might have been an old man's wisdom or an old man's weakness; he leaned on the bar of the Golden Eagle Hotel, that bar so humorously solid and permanent in the ruined flimsiness surrounding it, and seemed to ponder a long time.

His wanderings, though aimless in appearance, were in fact the following of a thin

In the Ghost Door of the Vanished Cabin a Young Woman Stood

thread of memory which stretched before him like a spider's web, tenuous, elusive, visible only in certain plays of light, lost altogether at times; then again before him. He zigzagged, turned, twisted, climbed mounds of lumber, went to the right, to the left. Once he thought he had found his old cabin. There was left only a piece of one wall; but against that piece his bunk still stood, the bunk he had occupied more than forty years before. Like a child playing a game he got into it and lay on his back, looking up through his old eyelids at the sun. It was very quiet and peaceful here. "Good old bunk!" he murmured. "Good old bunk!"

He was discovering, however, that this was not the end of his search; that the dim urge within him stirred still unsatisfied; that it was still pushing him on, he knew not where—except that somehow it had to do with pink calico. Yes, pink calico—that was it. He rose and began his wandering again, following the impalpable spider thread. And then, suddenly, he had found!

He knew that he had found because of the peace that had come to him, as though forever an anchor had been dropped; but he did not know just what it was he had found. He was standing before a spot where a cabin had been; but of that cabin there remained only débris between the four corner posts, still standing upright, standing there upright as though they meant something.

Suddenly there came to the judge a vision at once precise and incomplete—a perfect picture, but detached from any ambience that might explain it. In the ghost door of the vanished cabin a young woman stood—a young woman of fresh, clean and buxom charm, flashing blue of eye and rose of cheek. Her dress was of pink calico; the sleeves of it were rolled up; and the bare arms were powdered with flour, as though a moment ago she had been kneading.

In her skirt a little girl hid, blue of eye and yellow of hair.

The judge saw, but did not interpret. He saw without knowing just what he saw. This picture was a projection of something that had existed forty years before; but nothing that had been with it came to explain it. He puzzled; but his old brain refused to tell him. Then a sadness pinched his heart and he found himself weeping. Hot drops as of liquid lead were on his hand; he looked at them, astounded.

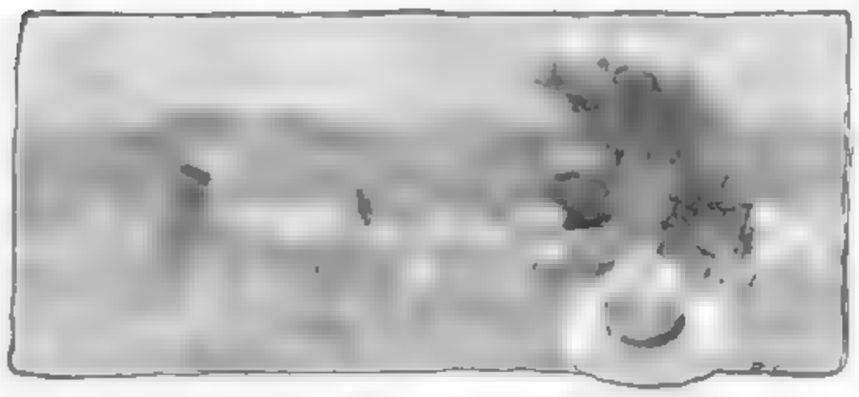
As though a curtain had been rung down, the vision ceased. The judge went on pottering about the ruins aimlessly.

In the morning, though, the judge woke tingling with renewed vigor. He dispatched his breakfast hastily, for a fear was now on him. He feared that his eyes had not seen aright on the night of his arrival; or that since then something disastrous had happened. It was with a shout that, debouching on the desolate flat, almost at a run behind trotting Nicodemus, he saw, afloat like an island in the morning light's liquid gold, the hillock in which lay his certitude of splendid wealth. It stood there intact in the center of a corroded devastation as though there hung above it a taboo, a curse, or a sanctity. All about it the land had been ravaged. Two generations of miners had passed here—the judge's own, the argonauts who, with pick and shovel, had scraped what they could; then that which, with terrible hydraulic streams, had washed away what remained as with acid. And both had spared that little half-acre which, as the level about it had descended to bedrock, gradually had risen a little toward heaven.

It was a small hillock now with a flat top, a diminutive of those mesas one sees in the Arizona desert; and the judge viewed it with tenderness.

"She's there, Nicodemus—she's there! She hasn't budged!

"I shouldn't wonder if there were one like it in every old deserted camp of California, Nicodemus!



He Remembered Now—Ah, He Remembered!

"The Deserted Camp Exploration and Final Exploitation Company, Limited—how would that sound—eh, Nicodemus?

"Or shall we keep it all to ourselves?"

The burro not answering, he clucked it on toward the mesa. He observed it narrowly as he neared. It had not been touched. The walls were sheer with the exception of a little crumbling as though the miners, approaching like a surf from all sides, had been abruptly stopped by a word said up there at the top, or a gesture. When still nearer he scanned the geological structure cross-sectioned before him.

At the surface was a thin layer of brown earth traversed by the roots of grass. Below was sand; then pebbles increasing in size to boulders at the bottom. And among these boulders, on the bedrock, was black sand. He nodded sagely, skirted the mesa until he was on the side opposite that by which he had come, on the side hidden from the road that once had been, and, unpacking his implements, without hesitation he attacked its flanks with pick and shovel.

When he had thus secured a saddlebagful of the black sand he went down to the river that skirted the flat, taking along his pan. He was gone an hour. When he returned he placed beneath the nose of Nicodemus a small, open buckskin bag. Nicodemus, startled, breathed in noisily, and the old man broke out in a cackle:

"That's gold you have on your nose, Nicodemus! Gold dust! There's about ten thousand dollars' worth in that little hill. We can get half of it this summer."

He was silent, pensive. "And we'll come back next spring, Nicodemus. Our fortune is made. At last!

"The Deserted Camp Exploration and Final Exploitation Company, Limited," he added solemnly after a silence.

Then, spitting in his hands, he raised the pick at the end of his lean, trembling arms and brought it down against the side of the hillock. It bit weakly; from its point a little crumble of earth ran down to his shoes.

"We're off, Nicodemus!"

He worked until sundown; then with Nicodemus he returned to his camp among the ruined cabins, the boards and the shakes; and in the morning, with the rising sun prickling his back, was again at the mesa with pick and shovel. When Saturday came he did not dig, but spent the day transferring the excavated sand and rubble, with the aid of Nicodemus, to the banks of the stream. And all Sunday he squatted by the water's edge and rocked and panned. When, Sunday night, he regained camp he held tight in his right hand a little buckskin bag full of gold dust. He was too tired to cook, and munched some cold biscuits; but immediately afterward he was up, searching about the ruined camp.

When he had found a cabin that was altogether down in a loose shuffle of lumber he lifted several boards, introduced his long arm beneath them, laid the little buckskin bag carefully on the ground and let the boards fall back on it. Then with a sigh he rolled up in his blanket; but in the middle of the night he was up again and, when he had found his cache, lay long on his side, his arm, underneath the boards, stretching to the little bag, his fingers tight about it—until the cold had driven him back to his bed.

On Monday he was again picking at the mesa. His blows were feeble, but he made this up by the patience of his industry. His mind, much of the time, was a vacuity; but all the time in the center of this haze there burned, fixed, a kernel of purpose. And his pick ceaselessly rose and fell, rose and fell, going up slowly and tremblingly at the end of his old, thin arms, descending loosely; it scratched and scratched, and the loosened earth rose about his boots which, beneath the frailty of his body, took on an appearance of great weight, size and solidity as though they had been of bronze. Early on Tuesday he was here again—and Wednesday. Toward the end of the week he began to move what he had excavated to the bank of the stream. On Sunday he panned and rocked for thirteen hours and, when night had come, deposited in his cache beneath the boards of the fallen cabin a second fat little buckskin bag of precious dust.

The days now became the beads of a chaplet, slipping one by one. His undertaking possessed him altogether; he gave himself hardly time to eat and to sleep. At peep of dawn he came running up with Nicodemus to the mesa wonderful; he dragged away at dark, full of regret. And his success was proving far beyond what he had dreamed.

Though his age and his weakness and the primitiveness of his methods were holding him much behind his planning; though he had so far merely scratched the sides of the hillock and saw that, instead of two summers, it would take him ten at the same rate to level it, yet he was taking out in gold as much as though the mesa held merely what he had hoped and, a giant, he were demolishing it ten times as fast. It seemed as though the argonauts, who had attacked the flat for gold, in setting out this small half-acre had reserved unwittingly the richest spot. It ran values beyond what the judge could remember of the best claims forty years before.

"Why, it's a real pocket—a real pocket, Nicodemus! There's hundreds of thousands in there, Nicodemus! We'll be sliding on velvet, Nic—on velvet!"

The work, with all its fascination, had its small annoyances. At times in his digging he came on something that gave him pause. He hesitated a while; then using the pick very carefully he freed, little by little, buried objects that looked like sticks of bleached, porous wood. He laid them carefully together by his side and, gaining accustomance and assurance by the very act, at length was standing upright reflectively, holding in his hands a round thing, in the posture of the Prince of Denmark in one of Shakspere's famous scenes. His undertaking lost its splendor; he shivered a little in sickish distaste.

This lasted but a moment. His pick, rising, fell again; it bit into soil that he knew held much gold. The days passed one after the other, each full, tasting of duty well done; and in the cache under the planks of the ruined cabin the number of little bags of gold increased, squatted in a line in the half-light, like rotund little Buddhas.

It was then that the fascination exercised on him by the top of the little mesa began to put forth almost irresistible strength. When he worked it was right there above his head—the top of the mesa—very near and yet invisible; it beckoned to him all the time, as though up there in the silence it held something to show him or a whisper for his ear. On the other hand, he could not bear the thought of dropping his pick for a moment or ceasing for a second the diligent scratching which was giving him a dignity long lost, which was rehabilitating him, which was giving him gold.

When he came hurrying in the morning he could see it, the top of the mesa, as long as distance made it indistinct

(Continued on Page 33)

There Was Not a Tree and Not a Blade of Grass

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XIX

CHITTLINGS went to South America on business for a client, and was gone for six months. He told Hicks they would take up the matter of a partnership when he returned. Hicks kept on at his acquaintance-making, securing some business, which Gudger handled for him. He was constantly in the company of Rollins, who expressed great affection and respect for Hicks and helped him in every possible way. Hicks participated in each movement for the betterment of Rextown, was active enough in church affairs to keep himself in good standing, and essayed the part of prominent citizen. He wrote regularly to Senator Paxton, making free comments on the town, the people, his plans and his prospects. Every time Hicks' name appeared in the papers he sent a clipping to Paxton. Once he spoke of the Chittlings proposition.

"On the broad, general theory that two heads are better than one, if each is reasonably non-osseous," Senator Paxton wrote in reply, "I should say the plan is a good one. As a political move it has its merits, also, for it stands to reason when a law firm is composed of two partners, and has a political slant to it, if one partner is a Democrat and the other is a Republican the harvest will be much more complete and satisfactory than it would be if both were reaping in the same field. I think you might well make the experiment, only never trust any person, Tommie, in a business deal except me, and do not be too confiding with me. Get it all down in black and white and don't let the other man use you half so much as you use the other man. Everything, they say, is fair in love and war, and that may be so. It also is true that everything is unfair in politics, so keep your eye on your number constantly, and remember that the only way to be prosperous in the future is to have been discreet in the past."

Chittlings was detained and did not get back to Rextown until September. "Let it wait until the first of the year," he said to Hicks, and Hicks was glad to do so, for he was extremely busy with politics. County conventions were to be held, and Rollins insisted that the Democrats must put up a full ticket, from county judge to road superintendent. There were many conferences at the office of Rollins and Hicks took part in them all.

As usual it was difficult to get Democrats to take nominations, for the fight was hopeless.

"I've got you slated for prosecuting attorney," Rollins said to Hicks.

"Prosecuting attorney!" Hicks exclaimed. "Isn't there a judge to be named?"

"Yes," said Rollins, "but another man has been named for that. You take the prosecuting attorney nomination. That will give you an opportunity to go out into the towns and get acquainted with the farmers. It's a county office, you know."

Hicks reluctantly consented.

He was firmly of the opinion that his services to the Democracy of Rextown and the surrounding country entitled him to nomination for the highest office within the gift of the people at that time, but Rollins had picked an older lawyer with a war record for the place, and Hicks subsided, not without much inward protest.

Enough delegates were rounded up to make a Democratic convention possible, and Rollins called the gathering to order at the appointed time. The assemblage, which included Democrats from all over the county, was a listless one, for it faced certain and overwhelming defeat and knew it. Rollins had asked Hicks to get ready for a speech, and after the formalities attending the nomination of the ticket were hurried through, Rollins addressed the delegates:

"Fellow Democrats and gentlemen of the convention!" he began, "I now take great pleasure in introducing to you a sterling young Democrat who has recently come to our city, a man who believes in the ultimate triumph of Democratic principles, who holds Thomas Jefferson to be our greatest American, and whom you have just nominated for the important office of prosecuting attorney. Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown, will now address you."

Tommie had felt he should array himself in his frock coat and wear his high hat, but Rollins told him not to. So he came in a sack coat and soft hat. As Rollins pronounced his name he stepped forward on the stage and bowed. There were a few scattering handclaps. Some of the men in the rear of the hall started to go out.

"Fellow Democrats," Tommie began; "I trust you will bear with me while I give to you my brief message. While these are times of dull despair for our party, I am one who has his face turned toward the morning and I can confidently assert to you that every cloud has a silver lining, that the night is darkest just before the dawn and that there is no lane without a turning. Fellow Democrats, truth is mighty and must prevail. As the poet has it: 'Truth forever on the scaffold and wrong forever on the throne'; and, as you all know, the minority is always right. These are times of stress. The very foundations of our country are threatened by the insidious undermining of the corrupt influences that have control of the Republican party."

"That's the stuff!" shouted Rollins.

Hicks spoke for twenty minutes. He had schooled himself in his piece, had practiced it before his looking glass in his room and knew it by heart. He was full of confidence, threw in every gesture he had ever seen a platform orator use, and ran his voice up and down its register with amazing results. He stamped his foot, waved his clenched fists in the air, and walked from one side of the stage to the other. When he had finished sweat was dripping from his forehead, but his voice continued strong and his peroration could have been heard as far as the city hall.

Two bored reporters watched him with much amusement. As Hicks finished he looked anxiously at the reporters. He had noticed, as he was talking, that they were making no notes of his speech.

"Paddy, That Old Grandstander, Rollins, is Making a Good Deal of a Row Over the Franchise Matter"

"Did you take it down?" he asked anxiously, leaning over to the table where the reporters sat. "I can give you copies of it."

"We've got some of it," fibbed one of them graciously.

The convention adjourned and some of the country delegates congratulated Tommie. One old man said he was glad to find there were still young men who had the courage to fight the forces of corruption in politics and faith to speak what was within them. The papers made only brief mention of the convention, gave the list of nominations and said T. Marmaduke Hicks addressed the delegates. Tommie was incensed when he saw no reports were made of his speech. "But," he consoled himself by thinking, "the time will come when they will print what I have to say on the front page."

Financed by Rollins, who gave him money for livery rigs and for his meals at the country hotels, Tommie traveled all through the county, speaking at schoolhouses and wherever he could get a few people together. It was discouraging work. Most of those who came to hear him were Republicans. They jeered at him. But he stuck to his job, and by the time the campaign was over could make a resounding speech, full of allusions to the corruption of the Republicans and filled with promise for better days if the Democrats were put in power. He took up the condition of affairs under the Republican prosecuting attorney, charged that official with dereliction of duty, with gross favoritism, with grafting and with about everything else, and promised a clean, capable, honest administration of the office and the relentless prosecution of all criminals, whether of high or low degree, if he were elected.

Also he did his first house-to-house—or rather farm-to-farm—canvassing. He wore his oldest suit of clothes, let his shoes remain unpolished, was hail-fellow-well-met with the farmers, ate with them when he could, was elaborately polite and flattering to the women, took part in prayer meetings in the churches, and descanted continuously on the necessity for getting back to the soil and the rugged honesty of the agriculturist as opposed to the scheming, contriving dishonesty of the city dweller.

He put in the last week of his campaign in the city, where he dressed with scrupulous care, making up as he thought a clean-cut, alert young prosecuting attorney should look. He spoke every night, sometimes on the street corners and once or twice at very small rallies. His opponents took no notice of him, and the papers joshed him a little and reported none of his speeches. The campaign was neither exciting nor interesting, and the outcome was never in doubt. Tommie ran a few votes ahead of the rest of the ticket, but was overwhelmingly beaten.

Rollins told him he had done well. Tommie thought so too. He had learned something about campaigning. Also he had spread the knowledge among the country men that he was a young man of correct deportment, a church member, and that he neither drank nor smoked. He never for a moment let down on his pose of being the friend of the people, and he considered he had sown good seed. Besides, it hadn't cost him anything. Rollins had furnished the money, and Tommie made Mrs. Hungerford deduct for the meals that he missed while he was speaking in the country.

He had attracted some attention among the lawyers. They talked about him. Chittlings was especially kind in his comment. "It's all right," he said; "if that is the game you are going to play you have got to start it that way.

Keep at it and you may win out some day, if a pestilence blows along and kills a few thousand Republicans and passes by the Democrats."

A little law business came to him as the result of his campaign. He was one of the leading figures at a union Thanksgiving celebration, where the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians joined in a service on the night before that festival at Tommie's church. He made an address on The Necessity of Brotherly Coöperation, which was pronounced very fine by those who heard it and was mentioned for a quarter of a column or so in the papers. He was active in the Christmas celebration at his church, and a day or two before the end of the year was asked by Chittlings to come up and see him.

"You've had plenty of time to think that proposition over," said Chittlings. "How do you feel about it?"

"But Mr. Chittlings," Hicks replied, "you never have made a definite proposition as yet."

"Well, I'll make one now. I'll take you into partnership, give you twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts and charge no expense to you except rent for one office room; you to bring in all the business you can and I to do the same. I will look after the legal necessities, although you can make the necessary bluff, and you'll continue to play your Democratic game while I take the other end of the politics of the combination. How does that strike you for the first year?"

"I don't relish your continual reference to my playing a game. I am sincere in these matters, Mr. Chittlings."

"So much the better. I always respect sincerity, especially when I find it in such large quantities. How does it hit you?"

"What is to be the name and style of the firm?"

Chittlings glanced at him in astonishment. "Chittlings & Hicks, of course," he replied.

Tommie looked Chittlings squarely in the eye. "I think Hicks & Chittlings would be more appropriate, provided I enter into this compact with you," he said steadily.

"Wow!" exclaimed Chittlings. "Great aromatic spirits of ammonia!" Then he roared with laughter. "Son," he gasped, "you'll do! You will absolutely do! I'll make that thirty per cent. Come up to-morrow and sign the papers."

Hicks salved his wounded feelings with the extra five per cent offered by Chittlings, and signed a partnership arrangement for a term of one year, with a privilege of renewal or dissolution on notice by either partner at the end of the ninth month. He gave up his office and moved down to the suite occupied by Chittlings. The firm's name was put on the door as "Chittlings & Hicks, Attorneys-at-Law," and it was many a day before Hicks could look at it without feeling that by all the merits in the case it should read Hicks & Chittlings. Hicks was much elated over his new office surroundings. He had a good-sized room cut off by a ground-glass partition from the very large room formerly occupied by Chittlings. "Mr. Hicks" was chastely painted on his door. He thought the door should be labeled "Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks," but Chittlings told him it was much better form to have it read just "Mr. Hicks"—it gave class, he explained. There was a stenographer, the first one Hicks ever had at his disposal, and he dictated reams of letters to that outraged person, many of them letters he never sent and never intended to send. He wanted to impress the stenographer; for no persons were too humble, in the opinion of Hicks, to have brought home to them by word or deed the transcendent abilities of T. Marmaduke Hicks.

"Fellow Democrats, Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail"

XX

THE municipal election to be held in Rextown that spring was unusually important. The street-car company, which operated all the cars in the city, was about to make an application for an extension of its franchise and a renewal on most favorable terms—favorable, that is, to the company. The Chronicle, inspired by Rollins, had opposed any extension unless there should be certain concessions. The Chronicle demanded universal transfers, better cars, improved service and a three-per-cent tax on gross earnings for the benefit of the city. Naturally the street-car company was opposed to all this, vigorously and bitterly opposed.

The street-car company was close to the Republican organization. It controlled the board of aldermen, through Boss Ross' organization, for the aldermen were almost all Republicans. There had been an attempt to shove the franchise matter through the board that was to go out of office in April, but the Chronicle made such a row about it that the street-car magnates and the Republican boss decided it would be as well to wait until a new board was selected and do it then. They were sure they could elect a majority, no matter what the issue was, and would then put the franchise through in an orderly manner and claim that the people had spoken on the matter, and they were simply bowing to the will of the voters and taxpayers.

Rollins, who despite his fondness for political letter-writing and his dreaming was a shrewd politician, saw an opportunity here. He had no interest in the street-car company and hated all the directors and managers thereof, for they were all Republicans. He knew that the people felt—as the people always do—that the street-car company was robbing them, depriving them of accommodations they were entitled to, and he further knew the three-per-cent tax to be paid into the city treasury was a strong inducement for votes against aldermen who would be inclined to grant the franchise extensions without that feature included in them. When it was intimated that the street-car company intended to jam the extended franchise through the old board of aldermen instead of waiting for the new, he promptly let loose a broadside in the Chronicle saying he would go to the courts if they did, enjoin them, and fight them to the last, inasmuch as the franchise matter properly came within the jurisdiction of the new board, or Rollins held it did, which amounted to the same thing in the circumstances. He had strong popular support for this.

William P. Roscoe, president of the street-car company, sought Boss Paddy Ross, of the Republican organization.

"Paddy," he said, "that old grandstander, Rollins, is making a good deal of a row over the franchise matter."

"It won't amount to nothin'," assured Ross.

"I don't know about that. The people are all in line to oppose us at any time or place. I'm afraid we waited too long. We should have jammed it through the present board."

"Now, Roscoe," counseled Ross, "don't you get cold feet. I told you I will elect a board of aldermen and a mayor that will give you the right to make a powerhouse out of the city hall if you want to, and I'm going to do it. Just leave this to me."

"But there is a great deal of agitation."

"I know it, and there'll be a lot more before there is any less, but it's the votes on election day that count and I'll have them, don't you worry. I'll pull you through this just as I always have. Let Rollins howl. I'll produce on election day, and I'll produce a set of highbinders for aldermen that will give you Main Street for a pleasure park if I say the word."

Roscoe left. He was nervous. This nervousness increased as Rollins renewed his attacks, and the Chronicle kept pounding. He went to Ross again but was told to sit steady and attend to his street-car business, and all would be well.

Rollins had talked with Hicks about the campaign he was making, and Hicks was enlisted in the fight. Chittlings advised Hicks to keep off for business reasons, but Hicks couldn't and wouldn't. He saw unlimited opportunities for speechmaking in which he could attack the street-car octopus—he had resolved to call it an octopus—and declaim passionately for the rights of the poor, down-trodden workingmen, who were defrauded by being deprived of universal transfers and who had poor service for their hard-earned nickels. He urged Rollins to demand a three-cent fare, but Rollins thought that too radical and refused.

"Hicks," said Rollins, "this is our chance. We have an opening now. If we put up good, clean men, as many of them Democrats as possible, but with a few independents to give the ticket a non-partisan flavor, we can win the whole shooting-match, mayor and all."

"So I think," assented Hicks. "The people will rally to me as their candidate for mayor."

"As their candidate for what?" exclaimed Rollins.

"Their candidate for mayor."

"But you're not going to be their candidate for mayor."

"Why not?" demanded Hicks. "In view of all my sacrifices for the party, I surely am entitled to this small recognition."

"You are not," said Rollins firmly. "You are to be the candidate for alderman in the Seventh Ward."

"But ——" began Hicks.

"Oh," Rollins interrupted, "you can speak all over the city. It will be a good chance for you."

Hicks tried several times to convince Rollins he was the logical candidate for mayor. Rollins would not allow it, and when he saw he must take the nomination for alderman of the Seventh Ward or nothing, Hicks sulkily consented. He announced his candidacy for alderman in an interview in the Chronicle, hastening to the office to get it in print for fear Rollins might change his mind.

"Going into it, I see," said Chittlings after he had read the Chronicle interview, in which Hicks had made vigorous denunciations of the street-car octopus. Hicks wasn't quite clear as to what an octopus was, but none the less he accused the street-car company of being one, and of sucking the lifeblood from the poor, downtrodden workingman. Later he learned about octopi, and cut out the blood-sucking feature, using that only when, for a change, he referred to the company as a vampire, which creature, he had been informed, is an artist at blood-sucking.

"I am," Hicks replied.

"Well, good luck; only keep your politics clear from the law business and watch out you don't get your fingers burned. Paddy Ross is a very capable citizen, you know."

"I am not afraid of Paddy Ross and his henchmen when I have the people on my side," declaimed Hicks.

"You may have the people on your side," laughed Chittlings, "but you will have Paddy Ross on your neck, and that will be uncomfortable for you."

The city conventions were held and Hicks was nominated as the Democratic-reform candidate for alderman from the Seventh Ward. The campaign, which had three weeks to run, began immediately. The two afternoon papers and the Leader, a morning paper, upheld the regular Republican ticket, which was favorable to the street-car company, and pointed out the great benefits that had come to Rextown through the liberal, public-spirited policy of the company, how it had millions invested and how it had developed the suburbs by the extension of its lines. Statistics prepared by the company were printed, showing the small per cent of earnings compared with the expenses of operation. Promises were made of a liberal future policy if the franchise extensions were granted.

Rollins was in his element. For the first time he was fighting with a chance to win. The Chronicle stood sturdily behind the Democratic-reform ticket, which was made up of excellent men, and the people—as usual—were in favor of giving the street-car company nothing and of getting free rides if possible.

Hicks and Rollins organized a series of noonday meetings in a vacant store on Main Street, and Hicks and other orators spoke every night in various parts of the city. Hicks turned himself loose. He attacked the street-car company from every angle. He spoke eloquently of the woes of the workingman. He pledged himself a hundred times each twenty-four hours to fight for the common people, should he be elected, and he plainly told the street-car company it need expect no favors at his hands. He was in favor of municipal ownership for public utilities, and he dragged in his three-cent-fare idea and was always applauded.

He had an apparent earnestness and sincerity that caught the crowd, and a flow of language that, though it had no argument in it, was denunciatory in the extreme. He called the street-car magnates wolves and plutocrats, with no other plan than to bloat their fortunes with riches extorted from the poor, downtrodden workingman. He flayed Roscoe on every corner, and he tore into Paddy Ross as the most notorious example extant of the corrupt political boss. He warned the people they need expect nothing but confiscation of their streets and an ultimate ten or fifteen cent fare if the Republicans won; and he never failed to allude to himself as the gallant young crusader who would bring peace and plenty, three-cent fares and universal transfers, a seat for every passenger, more cars for the rush hours, and special reduced rates for school children—if he were elected.

Toward the last his speeches fell into three parts: The first was a denunciation of the street-car company; the second was an assault on Roscoe; the third, and by far the longest section, consisted of promises of what he, T. Marmaduke Hicks, would do, with explanations at great length showing how eminently he was fitted to carry out his promises, intellectually, morally and by reason of his vast integrity and his enormous desire to help the workingman.

Paddy Ross had many orators out campaigning, and he kept busily at his inside work. At first he was confident

he would win. Then he discovered the people were much aroused, and the talk of Hicks and his fellows on the Democratic-reform ticket was having its effect, especially in the Fourth, the Ninth, the Tenth and the Sixteenth wards, where most of the workingmen lived who were employed in the big factories and mills on the lower side of the town. In Rextown the factories were on one side of the city along a small stream that local pride called a river, and the workingmen lived across town from them in the wards enumerated, went to their work in the street cars in the morning and returned to their homes at night, going across town again. The city was loosely built, and it took almost half an hour for the workingmen in these outside wards to get from their homes to the factories and mills, and another half hour to get home at night, for the car service was none too good. The consequence was that the early morning cars were crowded and the cars returning at six o'clock jammed.

"How does it look, Paddy?" Roscoe asked, at the beginning of the third and last week of the city campaign.

"Not so good as it might. That young windjammer, Hicks, is making a lot of headway with these workingmen, and there are a good many votes against us in the middle of the town."

"But you can hold them, can't you?"

"I can hold the middle wards all right. I'm afraid of those wards where the workingmen live in numbers—the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth."

"We've got a week before election. Can't we shove the franchise extension through the board at the meeting to-morrow night?"

"If we did," said Ross, "they'd tear us up by the roots. We've got to win this by votes. Don't worry. I'll have 'em all right. The only trouble is with those wards out on the edge of town, and they've got a grouch for fair."

Roscoe went away, much perturbed. He stopped in at one of the noonday meetings, and heard Hicks say things to an applauding crowd about Roscoe fattening on the nickels wrung from the grimy hands of toil that made him feel like shooting that young man. Hicks saw him and shouted:

"There he is! There he is, this arrogant plutocrat who seeks to debauch the electorate of this city by electing to the board of aldermen servile and corrupt tools of Paddy Ross to do his bidding and rob the poor workingman of the hard-earned fruits of his honest toil by extorting from him money grudgingly paid to him by others of his ilk—these plutocrats who ride in their palatial automobiles while the poor workingman must crowd into dirty, ill-smelling, antiquated street cars, or walk with weary limbs from his humble home to the factories, where they chain him to his bench in order that they may bloat and fatten on the results of his honest industry."

Roscoe fled, followed by jeers. He was much upset when he reached his office. "Jenkins," he said to the general manager, "have you heard the things that demagogue, Hicks, is saying about me?"

"Yes," Jenkins replied.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"There's nothing we can do but trust to Paddy Ross, so far as I can see."

"It's terrible!" moaned Roscoe. "Simply terrible! Why, I heard him to-day, and he called me a vampire and a bloodsucker and an octopus and I don't know what else."

"Is that all he said?" asked Jenkins. "Evidently you didn't hear him when he was in good form!"

XXI

THE excitement increased as the week progressed. Paddy Ross was shaky in his own mind over the outcome, and his shakiness increased when the results of his final poll began to come in on Wednesday. It looked like a close election with a ward or two to decide it. Paddy was sure of carrying seven wards and gave the opposition four sure, and that left five to fight for. He must have nine men to control the board. He had held a certain proportion of the voters in the outside wards and was working desperately in the wards in the center of the town, where the big business interests were arrayed for the street-car company and where the better classes of Republicans lived. He felt he must do something to pull back the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth. If the opposition lost those they couldn't win. He sent money there, and put his strongest workers in the factories and mills to persuade the workingmen who lived in those wards to be reasonable. The street-car company put on many extra cars on the crosstown lines, and saw to it that every man had a seat. The workingmen were excited. Hicks and his allies had stirred them exceedingly. Rollins kept steadily pounding through the columns of the Chronicle, and had boys at the corners in these wards every morning, who gave each workingman a free copy of the Chronicle containing the Rollins broadsides.

Ross was worried. Roscoe was frantic. Rollins and Hicks were jubilant. On Wednesday, after his noonday meeting, when he had been especially inflammatory in his speech and had been loudly cheered, Hicks ate a sandwich and drank a glass of milk and went to his office to rest. The office was empty. The stenographer was out at lunch and so was the clerk. He was tired. The strain was beginning to tell on him, although the tonic of the applause, which he loved, braced him up during his public speaking. He removed his coat, locked the door of his room and leaned back in his chair. He was dozing when he heard Chittlings come in, accompanied by another man.

Hicks Was Active Enough in Church Affairs to Keep Himself in Good Standing

"Nobody here," said Chittlings. "I suppose that young partner of mine is out stirring them up."

"He's a fine partner for you to have," said the other man. "How'd you come to pick him out."

Hicks could hear the talk; he listened for Chittlings' reply.

"Oh, he's all right. I can use him in my business. He'll get over this, but he's raising merry hob at this juncture, isn't he?"

"I should say he is!" said the other man bitterly.

Chittlings spoke again. "Well, Jenkins ——"

Jenkins! The general manager of the street-car company! Hicks moved noiselessly over to the ground-glass partition between his room and that of Chittlings. He strained his ears to hear.

"Well, Jenkins, you're in a mess, I'll say that for you. Unless you can pull something off in those outside wards you may get whipped."

"Pull something off?" replied Jenkins querulously. "What can we pull off? We've done everything anybody has suggested and we've simply upholstered Paddy Ross with money, and he's scared stiff right now over the outlook. What do you want to talk to me about?"

"My dear Jenkins," said Chittlings suavely, "I asked you to come in and confer with me because it appears to me that for the general manager of a great public-service corporation you display a lack of resources that is amazing."

"What would you do, Mr. Wiseheimer?" asked Jenkins with a sneer.

"Far be it from me to assume to instruct you in your business, Mr. Jenkins," continued Chittlings pleasantly. "Not for the world would I suggest such a possibility, not for the world. Only, if I were general manager of the street-car company, I know what I should do."

"What would you do?" asked Jenkins excitedly. "What would you do?"

"Softly, my dear Jenkins! Softly!" said Chittlings soothingly. "Be calm. First and foremost, of course, I am under the rather pressing necessity of inquiring what a plan such as I have in mind would be worth to your aggregation of octopuses, as my partner dubs you?"

"Any amount of money, if it works," Jenkins exclaimed.

"That is rather indefinite, don't you think, Jenkins, in these days of hard, precise commercial transactions? Any amount now might dwindle to a very insignificant amount after election. Besides"—and Chittlings' voice grew almost caressing—"I didn't ask you for money. You jumped at a wrong conclusion. But I suppose," he laughed, "you are so used to buying protection you think that is the only way you can get it."

"What do you want, then?" asked Jenkins suspiciously.

"Would it surprise you if I told you I have nothing but the best interests of the company at heart?" asked Chittlings.

"It would. It would surprise me very much," Jenkins answered harshly. "But get down to business. What do you want?"

"A very small return, Jenkins, a very small return. I own some of your stock—not much, but enough to qualify; and I want to be put on your board of directors, for the business and financial standing that it will give me. Also I want your promise to make me one of your attorneys—to make me, you understand, not my firm."

Hicks, listening on the other side of the glass partition, clenched his fists. His partner intended to leave him out of this arrangement.

"That's a good deal," said Jenkins.

"A good deal!" Chittlings' voice hardened. "A good deal when, if this thing goes

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1914

Bad Banking in Illinois

ILLINOIS law permits any penniless adventurer to call himself a bank, using whatever high-sounding title his fancy may dictate, and to fleece a gullible public by accepting its money on deposit, then using the funds for any purpose he pleases.

Every year some of these bogus, uninspected, nonreporting, unregulated private banks fail. In the last twenty years confiding people in Chicago alone have been swindled out of immense sums. The discouragement of thrift, the injury to honest banking and the shame to the state have been pointed out innumerable times; yet to this day the law stands blandly by, furthering the robbery by refusing to lift a finger to prevent it.

The reason for this scandalous condition is found in the legislature. The outrage is of long standing. Everybody knows it. Nearly everybody condemns it. But a little coterie of interested persons, who find a private profit in perpetuating the scandal, has always been able to exert sufficient influence on the crowd of featherweights at Springfield to prevent a remedy.

This year a patriotic body recommends that about a third of the present legislators be defeated, as plainly unfit; but, with a legislature comprising some two hundred members, at least a third will always be unfit. In a lawmaking body of one-tenth that size, character, ability and responsibility might be expected.

A Gleam of Sunshine

THE iron and steel industry is in a depressed state. Orders are scarce and prices are low. With the distinguished exception of Judge Gary, the industry appears to be even more depressed mentally then physically. Its immemorial bulwark—the tariff—has been whittled down to a point where it is scarcely perceptible to a jaundiced eye.

Agile foreigners—we gather from some trade reports—are flocking over it like grasshoppers descending on a field of young wheat; and the Government is pressing forward like a ruthless tortoise with its suit to dissolve the Steel Trust. Yet, for some weeks at this writing, the common stock of the Steel Trust has been selling above sixty dollars a share—considerably higher than it sold a year ago and within a few points of the highest mark of the last year and a half.

An industry one-half of the goodwill of which is worth three hundred million dollars in the market cannot have more than one foot in the grave.

Uncle Sam as a Banker

A DISTINGUISHED German banker points out something that Americans are apt to overlook amid discussions of the failings of our present banking system and the somewhat patchy and experimental character of the new banks that are in process of establishment—namely, that no such experiment in banking was ever before carried out in the world, because nowhere else in the world has there ever been a material change in a banking system which was at all comparable to that of the United States in point of size. Our reporting banks have twenty-two and a half billion dollars of assets. Their deposits, at eighteen billions, are double those of the English banks and four times those of the German banks.

In 1890 Mulhall calculated the banking power of the world at sixteen billion dollars, this country being credited with five billions. Our present banking power is nearly fifty per cent greater than that of the globe twenty-four years ago. In 1908 the Comptroller of the Currency calculated the banking power of all foreign countries at twenty-eight billions—but little over twenty per cent greater than the present banking power of this country alone.

To see how big the United States is one must go to Europe for comparisons.

Big Banking Alliances

A BIG German bank boasts that it is represented on the directorates of more than two hundred corporations, while a bigger rival figuratively gathers about half of industrial and commercial Germany under its wing.

As to the corporate connections of eminent Wall Street bankers, one may refer to the Money Trust report. In Germany and the United States, at least, Big Business has deliberately—even eagerly—put itself in hock to big banks. The common explanation is that Big Business constantly needs fresh capital and ties itself up with certain powerful banks in order to get itself financed.

That is not the real reason, however. A sound railroad or industrial does not need to stand, hat in hand, in Morgan's anteroom or the anteroom of the Deutsche Bank to get capital. The real reason is to restrain competition. Big Business does not flock to big banks as a source of capital, but as a refuge from competition.

Undoubtedly the most important function of such institutions as Morgan & Company and the Deutsche Bank is to keep competition in hand. They are a sort of medieval fair, at which traders can meet and discuss and adjust their differences under bonds to keep the peace, and make plans for their mutual benefit without knifing one another.

Mellen's testimony pictures Morgan in a dominating position. An important reason for that position was that Morgan, taking it all round, could do more to suppress competition than anybody else. Naturally, therefore, business turned to him.

Timber Waste

WHEN we fell a tree, thirteen per cent of it is left to rot as stump, top and branches. At the sawmill forty-three per cent of it goes into sawdust, bark, slabs, and so on. Two per cent is lost in seasoning; three per cent in planing and finishing. Four per cent more goes into the kindling heap when a house is built. Only thirty-five per cent of the original tree emerges in the form of a building—and when the carpenters are careless the proportion is less than that. Then we drop a lighted match into the oil can, burn the house and collect the insurance.

Outside of cities our whole country is built of wood, while European countries use brick and stone. This involves an enormous consumption of lumber—relatively to population, many times that of England, France or Germany. Every foot used involves two feet that may be wasted. Part of the waste, of course, is inevitable; part may be utilized in by-products.

That the immense fire waste is largely preventable every one knows. A shingle roof, for example, may be so treated as greatly to reduce its inflammability. We usually deem it easier not to bother about that and let the insurance company pay the loss if a fire occurs. Insurance ought to penalize carelessness more heavily than it does.

How the Money is Divided

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Of the total product of manufactures, what part goes to capital and what to labor?" We ourselves should like to know. Something that points in the direction of an answer may perhaps be deduced from the census, the census figures bearing on the subject being roundly as follows:

Selling value at the factory of all products of manufactures in 1909 was—cutting off a row of ciphers—twenty dollars and sixty cents; materials consumed cost twelve dollars; salaries took one dollar; miscellaneous expenses, including everything that can come under the head of expenses except wages, interest and depreciation, took two dollars. That leaves five dollars and sixty cents to be divided between capital and labor, excluding salaried labor. Wage labor got three dollars and forty cents, leaving two dollars and twenty cents for capital.

Reducing it to other terms: of every dollar of the net residuum, capital got thirty-nine cents and wage labor sixty-one cents; but capital's thirty-nine cents is still chargeable with depreciation.

That is as far as census figures go in answering the question; but that twelve dollars—really twelve billion dollars—of materials consumed was also a product of labor. Some of it was produced within the processes covered by the census report—for example, the finished product of a blast furnace is the raw material of a billet mill; the finished product of a sawmill is the raw material of a furniture factory. Some of it was produced outside the processes the census classes as manufactures for example, the iron ore that goes to the blast furnace and the logs that go to the sawmill.

Out of a dollar of the gross value of products of manufactures, as reported by the census, the wage labor covered by the census report gets only sixteen and a half cents. More significant than that, however, is the fact that it got seventeen and a half cents ten years ago; and over a long period the proportion of the gross value going to wage labor has pretty steadily decreased, while the steam horse power employed has rapidly increased. From 1904 to 1909 the gross value of products increased forty per cent, wages increased thirty-one per cent, and primary horse power increased thirty-nine per cent.

There is nothing more discouraging, under this heading, than census figures, partly because they are only rough and more or less questionable approximations, and partly because they indicate no advance whatever in the relative position of wage labor.

Handicaps on Foreign Trade

AT THE national conference on foreign trade more than one speaker pointed out that coöperation was necessary. A few great exporters, such as the Oil Trust, the Steel Trust and the Harvester Trust, maintain big organizations to look after their sales abroad. Only a huge concern can bear the expense of such an organization. Smaller concerns must depend wholly on the Consular Service or coöperate. Immediately the question arose: Can they cooperate without violating the antitrust laws and being rewarded by a term in prison?

Gentlemen learned in the law have debated this question, arguing that a certain amount of cooperation would probably be lawful. That any effectual coöperation will be lawful after the antitrust legislation on which President Wilson now insists is enacted seems rather doubtful.

The president of the Amalgamated Copper Company observed that foreign buyers were organized to a large extent and exerted a united force, "fixing the price at which they will trade," and waiting patiently until, among unorganized American sellers, some one came down to that level, which immediately established the market price that all other American sellers were bound to meet.

That coöperation is necessary for a vigorous extension of foreign trade seems hardly to be denied. The law may permit it. Then the question will arise: If coöperation may be beneficial in foreign trade, why must it be deemed always injurious in domestic trade?

A Long Step Forward

THE constructive thing in the President's trust program is the proposal to create an industrial commission with powers somewhat like those of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This will be one positive forward step in a field where, so far, we have merely marked time or taken negative steps.

There are all sorts of combinations and all sorts of restraints of trade. Some of them are very bad; but some of them are very good. Indeed, some of the most important restraints are imposed by the Government itself. Attempting to deal with all of them along the line of a sweepingly prohibitive statute will never, in our opinion, get the country very far toward any desirable goal.

Take two examples of our dependence on the Sherman Law as the sole instrument for dealing with combinations: First, the old Standard Oil Company paid dividends of forty or fifty per cent a year. In 1913 the various companies into which the old concern was resolved by judicial decree paid dividends equivalent to more than a hundred per cent on the old stock. That is what mere dissolution comes to. Second, the Government is now suing to dissolve the American Sugar Refining Company, and that company very pertinently pleads a decision by the Supreme Court twenty years ago, holding that it was not a violation of the Sherman Law.

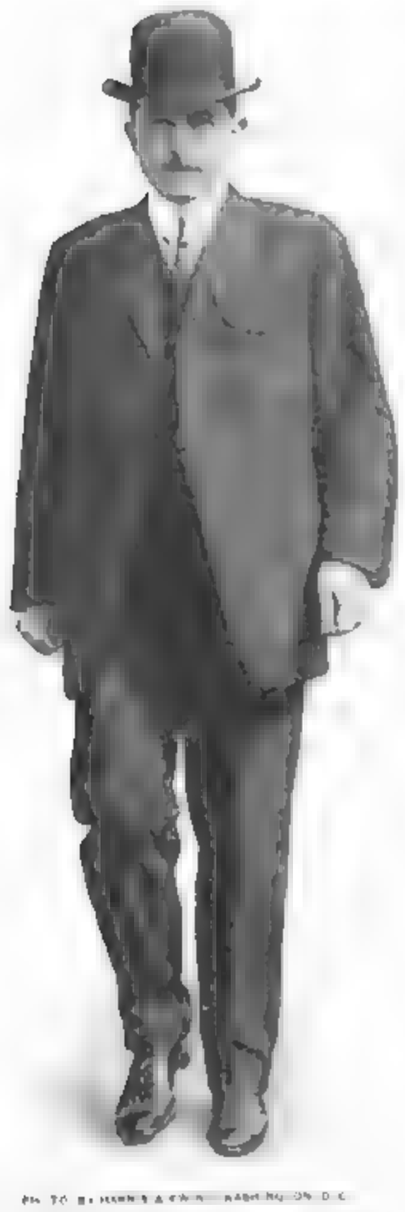
An industrial commission with power to require adequate reports, inspect books and examine officers will in the course of time collect a body of trustworthy information about restraints and combinations, in the light of which we may know better how to deal with them. The existence of such a body will be a valuable restraint on unconscionable practices.

It would be impossible to deal satisfactorily with railroads through the slow-moving, circumscribed courts; but dealing with railroads is simple in comparison to dealing with trade restraints and combinations, which present much more various forms and differing conditions.

The spirit of the President's message is admirable. A commission with adequate powers animated by that spirit will be very valuable.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The New Chief of the Sly and Salty Sailormen

UP SPAKE the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen, calling to Josephus, Lord of the Admiralty.

"Joey, old top," they said, quite casual-like, "who have you in mind for chief of the Bureau of Navigation?"

"And what," asked Josephus, recently transferred from tripod to the Navy Department trapeze—"and what is the Bureau of Navigation?"

"Hah!" responded the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen. "It is merely one of your little bureaus, of not much consequence; but you've got to have a head for it, of course. Now what do you say to Jimmie Portsides? Fine chap, Jimmie; and well do you credit."

"I'll see about it," replied Josephus.

"Curses!" said the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen, as they were piped out of the room by Civilian H. A. Banks, of North Carolina, the same being the private secretary brought up by Josephus when he left the Tarheel State to be the Old Tar of the Administration. "Anxious, it seems to me!" communed Josephus with himself.

In came a friend wise to the ways of Washington.

"What," asked Josephus, "is the chief of the Bureau of Navigation?"

"You are an editor?" spoke the friend.

"I am; but what has that to do with it?"

"I seek a comparison that will penetrate your editorial understanding. In naval terms you would be fogged. Let me say, then, that the chief of the Bureau of Navigation is the managing editor of the Navy Department."

"Aha!" exclaimed Josephus, which is as far as he allows himself to go in the way of exclamation. "Aha! Aha-ha-ha!"

Whereupon Josephus reached out on the deck of one of our dreadful dreadnoughts and plucked therefrom Victor Blue, and made him chief of the Bureau of Navigation—Victor Blue—does not that sound like a name out of a book?—who, as it chanced, was born in North Carolina himself.

Tarheels All

"NOW," spoke Josephus, "by all the tar on the tarry heels of the Tarheelers, including the heels of my celebrated and conative son, Colonel Tom Pence, let them try to put over anything on this North Carolina combination!"—which, in sooth, it seems has been reasonably hard to do, with North Carolina represented in Josephus, in Banks and in Victor Blue—North Carolina on guard.

The Bureau of Navigation looks out for the human equation in the navy. It has to do with the men who fight and the men who stoke and the men who tell the men how to fight and how to stoke. Congress, of course, regulates the number of men there shall be in the navy; but the Bureau of Navigation gets them, enlists them, regulates them, directs them, disciplines them, and is the boss of the human side.

Not only that—and when you read this you will understand the concern of the sly and salty sailormen—the Bureau of Navigation exercises the same functions toward the officers in the navy. It commissions them, examines them for promotion, assigns them to stations and ships, and makes them toe the disciplinary mark as set forth in the regulations, which, with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, it promulgates and enforces.

Victor Blue's Exploits at Santiago

NO MAN in the navy, from coal passer to the main luff on the bridge, but has personal dealings with the Bureau of Navigation at one time or another. It is the papa-in-ordinary to the whole outfit. It directs their movements and tells them what kind of uniform clothes they must wear. If, perchance, a fussy and dressy man should get to be chief of the Bureau of Navigation he would have it in his power to put the whole corps of officers in that arm of the service in debt to the tailors.

This matter of clothes is an intensely vital problem. The expense of uniforms for an officer is so great that the older ones tell the ensigns and junior lieutenants to hold their horses when they clamor to get married, and wait until they get to be commanders before they hop into that delightful state, for fear some chief of navigation will order a new cut of coat and put them on the rocks.

Uniforms are necessary; and it takes a large book, issued by the Navy Department, to tell the officers just how many and what kinds they must have. The change of the style of a collar on an officer's coat is more vital to the officers than the change from two turrets to three in the building of a battleship. It means a new uniform coat, and uniform coats are expensive. If some sartorial chief of navigation should decree that the uniforms of the jackies should be of radically different cut and style it would cost the Government the price of a submarine or a destroyer.

So you see why the sly and salty sailormen had designs on that bureau. The chief of it is a most important person, and twice important when there is a prospect of active service, such as has recently occurred in Southern waters. When Josephus found out about it all, as I have stated, he named Victor Blue for the place; and now, in his capacity of rear-admiral and chief of the bureau, Victor Blue is the big force in the department.

They knew about Blue when his name came up in Congress for his new place. He had been there before. Once, officially and by special act, Congress designated him a hero and gave him a special medal of honor. Being a modest man and devoted to the service, he took the designation and the medal and let it go at that. He did not try to use either his heroism or his medal as a political asset; nor did he do any lecturing or interstate osculation. He kept on at his trade, which is that of a sailor.

At the time of the Spanish War the Board of Strategy was quite certain it had located the Spanish fleet in Santiago Harbor; but there came so many stories that it was elsewhere, that it had escaped, and that it never had been in Santiago Harbor, that the Board of Strategy began to have doubts; and so did Rear-Admiral Sampson, who was in command down there. It seemed to all concerned that it really was important to know exactly where the Spanish fleet was. Sampson called his fleet officers into conference and asked for a volunteer to go ashore and find out. Victor Blue volunteered. So did many others, but they selected Blue because he had been long in those waters, had a Spanishy complexion, and spoke the lingo.

Blue was put ashore at Aserradero, which is west of Santiago. He came on a company of four Cubans and with them worked his way round the entire harbor, making notes of it and securing the first positive information that Cervera and his ships were therein. After waiting hopefully for two weeks for the Spanish fleet to come out, Sampson decided to make an attempt to force Cervera to accept his hospitality, inasmuch as Cervera would not heed polite invitations to come out and be slaughtered.

This forcing was to be done by an attack with the torpedo destroyers, and it required more detailed information as to the exact location and character of the Spanish ships. Blue went through the Spanish lines again, and brought out a complete naval map, showing where the ships were, their number and of what character, and all that was necessary to know. Before this attack was made Cervera made his dash for the open sea; and immediately thereafter the Sampson-Schley controversy began.

No Swivel-Chair Admiral

BLUE is forty-eight years old and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1887. He began as an engineer, but was transferred to the line and worked his way up through the various grades. His service has been varied; but he has been in most of the fighting done by our ships and with many of the landing forces. He gave distinguished service in the Boxer troubles in China, where he was a staff squadron commander, and in numerous affairs in Southern waters where our ships have been used. Unlike some of his colleagues who have done their sailing in swivel chairs, Blue has been at sea a large portion of the time he has been in the navy and has had a wide experience.

He is a fighting man who does not boast of it, and a sailor who has a definite idea that sailors—even naval officers—would do well to go to sea from time to time; and he is sending many of the chair-warmers there. Likewise he is from North Carolina, but has been too busy at his trade to mix much in the intrigues and politics of the department—which does not hurt him in the eyes of his chief.

Whether the navy does no more than it has already done in Mexican waters or does a great deal more, Blue will be one of the main directing forces, as he has been since Secretary Daniels came in.

As he is a quiet, cool, level-headed man, who knows his business, the navy will be adequately handled along the lines laid down by the secretary and Victor Blue—not, as might have happened, along the lines laid down by certain of the sly and salty sailormen.

Come on In! The Water's Fine!

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Old Masters and Other Ruins—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

OF COURSE it is a fine thing for one, and gratifying, to acquire a thorough art education. Personally I do not in the least regret the time I gave and the study I devoted to acquiring mine. I regard those two weeks as having been well spent.

I shall not do it soon again, however, for now I know all about art. Let others who have not enjoyed my advantages take up this study. Let others scour the art galleries of Europe seeking masterpieces. All of them contain masterpieces and most of them need scouring. As for me and mine, we shall go elsewhere. I love my art, but I am not fanatical on the subject. There is another side of my nature to which an appeal may be made. I can take my Old Masters or I can leave them be. That is the way I am organized—I have self-control.

I shall not deny that the earlier stages of my art education were fraught with agreeable little surprises. Not soon shall I forget the flush of satisfaction which ran through me on learning that this man Doré's name was pronounced like the first two notes in the music scale, instead of like a Cape Cod fishing boat. And, lingering in my mind as a fragrant memory, is the day when I first discovered that Spagnoletto was neither a musical instrument nor something to be served *au gratin* and eaten with a fork. Such acquirements as these are very precious to me.

But for the time being I have had enough. At this hour of writing I feel that I am stocked up with enough of Bouguereau's sorrel ladies and Titian's chestnut ones and Rubens' bay ones and Velasquez's pintos to last me, at a conservative estimate, for about seventy-five years. I am too young as a theatergoer to recall much about Lydia Thompson's Blondes, but I have seen sufficient of Botticelli's to do me amply well for a spell. I am still willing to walk a good distance to gaze on one of Rembrandt's portraits of one of his kinfolks, though I must say he certainly did have a lot of mighty homely relatives; and any time there is a first-rate Millet or Corot or Meissonier in the neighborhood I wish somebody would drop me a line, giving the address.

As for pictures by Tintoretto, showing Venetian Doges hobnobbing informally with members of the Holy Family, and Raphael's angels, and Michelangelo's lost souls, and Guidos, and Murillos, I have had enough to do me for months and months and months. Nor am I in the market for any of the dead fish of the Flemish School. Judging by what I have observed, the Flemish painters were devout churchmen and painted their pictures on Friday.

She is Not Going to Buy Anything—She is Merely Out Shopping

Worth a Million Without the Frame

THERE was just one drawback to my complete enjoyment of that part of our European travels we devoted to art. We would go to an art gallery, hire a guide and start through. Presently I would come to a picture that struck me as being distinctly worth while. To my untutored conceptions it possessed unlimited beauty. There was, it seemed to me, life in the figures, reality in the colors, grace in the grouping. And then, just when I was beginning really to enjoy it, the guide would come and snatch me away.

He would tell me the picture I thought I admired was of no account whatsoever—that the artist who painted it had not yet been dead long enough to give his work any permanent value; and he would drag me off to look at a cracked and crumbling canvas depicting a collection of saints of lacquered complexions and hardwood expressions, with cast-iron trees standing up against cotton-batting clouds in the background, and a few extra halos floating round indiscriminately, like sun dogs on a showery day, and, up above, the family entrance into heaven hospitably ajar; and he would command me to bask my soul in this magnificent example of real art and not waste time on inconsequential and trivial things. Guides have the same idea of an artist that a Chinaman entertains for an egg. A fresh egg or a fresh artist will not do. It must have the perfume of antiquity behind it to make it attractive.

At the Louvre, in Paris, on the first day of the two we spent there, we had for our guide a tall, educated Prussian, who had an air about him of being an ex-officer of the army. All over the Continent you are constantly running into men engaged in all manner of legitimate and dubious callings, who somehow impress you as having served in the army of some other country than the one in which you find them. After this man had been chaperoning us about for some hours and we had stopped to rest, he told a good story. It may not have been true—it has been my experience that very few good stories are true; but it served aptly to illustrate a certain type of American tourist numerously encountered abroad.

"There were two of them," he said in his excellent English, "a gentleman and his wife; and from what I saw of them I judged them to be very wealthy. They were interested in seeing only such things as had been recommended by the guidebook. The husband would tell me they desired to see such and such a picture or statue. I would escort them to it and they would glance at it indifferently, and the gentleman would take out his lead pencil and check off that particular object in the book; and then he would say: 'All right—we've seen that; now let's find out what we want to look at next.' We still serve a good many people like that—not so many as formerly, but still a good many.

"Finally I decided to try a little scheme of my own. I wanted to see whether I could really win their admiration for something. I picked out a medium-sized painting of no particular importance and, pointing to it, said impressively: 'Here, m'sieur, is a picture worth a million dollars—without the frame!'

"'What's that?' he demanded excitedly. Then he called to his wife, who had strayed ahead a few steps. 'Henrietta,' he said, 'come back here—you're missing something. There's a picture there that's worth a million dollars—and without the frame, too, mind you!'

"She came hurrying back and for ten minutes they stood there drinking in that picture. Every second they discovered new and subtle beauties in it. I could hardly induce them to go on for the rest of the tour, and the next day they came back for another soul-feast in front of it."

Later along, that guide confided to me that in his opinion I had a keen appreciation of art, much keener than the average lay tourist. The compliment went straight to my head. It was seeking the point of least resistance, I suppose. I branched out and undertook to discuss art matters with him on a more familiar basis. It was a mistake; but before I realized that it was a mistake I was out in the undertow sixty yards from shore, going down for the third time, with a low, gurgling cry. He did not put out to save me, either; he left me to sink in the heaving and abysmal sea of my own fathomless ignorance. He just stood there and let me drown. It was a cruel thing, for which I can never forgive him!

In my own defense let me say, however, that this fatal indiscretion was committed before I had completed my art education. It was after we had gone from France into Germany, and from Germany into Austria, and from Austria into Italy, that I learned the great lesson about art—which is that whenever and wherever you meet a picture that seems to you reasonably lifelike it is nine times in ten of no consequence whatsoever; and, unless you are willing to be regarded as a mere ignoramus, you should straightway leave it and go and find some ancient picture of a group of clothing dummies masquerading as angels or martyrs, and stand before that one and carry on regardless.

When in doubt, look up a picture of Saint Sebastian. You never experience any difficulty in finding him—he is always represented as wearing very few clothes, being shot full of arrows to such an extent that clothes would not fit him anyway. Or else seek out Saint Laurence, who is invariably featured in connection with a gridiron; or Saint Bartholomew, who, you remember, achieved canonization through a process of flaying, and is therefore shown with his skin folded neatly and carried over his arm like an overcoat.

Following this routine you make no mistakes. Everybody is bound to accept you as one possessing a deep knowledge of art—and not mere surface art, either, but the innermost meanings and conceptions of art. Only sometimes I did get to wishing that the Old Masters had left a little more to the imagination. They never withheld any of the painful particulars. It seemed to me they cheapened the glorious end of those immortal fathers of the faith by including the details of the martyrdom in every picture. Still, I would not have that admission get out and obtain general circulation. It might be used against me as an argument that my artistic education was grounded on a false and heretical foundation.

Doing the Vatican

IT WAS in Rome, while we were doing the Vatican, that our guide furnished us with a sight that, considered as a human experience, was worth more to me than a year of Old Masters and Young Messers. We had pushed our poor blistered feet—a dozen or more of us—past miles of paintings and sculptures and relics and art objects, and we were tired—oh, so tired!

Our eyes ached and our shoes hurt us; and the calves of our legs quivered as we trailed along from gallery to corridor, and from corridor back to gallery.

We had visited the Sistine Chapel; and, such was our weariness, we had even declined to become excited over Michelangelo's great picture of the Last Judgment. I was disappointed, too, that he had omitted to include in his collection of damned souls a number of persons I had confidently and happily expected would be present. I saw no one there even remotely resembling my conception of the person who first originated and promulgated the doctrine that all small children should be told at the earliest possible moment that there is no Santa Claus.

That was a very severe blow to me, because I had always believed that the descent to eternal perdition would be incomplete unless he had a front seat. And the man who first hit on the plan of employing child labor on night shifts in cotton factories—he was unaccountably absent too. And likewise the original inventor of the toy pistol; in fact, the absentees were entirely too numerous to suit me. There was one thing, though, to be said in praise of Michelangelo's Last Judgment—it was too large and too complicated to be reproduced successfully on a souvenir postal card; and I think we should all be very grateful for that mercy anyway.

As I was saying, we had left the Sistine Chapel a mile or so behind us and had dragged our exhausted frames as far as an arched upper portico in a wing of the great palace, overlooking a paved courtyard inclosed at its farther end by a side wall of Saint Peter's. We saw, in another portico similar to the one where we had halted and running parallel to it, long rows of peasants, all kneeling and all with their faces turned in the same direction.

"Wait here a minute," said our guide. "I think you will see something not included in the regular itinerary of the day."

So we waited. In a minute or two the long lines of kneeling peasants raised a hymn; the sound of it came to us in quavering snatches. Through the aisle formed by their bodies a procession passed the length of the long portico and back to the starting point. First came Swiss Guards in their gay piebald uniforms, carrying strange-looking pikes and halberds; and behind them were churchly dignitaries, all bared of head; and last of all came a very old and very feeble man, dressed in red, with a wide-brimmed red hat and the red made a strong contrast for his white hair and his white face, which seemed drawn and worn, but very gentle and kindly and beneficent.

He held his right arm aloft, with the first two fingers extended in the gesture of the apostolic benediction. He was so far away from us that in perspective his profile was reduced to the miniature proportions of a head on a postage stamp; but, all the same, the lines of it stood out clear and distinct. It was His Holiness, Pope Pius the Tenth, blessing a pilgrimage.

All the guides in Rome follow a regular routine with the tourist. First, of course, they steer you into certain shops in the hope that you will buy something and thereby enable them to earn commissions. Then, in turn, they carry you to an art gallery, to a church, and to a palace, with stops at other shops interspersed between; and invariably they wind up in the vicinity of some of the ruins. Ruins is a Roman guide's middle name; ruins are his one best bet. In Rome I saw ruins until I was one myself.

Romulus and His Circus

WE DEVOTED practically an entire day to ruins; that was the day we drove out the Appian Way, glorious in legend and tale, but not quite so all-fired glorious when you are reeling over its rough and rutted pavement in an elderly and indisposed open carriage, behind a pair of half-broken Roman-nosed horses which insist on walking on their hind legs whenever they tire of going on four. The Appian Way, as at present constituted, is a considerable disappointment. For long stretches it runs between high stone walls, broken at intervals by gateways, where votive lamps burn before small shrines, and by the tombs of such illustrious dead as Seneca and the Horatii and the Curiatii.

The Appian Way, as at Present Constituted, is a Considerable Disappointment

At more frequent intervals are small wine groggeries. Being built mainly of Italian marble, which is the most enduring and the most unyielding substance to be found in all Italy—except a linen collar that has been starched in an Italian laundry the tombs are in a pretty fair state of preservation; but the inns, without exception, stand most desperately in need of immediate repairing.

A cow in Italy is known by the company she keeps; she rambles about, in and out of the open parlor of the wayside inn, mingling freely with the patrons and the members of the proprietor's household.

Along the Appian Way a cow never seems to care whom she runs with; and the same is true of the domestic fowls and the family donkey. A donkey will spend his day in the doorway of a wine shop when he might just as well be enjoying the more sanitary and less-crowded surroundings of a stable. It only goes to show what an ass a donkey is.

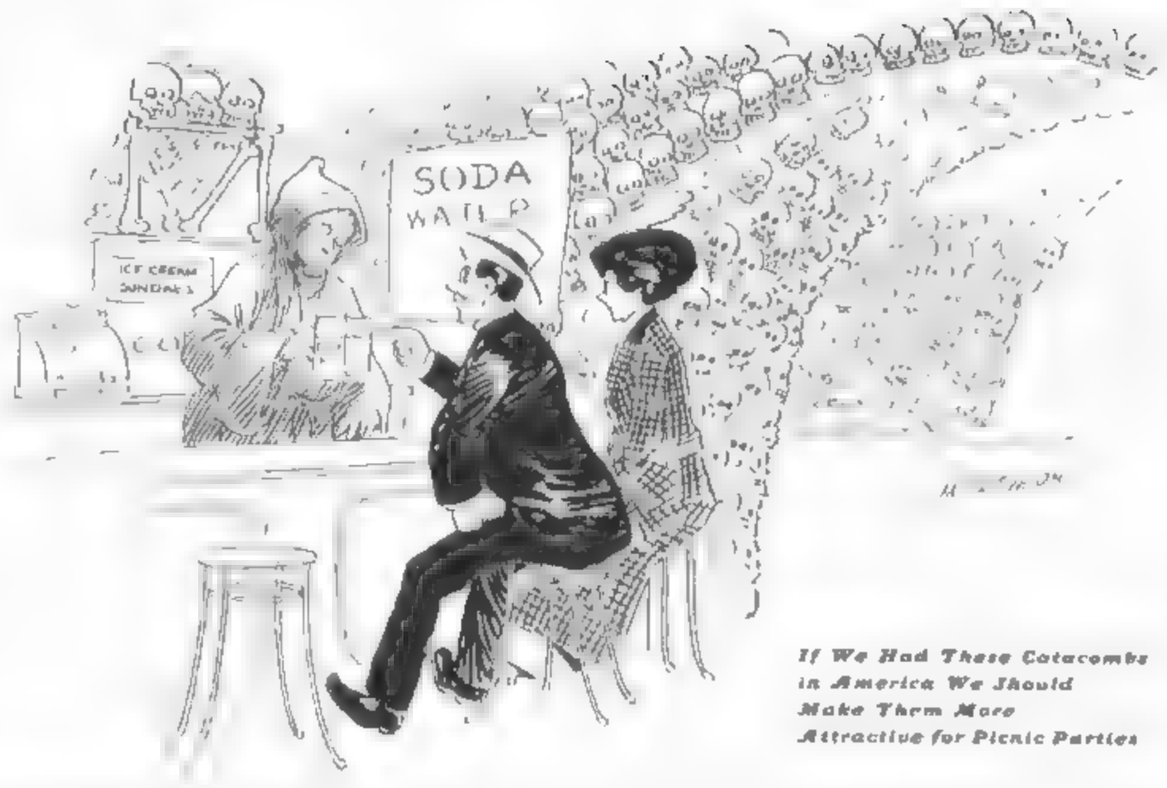
Anon, as the fancy writers say, we skirted one of the many wrecked aqueducts that go looping across the country to the distant hills, like great stone straddlebugs. In the vicinity of Rome you are rarely out of sight of one of these aqueducts. The ancient Roman rulers, you know, curried the favor of the populace by opening baths. A modern ruler could win undying popularity by closing up a few!

We slowed up at the Circus of Romulus and found it a very sad circus, as such things go—no elevated stage, no hippodrome track, no centerpole, no trapeze, and only one ring. P. T. Barnum would have been ashamed to own it. A broken wall, following the lines of an irregular oval; a cabbage patch where the arena had been; and various tumble-down farmsheds built into the shattered masonry—this was the Circus of Romulus. However, it was not the circus of the original Romulus, but of a degenerate successor of the same name who rose suddenly and fell abruptly after the Christian Era was well begun. Old John J. Romulus would not have stood for that circus a minute!

No ride on the Appian Way is regarded as complete without half an hour's stop at the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus; so we stopped. Guided by a brown Trappist, and all of us bearing twisted tapers in our hands, we descended by stone steps deep under the skin of the earth and wandered through dim, dank underground passages, where thousands of early Christians had lived and hid, and held clandestine worship before rude stone altars, and had died and been buried—died in a highly unpleasant fashion, some of them.

The experience was impressive, but malarial. Coming away from there I had an argument with a fellow American. He said that if we had these Catacombs in America we should undoubtedly enlarge them and put in bandstands and lunch places, and make them altogether more attractive for picnic parties and Sunday excursionists.

I contended, on the other hand, that if they were in America the authorities would close them up and protect the moldered bones of those early Christians from the vulgar gaze and prying fingers of every impious relic hunter who might come along.



If We Had These Catacombs in America We Should Make Them More Attractive for Picnic Parties

The dispute rose higher and grew warmer until I offered to bet him fifty dollars that I was right and he was wrong He took me up promptly—he had sporting instincts; I'll say that for him—and we shook hands on it then and there to bind the wager. I expect to win that bet.

We had turned off the Appian Way and were crossing the edge of that unutterably hideous stretch of tortured and distorted waste known as the Campagna, which goes tumbling away to the blue Alban Mountains, when we came on the scene of an accident. A two-wheeled mule cart, proceeding along a crossroad, with the driver asleep in his canopied seat, had been hit by a speeding automobile and knocked galley-west. The automobile had sped on—so we were excitedly informed by some other tourists who had witnessed the collision—leaving the wreckage bottom side up in the ditch. The mule was on her back, all entangled in the twisted ruin of her gaudy gear, kicking out in that restrained and genteel fashion in which a mule always kicks when she is desirous of protesting against existing conditions, but is wishful not to damage herself while so doing.

The tourists, aided by half a dozen peasants, had dragged the driver out from beneath the heavy cart and had carried him to a pile of mucky straw under the eaves of a stable. He was stretched full length on his back, senseless and deathly pale under the smeared grime on his face. There was no blood; but inside his torn shirt his chest had a caved-in look, as though the ribs had been crushed flat, and he seemed not to breathe at all. Only his fingers moved.

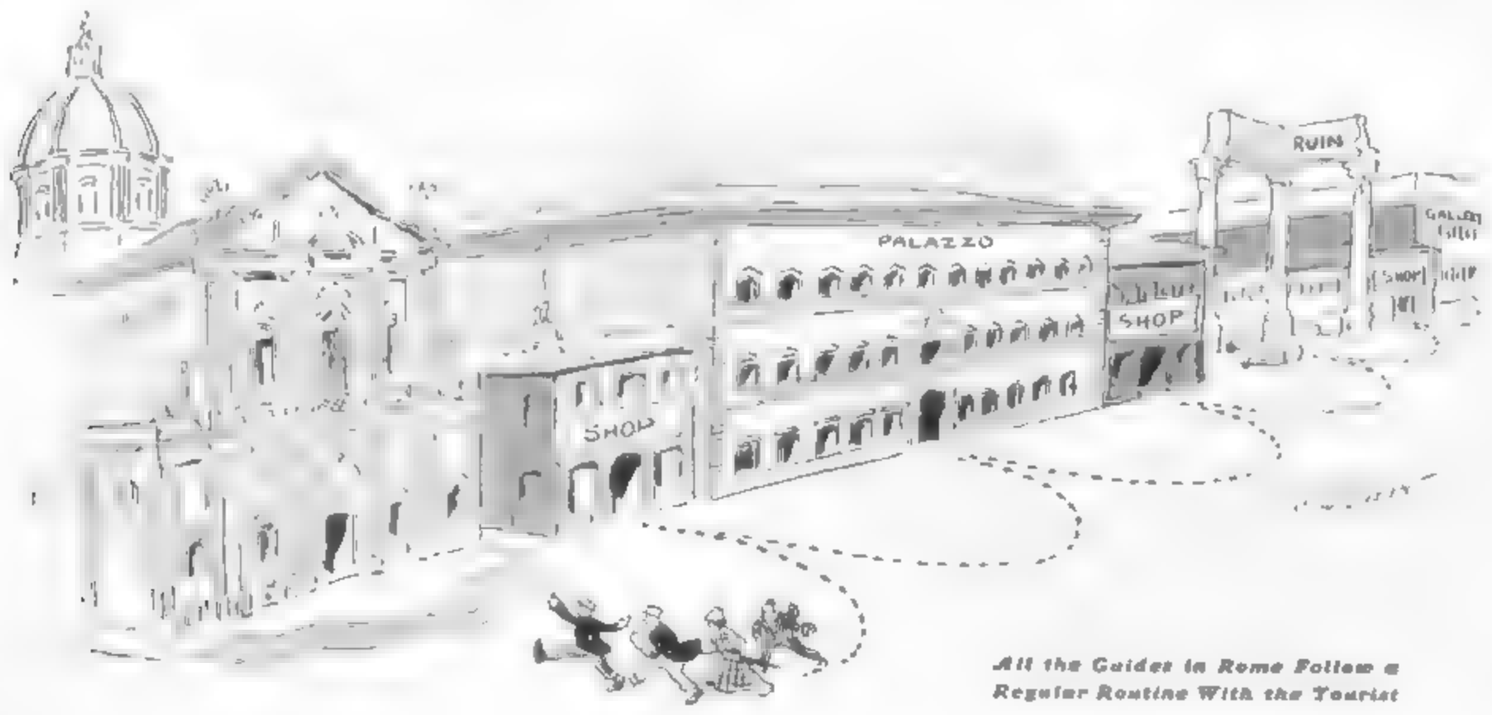
First Aid to the Injured Mule

THEY kept twitching, as though his life was running out of him through his finger ends. One felt that if he would but grip his hands he might stay its flight and hold it in.

Just as we jumped out of our carriage a young peasant woman, who had been bending over the injured man, set up a great outcry, which was instantly answered from behind us; and looking round we saw, running through the bare fields, a great, bulksome old woman, with her arms outspread and her face set in a tragic shape, shrieking as she sped toward us in her ungainly wallowing course. She was the injured man's mother, we judged—or possibly his grandmother.

There was nothing we could do for the human victim. Our guides, having questioned the assembled natives, told us there was no hospital to which he might be taken and that a neighborhood physician had already been sent for. So, having no desire to look on the grief of his mother—if she was his mother—a young Austrian and I turned our attention to the neglected mule. We felt that we could at least render a little first aid there. We had our pocketknives out and were slashing away at the twisted maze of ropes and straps that bound the brute down between the shafts, when a particularly shrill chorus of shrieks checked us.

We stood up and faced about, figuring that the poor devil on the muck heap had died and that his people were bemoaning the death. That was not it at all. The entire group, including the fat old woman, were screaming at us



All the Guides in Rome Follow a Regular Routine With the Tourist

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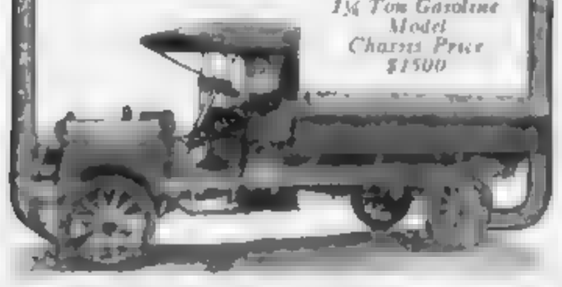


and shaking their clenched fists at us, warning us not to damage that harness with our knives. Feeling ran high, and threatened to run higher.

So, having no desire to be mobbed on the spot, we desisted and put up our knives; and after a while we got back into our carriage and drove on, leaving the capsized mule still belly-up in the débris, lashing out carefully with her skinned legs at the trappings that bound her; and the driver was still prone on the dunghill, with his fingers twitching more feebly now, as though the life had almost entirely fled out of him—a grim little tragedy set in the midst of a wide and aching desolation! We never found out his name or learned how he fared whether he lived or died, and if he died how long he lived before he died. It is a puzzle which will always be unanswered at the back of my mind, and I know that in odd moments it will return to torment me. I will bet one thing, though—nobody else tried to cut that mule out of her harness!

In the chill late afternoon of a Roman day the guides brought us back to the city and took us down into the Roman Forum, which is in a hollow instead of being up on a hill as everybody imagines it to be until they go to Rome and see it; and we finished up the day at the Golden House of Nero, hard by the vast ruins of the Colosseum. We had already visited the Forum once, so this time we did not stay long—just long enough for some ambitious pickpocket to get a wallet out of my hip pocket while I was pushing forward with a flock of other human sheep for a better look at the ruined portico wherein Mark Antony stood when he delivered his justly popular funeral oration over the body of the murdered Cæsar. I never did admire the character of Mark Antony with any degree of extravagance, and since this experience I have felt actually bitter toward him.

The guidebooks say that no visitor to Rome should miss seeing the Golden House of Nero. When a guidebook tries to be humorous it only succeeds in being foolish. Practical jokes are out of place in a guidebook anyway. Imagine a large, old-fashioned brick smokehouse, which has been struck by lightning, burned to the roots and buried in the wreckage, and the site used as a pasture land for goats for a great many years; imagine the débris as having been dug out subsequently until a few of the foundation lines are visible; surround the whole with distressingly homely buildings of a modern aspect, and stir in a miscellaneous seasoning of beggars and loafers and souvenir venders—and you have the Golden House where Nero meant to round out a life already replete with incident and abounding in romance, but was deterred from so doing by reason of being cut down in the midst of his activities at a comparatively early age.

In the Golden House

In the presence of the Golden House of Nero I did my level best to recreate before my mind's eye the scenes that had been enacted here once on a time. I tried to picture this moldy, knee-high wall as a great glittering palace; and yonder broken roadway as a splendid Roman highway; and those American-looking tenements on the surrounding hills as the marble dwellings of the emperors; and all the broken pillars and shattered porticoes in the distance as arches of triumph and temples of the gods. I tried to convert the clustering mendicants into barbarian prisoners clanking by, chained at wrist and neck and ankle; I sought to imagine the pestersome flower venders as being vestal virgins; the two frowsy policemen, who loafed near by, as centurions of the guard; the passing populace as grave senators in snowy togas; the flaunting underwear on the many clothes-lines as silken banners and gilded trappings. I could not make it. I tried until I was lame in both legs and my back was strained. It was no go.

If I had been a poet, or a historian, or a person full of Chianti, I presume I might have done it; but I am no poet and I had not been drinking. All I could think of was that the guide on my left had eaten too much garlic and that the guide on my right had not eaten enough. So in self-defense I went away and ate a few strands of garlic myself; for I had learned the great lesson of the proverb:

When in Rome be an aroma!

When we had reached Pompeii, though, the situation was different. I could conjure up an illusion there—the biggest, most vivid illusion I have been privileged to harbor since I was a small boy. It was worth spending four days in Naples for the sake of spending half a day in Pompeii; and if you know Naples you will readily understand what a high compliment that is for Pompeii.

To reach Pompeii from Naples we followed a somewhat roundabout route; and that trip was distinctly worth while too. It provided a most pleasing foretaste of what was to come. Once we had cleared the packed and festering suburbs, we went climbing across a terminal vertebra of the mountain range that sprawls lengthwise of the land of Italy, like a great spiny-backed crocodile sunning itself, with its tail in the Tyrrhenian Sea and its snout in the Piedmonts; and when we had done this we came out on a highway that skirted the bay.

There were gaps in the hills, through which we caught glimpses of the city, lying miles away in its natural amphitheater; and at that distance we could revel in its picturesqueness and forget its bouquet of weird stenches. We could even forget that the automobile we had hired for the excursion had one foot in the grave and several of its most important vital organs in the repair shop. I reckon that was the first automobile built. No; I take that back. It never was a first—it must have been a second to start with.

I once owned a half interest in a sick automobile. It was one of those old-fashioned, late-Victorian automobiles, cut princesse style, with a placket in the back; and it looked like a cross between a flat-bed job press and a tailor's goose. It broke down so easily and was towed in so often by more powerful machines that every time a big car passed it on the road it stopped right where it was and nickered.

The Invalid Motor Car

Of a morning we would start out in that car, filled with high hopes and bright anticipations, but eventide would find us returning homeward close behind a bigger automobile, in a relationship strongly suggestive of the one pictured in the well-known Nature group entitled: Mother Hippo, With Young. We refused an offer of four hundred dollars for that machine. It had more than four hundred dollars' worth of things the matter with it.

The car we chartered at Naples for our trip to Pompeii reminded me very strongly of that other car of which I was part owner. Between them there was a strong family resemblance, not alone in looks but in deportment also. For patient endurance of manifold ills, for an inexhaustible capacity in developing new and distressing symptoms at critical moments, for cheerful willingness to play foal to some other car's dam, they might have been colts out of the same litter. Nevertheless, between intervals of breaking down and starting up again, and being helped along by friendly passer-by automobiles, we enjoyed the ride from Naples. We enjoyed every inch of it.

Part of the way we skirted the flanges of the great witches' caldron of Vesuvius. On this day the resident demons must have been stirring their brew with special enthusiasm, for the smoky smudge which always wreathes its lips had increased to a great billowy plume that lay along the naked flanks of the devil mountain for miles and miles. Now we would go puffing and panting through some small outlying environ of the city. Always the principal products of such a village seemed to be young babies, and macaroni drying in the sun. I am still reasonably fond of babies, but I date my loss of appetite for imported macaroni from that hour. Now we would emerge on a rocky headland and below us would be the sea, eternally young and dimpling like a maiden's cheek; but the crags above were eternally old and they were all gashed with wrinkles and seamed with folds like the jowls of an ancient squaw. Then for a distance we would run right along the face of the cliff.

Directly beneath us we could see little stone huts of fishermen clinging to the rocks just above high watermark, like so many gray limpets; and then, looking up, we would catch a glimpse of the vineyards, tucked into man-made terraces along the upper cliffs, like bundled herbs on the pantry shelves of a thrifty housewife; and still higher up there would be orange groves and lemon groves and dusty-gray olive groves. Each succeeding picture was Byzantine in its coloring. Always the sea was molten blue enamel and the far-away villages seemed crafty inlays of mosaic work; and the sun was a disk of hammered Grecian gold.

A man from San Francisco was sharing the car with us, and he came right out and said that if he were sure heaven would be as beautiful as the Bay of Naples he would change all his plans and arrange to go there. He said he might decide to go there anyhow, because heaven was a place he had always heard very highly spoken of. And I agreed with him.

The sun was slipping down the western sky and was laced with red like a bloodshot eye, with a Jacob's ladder of rainbow shafts streaming down from it to the water, when we turned inland; and after several small minor stops while the automobile caught its breath and had the heaves and the asthma, we came to Pompeii over a road built of volcanic rock.

I have always been glad that we went there on a day when visitors were few. The very solitude of the place aided the mind in the task of repeopling the empty streets of that dead city by the sea with the life that was hers nearly two thousand years ago. Herculaneum will always be buried, so the scientists say, for Herculaneum was snuggled close up under Vesuvius, and the hissing-hot lava came down in waves; and first it slugged the doomed town to death and then slagged it over with impenetrable, flinthard deposits. Pompeii, though, lay farther away, and was entombed in dust and ashes only; so that it has been comparatively easy to unearth it and make it whole again. Even so, after one hundred and sixty-odd years of more or less desultory explorations, nearly a third of its supposed area is yet to be excavated.

It was in the year 1592 that an architect named Fontana, in cutting an aqueduct which was to convey the waters of the Sarno to Torre dell'Annunziata, discovered the foundations of the Temple of Isis, which stood near the walls on the inner or land side of the ancient city. It was at first supposed that he had dug into an isolated villa of some rich Roman; and it was not until 1748 that prying archæologists hit on the truth and induced the government to send a chain gang of convicts to dig away the accumulations of earth and tufa; but if it had been a modern Italian city that was buried no such mistake in preliminary diagnosis could have occurred. Anybody would have known it instantly by the smell. I do not vouch for the dates—I copied them out of the guidebook; but my experience with Italian cities qualifies me to speak with authority regarding the other matter.

Thoughts on a Pompeiian Bar

Afoot we entered Pompeii by the restored Marine Gate. Our first stop within the walls was at the Museum, a comparatively modern building, but containing a fairly complete assortment of the relics that from time to time have been disinterred in various quarters of the city. Here are wall cabinets filled with tools, ornaments, utensils, jewelry, furniture—all the small things that fulfilled every-day functions in the first century of the Christian Era. Here is a kit of surgical implements, and some of the implements might well belong in a modern hospital.

From here we went on into the city proper; and it was a whole city, set off by itself and not surrounded by those jarring modern incongruities that spoil the ruins of Rome for the person who wishes to give his fancy a slack rein. It is all here, looking much as it must have looked when Nero and Caligula reigned; and much as it will still look hundreds of years hence, for the government owns it now and guards it and protects it from the hammer of the vandal and the greed of the casual collector. Here it is—all of it; the tragic theater and the comic theater; the basilica; the greater forum and the lesser one; the market place; the amphitheater for the games; the training school for the gladiators; the temples; the baths; the villas of the rich; the huts of the poor; the cubicles of the slaves; shops; offices; workrooms; brothels.

The roofs are gone, except in a few instances where they have been restored; but the walls stand and many of the detached pillars stand too; and the pavements have endured well, so that the streets remain almost exactly as they were when this was a city of live beings instead of a tomb of dead memories, with deep groovings of chariot wheels in the flaggings, and at each crossing stepping-stones dotting the roadbed like punctuation marks.

At the public fountain the well curbs are worn away where the women rested their water jugs while they swapped the gossip of the town; and at nearly every corner is a groggery, which in its appointments and fixtures is so amazingly like unto a family liquor store as we know it that, venturing into one, I caught myself looking about for the Business Men's Lunch, with a collection of greasy forks in a glass receptacle, a crock of pretzels on the counter, and a sign over the bar reading: No Checks Cashed—This Means You!

In the floors the mosaics are as fresh as though newly applied; and the ribald and libelous Latin, which disappointed litigants carved on the stones at the back of the law court, looks as though it might have been scored there last week—certainly not further back than the week before that. A great many of the wall paintings in the interiors of rich men's homes have been preserved and some of them are fairly spicy as to subject and text. It would seem that in these matters the ancient Pompeiians were pretty nearly as broad-minded and liberal as the modern Parisians are.

Mrs. Belladonna Goes Shopping

The mural decorations I saw in certain villas were almost suggestive enough to be acceptable matter for publication in a French comic paper—almost, but not quite. Mr. Anthony Comstock would be an unhappy man were he turned loose in Pompeii—unhappy for a spell, but after that exceedingly busy.

We lingered on, looking and marveling, and betweenwhiles wondering whether our automobile's hacking cough had got any better by resting, until the sun went down and the twilight came. Following the guidebook's advice we had seen the Colosseum in Rome by moonlight. There was a full moon on the night we went there. It came heaving up grandly, a great, round-faced, full-cream, curdy moon, rich with rennet and yellow with butter fats; but by the time we had worked our way south to Naples a greedy fortnight had bitten it quite away, until it had been reduced to a mere cheese rind of a moon, set up on end against the delft-blue platter of a perfect sky. We waited until it showed its thin rim in the heavens, and then, in the softened half-glow, with the purplish shadows deepening between the brown-gray walls of the dead city, I just naturally turned my imagination loose and let her soar.

Standing there, with the stage set and the light effects just right, in fancy I repopulated Pompeii. I beheld it just as it was on a fair, autumnal morning in 79 A. D. With my eyes half closed, I can see the vision now.

At first the crowds are massed and mingled in confusion, but soon figures detach themselves from the rest and reveal themselves as prominent personages. Some of them I know at a glance. Yon tall, imposing man, with the genuine imitation sealskin collar on his toga, who strides along so majestically, whisking his cane against his leg, can be no other than Gum Tragacanth, leading man of the Bon Ton Stock Company, fresh from his metropolitan triumphs in Rome and at this moment the reigning matinée idol of the South. This week he is playing Claude Melnotte in The Lady of Lyons; next week he will be seen in his celebrated characterization of Matthias in The Bells, with special scenery; and for the regular Wednesday and Saturday bargain matinées Lady Audley's Secret will be given.

Observe him closely. It is evident that he values his art. Yet about him there is no false ostentation. With what gracious condescension does he acknowledge the half-timid, half-daring smiles of all the little caramel-chewing Floras and Faunas who have made it a point to be on Main Street at this hour! With what careless grace does he doff his laurel wreath, which is of the latest and most modish fall block, with the bow at the back, in response to the waved greeting of Mrs. Belladonna Capsicum, the acknowledged leader of the artistic and Bohemian set, as she sweeps by in her chariot bound for Blumberg Brothers' to do a little shopping. She is not going to buy anything—she is merely out shopping.

Than this fair patrician dame none is more prominent in the gay life of Pompeii. It was she who last season smoked a cigarette in public, and there is a report now that she is seriously considering wearing an ankle bracelet; withal she is a perfect lady and belongs to one of the old Southern families. Her husband has been through the bankruptcy courts twice and is thinking of going through again. At present he is engaged in promoting and is writing a little life insurance on the side.

Now her equipage is lost in the throng and the great actor continues on his way, making a mental note of the fact that he has promised to attend her next Sunday afternoon studio tea. Near his own stage door he bumps into Commodius Rotunda, the stout comedian of the comic theater, and they pause to swap the latest Lambs Club repartee. This done, Commodius hauls out a press clipping and would read it, but the other remembers providentially that he has a rehearsal on and hurriedly departs. If there are any press clippings to be read he has a few of his own that will bear inspection.

Superior Maxillary, managing editor of the Pompeiian Daily News-Courier, is also abroad, collecting items of interest and subscriptions for his paper, with preference given to the latter. He enters the Last Chance Saloon down at the foot of the street and in a minute or two is out again, wiping his mustache on the back of his hand. We may safely opine that he has been taking a small ad out in trade.

At the door of the county courthouse, where he may intercept the taxpayers as they come and go, is stationed our old friend, Colonel Pro Bono Publico. The Colonel has been running for something or other ever since Heck was a pup. Today he is wearing his official campaign smile, for he has just been announced as a candidate for county judge, subject to the action of the Republican party at the October primaries. He is also wearing all his lodge buttons and likewise his G. A. R. pin, for this year he figures on carrying the old-soldier vote.

Nux Vomica's Lost Limerick

In front of the drug-store on the corner a score of young bloods, dressed in snappy togas for Varsity men, are skylarking. They are especially brilliant in their flashing interchanges of wit and humor, because the Mastodon Minstrels were here only last week, with a new line of first-part jokes. Along the opposite side of the street passes Nux Vomica, M. D., with a small black case in his hand, gravely intent on his professional duties. Being a young physician he wears a beard and large-rimmed eyeglasses. Young Ossius Dome sees him and hails him.

"Oh, Doc!" he calls out. "Come over here a minute. I've got some brand-new limericks for you. Tertiary Tonsilitis got 'em from a traveling man he met day before yesterday when he was up in the city, laying in his stock of fall and winter armor."

The healer of ills crosses over; and as the group push themselves in toward a common center I hear the voice of the speaker:

"Say, they're all bully; but this is the bullissimus one of the lot. It goes like this:

"'There was a young maid of Sorrento,
Who said to her ——'"

I have regretted ever since that at this juncture I came to and so failed to get the rest of it. I will bet that was a peach of a limerick. It started off so promisingly.

And now it devolves on me as a painful yet necessary duty to topple from its pedestal one of the most popular idols of legendary lore. I refer, I regret to say, to the widely famous Roman Sentry of old Pompeii.

Personally I think there has been entirely too much of this sort of thing going on lately. Muckrakers, prying into the storied past, have destroyed many of the pet characters in history.

Horatius never held the bridge; he just let the blamed thing go. The boy did not stand on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled; he was among the first in the lifeboats. That other boy—the Spartan youth—did not have his vitals gnawed by a fox; the Spartan youth had been eating wild grapes and washing them down with spring water—hence that gnawing sensation of which so much mention is made.

Even Barbara Frietchie is an exploded myth. She did not nail her country's flag to the window casement. Being a female, she could not nail a flag or anything else to a window. In the first place, she would have used a wad of chewing gum and a couple of hairpins. In the second place, had she recklessly undertaken to nail up a flag with a hammer and nails, she would never have been on hand at the psychological moment to invite Stonewall Jackson to shoot her old gray head. When General Jackson passed the house she would have been in the bathroom bathing her left thumb in witch-hazel.

Furthermore, she did not have any old gray head. At the time of the Confederate invasion of Maryland she was only seventeen years old—some authorities say only seven—and a pronounced blonde. Also, she did not live in Frederick; and, even if she did live there, on the occasion when the troops went through she was in Baltimore visiting a school friend.

I repeat that there has been too much of this. If the craze for smashing all our romantic fixtures persists, after a while we shall have no glorious traditions left with which to fire the youthful heart at high-school commencements. But in the interests of truth, and also because I made the discovery myself, I feel it to be my solemn duty to expose the Roman Sentry, stationed at the gate of Pompeii, looking toward the sea, who died, we are told, because he would not quit his post without orders and had no orders to quit.

Those Ringing Lines of Laryngitis

Until now this party has stood the acid test of the centuries. Everybody who ever wrote about the fall of Pompeii, from Plutarch and Pliny the Younger clear on down to Bulwer Lytton and Burton Holmes, had something to say about him. The lines on this subject by the Greek poet Laryngitis are familiar to all lovers of that great master of classic verse.

Suffice it to say that the Roman Sentry, perishing at his post, has ever been a favorite subject for historic and romantic writers. I myself often read of him—how on that dread day when the devil's stew came to a boil and spewed over the sides of Vesuvius, and death and destruction poured down to blight the land, he, typifying fortitude and discipline and unfaltering devotion, stood firm and stayed fast while all about him chaos reigned and fathers forgot their children and husbands forgot their wives, and vice versa, though probably not to the same extent; and how finally the drifting ashes and the choking dust fell thicker on him and mounted higher about him, until he died and in time turned to ashes himself, leaving only a void in the solidified slag. I had always admired that soldier—not his judgment, which was faulty, but his heroism, which was immense. To myself I used to say:

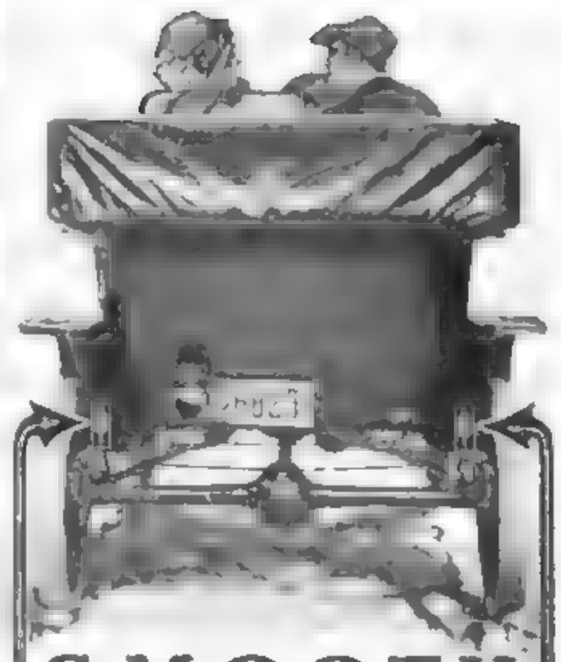
"That unknown common soldier, nameless though he was, deserves to live forever in the memory of mankind. He lacked imagination, it is true, but he was game. It was a glorious death to die—painful, yet splendid. Those four poor wretches whose shells were found in the prison down under the gladiators' school, with their ankles fast in the iron stocks—I know why they stayed. Their feet were too large for their own good. But no bonds except his dauntless will bound him at the portals of the doomed city. Duty was the only chain that held him.

"And to think that centuries and centuries afterward they should find his monument—a vacant, empty mold in the piled-up pumice! Had I been in his place I should have created my vacancy much sooner—say, about thirty seconds after the first alarm went in. But he was one who chose rather that men should say, 'How natural he looks!' than 'Yonder he goes!' And he has my sincere admiration. When I go to Pompeii—if ever I do go there—I shall seek out the spot where he made the supremest sacrifice to authority that ever any man could make, and I shall tarry a while in those hallowed precincts!"

That was what I said I would do and that was what I did do that afternoon at Pompeii. I found the gate looking toward the sea and I found all the other gates, or the sites of them; but I did not find the Roman Sentry or any trace of him, or any authentic record of him. I questioned the guides and, through an interpreter, the curator of the Museum, and from them I learned the lamentably disillusioning facts in this case. There is no trace of him because he neglected to leave any trace.

Doubtless there was a sentry on guard at the gate when the volcano belched forth, and the skin of the earth flinched and shivered and split asunder; but he did not remain for the finish. He said to himself that this was no place for a minister's son; and so he girded up his loins and he went away from there. He went away hurriedly—even as you and I.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The eleventh will appear in an early issue.



SMOOTH RIDING on Rough Roads

TRADE K-W MARK

Road Smoothers

Quickly applied to your Ford Car

give you that enviable pleasure of comfortable motoring—regardless of how rough the roads or how fast you drive.

¶ It's a combination of a helical spring to take up the shock, an air-chamber to check the rebound and anti-side motion links that prevent side rocking and consequent skidding turning corners. No wearing parts means no friction—no oiling—no trouble.

¶ Taking the Bumps is the hardest kind of work. That is why in K-W Road Smoothers are found—*no* cheap castings, but instead—high grade drop forgings, electric smelted chrome Vanadium steel springs, the best of workmanship, and the K-W Quality that makes possible our broad guarantee.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

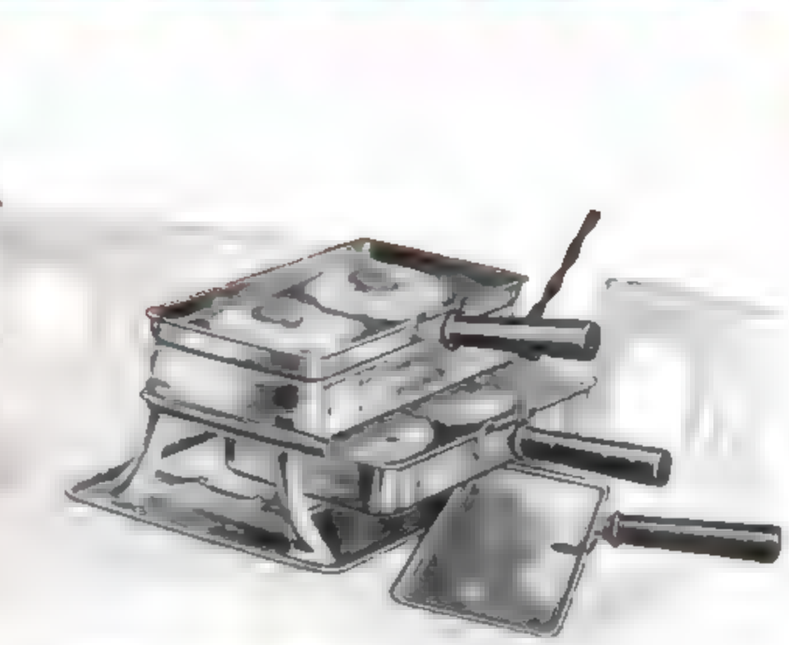
¶ **There is only one Road Smoother**—Don't Confuse with ordinary shock absorbers or auxiliary springs. Look for the name—K-W Road Smoother.

¶ *Write for booklet, "Taking out the Bumps"*

THE K-W IGNITION Co.
2851 Chester Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A.
Manufacturers of the 100,000 K-W Master Vibrators

Apply modern methods to your housekeeping problems. Let electricity, which is instantly available at every light socket in your home, be your willing servant. Do all of your ironing and much of your cooking the Hotpoint way—you'll find it a delightful change, saving you time, trouble and strength—a real economy. No special wiring—no bother—nothing to learn.

Aluminum El Perco



El Grillo Table Stove

Cook it electrically—right at the table.

Breakfast: Perfect coffee made in Aluminum El Perco—with toast and eggs or potatoes and chops, or whatever you please, perfectly cooked and sizzling hot right from El Grillo. Or for a quick luncheon—prepare it on the porch if you choose; or a dainty after-theater snack.

Yes—"to boil it is to spoil it"

Simply put cold water into the pot, ground coffee into the basket, and insert the plug. In half a minute percolation begins and shortly you pour a perfect brew—none of the caffein bitterness. Because when made in Aluminum El Perco, the coffee is never boiled.

Aluminum El Perco is very handsome and light. No floats, valves or traps to get out of order. Extremely economical because the heating element is entirely surrounded by water.

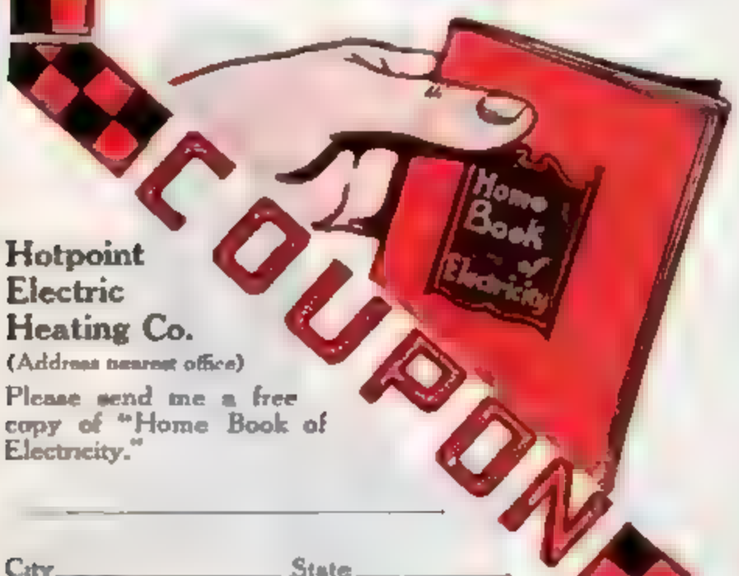
Heating Element guaranteed for five years. Price $7.50. In Canada, $9.75.

Glowing Electric Table Stove

The instant the switch plug is inserted, the El Grillo coils glow cherry red and cooking begins—any two operations at once, one above and one below the glowing coils.

A deep dish for broiling thick chops; a medium dish for eggs, etc., and a shallow dish for frying cakes, etc. El Grillo rests on a tray so that the finest finished furniture is not injured.

Made entirely of pressed steel, nickel plated, with mirror polish. Ebonite handles, always cool. Heating Element guaranteed for 5 years. Price $5.00. In Canada, $6.50.



Send for this free "Home Book of Electricity"

Can you go to your meter and tell how much electricity you have used this month? Well, it is just such practical things that are explained in our 32 page Home Book of Electricity. You will find something interesting on every page, and we will be glad to send you a copy free. Use the Coupon in the corner.

Here are some of the chapter headings: *Electrical Terms You Should Know—Electrical Troubles Explained—How to Figure Costs—Fuses—Evolution of Electrical Appliances—How to Repair Broken Cords—Electro Magnets—Dynamos and Motors—How to Read Your Meter—Care of Electrically Heated Appliances—Etc.*

COUPON

Hotpoint Electric Heating Co.
(Address nearest office)

Please send me a free copy of "Home Book of Electricity."

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City_____ State_____

Please give name of your Electrical Dealer.

_____

The Electric Ir… the standard …

SIMPLE—sturdy—strong is the … nickeled mirror surface, it is har… finish there is every provision to … Ten years ago we originated and applied … construction and sale of the Hotpoint Iron…

Hot Point—Attached Stand—…

Year by year these have been refined b…

Any woman who does ironing the old way in a… interests are not regarded; for the cost of ironing th… method. And remember—no more walking fro… ing for the iron to heat up—no lifting it every few…

Here are some of the advantages of the …

The word "Hotpoint" means that the point of the iron is always hot enough to do effective ironing because extra current flows to the nose of the iron. Just notice the sketch. See how the heating coils come together in the point. Remember that a cold point is what makes an iron drag—hard on the operator—hard on the goods.

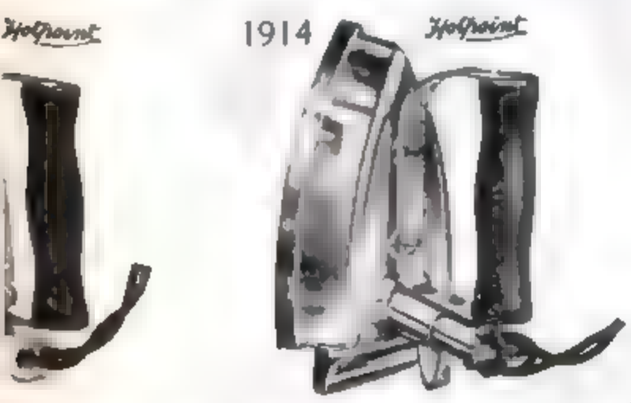
Why lift a heavy iron onto a stand and back, every few moments all during the ironing? It is hard work—and scratches the face of the iron. You simply tip the Hotpoint on the non-scorching stand attached at the rear. There it stands firmly, ready to your hand, and it will not scorch the most delicate fabrics. An asbestos deflector in the top keeps the heat down in the base, thus increasing efficiency and keeping the handle cool—no holder needed.

"Do it the Ho…

on that has set for ten years.

Hotpoint Iron. With its heavily ndsome—and under this brilliant make it serviceable and durable. certain essential basic principles to the ; notably these important innovations: *Removable Plug—Guarantee*

it are still retained, as is shown below.



electric-lighted home has reason to feel that her Hotpoint way is less, in most homes, than by the old board to stove and back with the iron—no wait- moments onto the stand and back to the work.

Hotpoint Iron—some of the "reasons why."

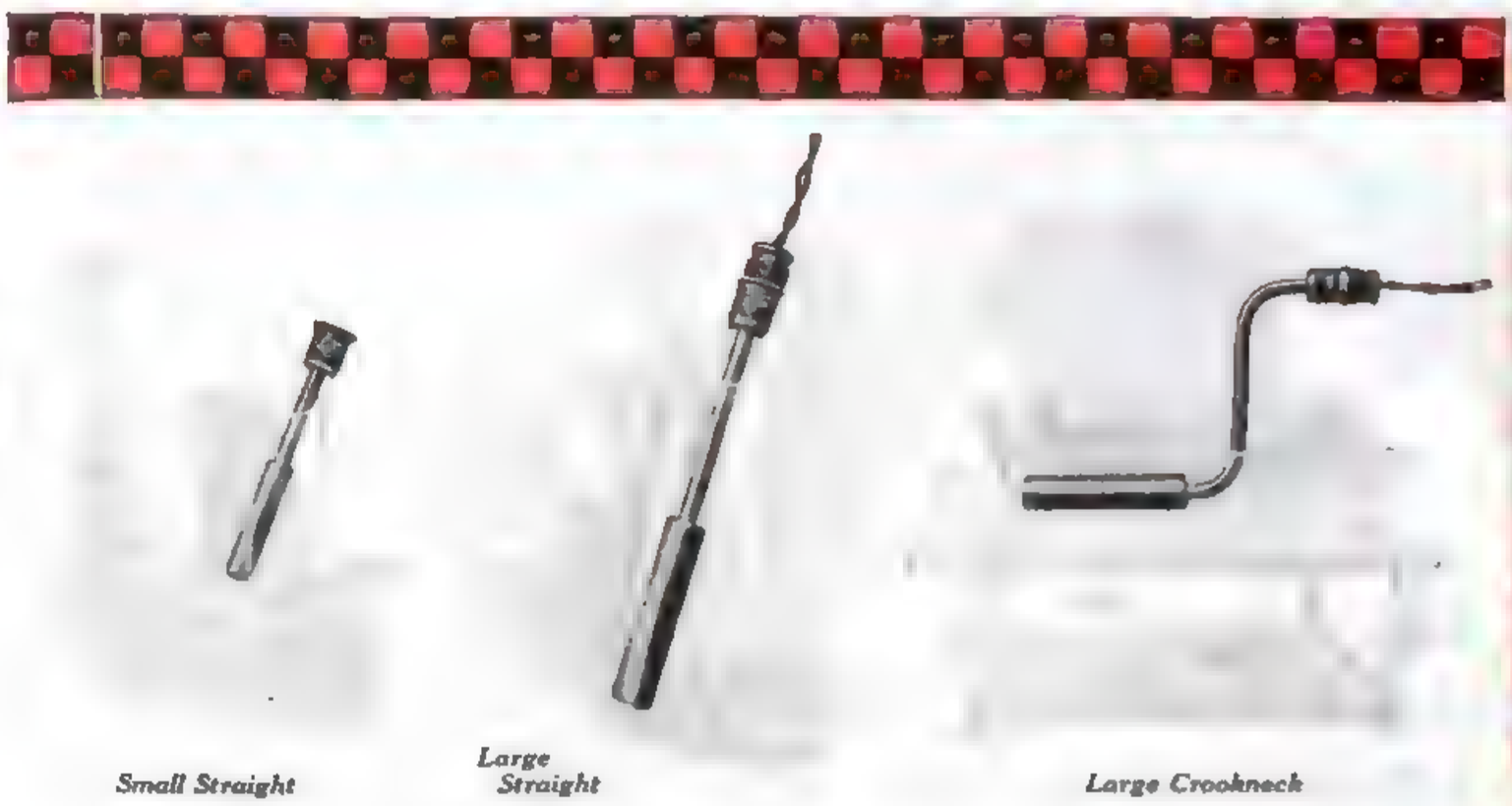
The Heating Element is guaranteed against burn-outs for 10 years. In case of burn-out it is easy to put a new one in place, which is provided free under the terms of the Guarantee Tag attached to the Iron. The Hotpoint Iron is equipped with a steel-clad switch plug, with cool fiber grip, that fits most of the Hotpoint appliances. Price, including cord and plug, $3.50. Canada $4.50.

You can convert your Hotpoint Iron into a very satisfactory little electric stove, with our Cooking Set, consisting of a stand, seamless aluminum dish and cover. Invert the iron on the stand. The 10 year guarantee on the Hotpoint Iron is not interfered with when it is used as a stove in this way.

Price of Cooking Set, $2.00. Canada $2.50.

All of our appliances are designed to yield maximum efficiency and satisfaction at lowest cost for current. They all possess a sturdy character, are handsome in design and are sold at popular prices.

Owing to these facts several million Hotpoint appliances are in use all over the world. Every one guaranteed as to material, workmanship and life of element.



Small Straight *Large Straight* *Large Crookneck*

El Boilo (immersion heater) three styles.

Plunge El Boilo into any liquid, put in the plug and shortly your liquid boils—that is the whole idea. El Boilo is a long, slender cylinder enclosing a specially efficient heating element. When submerged, every unit of heat is utilized, hence it is economical, convenient and sanitary.

Straight El Boilo, small

In the bedroom, nursery or anywhere there is an electric light-socket available, you can instantly prepare a hot drink, or a quantity of hot water with the small size El Boilo.

Men find it a great convenience for heating shaving water. Heavily nickel plated, polished to mirror-finish. Furnished with 6 feet of flexible cord and removable plug.

Guaranteed 2 years. Weight less than 1 lb. Price $3.00. Canada $4.00.

Straight El Boilo, large

Made the same as small El Boilo, but is 10 inches long, and weighs a little over one pound. It attaches to any lamp-socket.

Especially desirable to heat larger quantities of water and for simple boiling operations in the kitchen—also for boiling eggs at the table, or heating water for tea or chocolate. Guaranteed 2 years. Furnished with cord and plug complete. Price $4.00. Canada $5.00.

Crookneck El Boilo

Large size El Boilo made crookneck form so that it will lie flat on the bottom of a dish. Especially adapted for sterilizing and similar uses in Hospitals. Used by doctors and dentists, etc.

El Boilo lies clear to one side of the dish, giving access to the entire surface for the sterilizing operation. Guaranteed for 2 years. Furnished with cord and plug complete. Price $5.00. Canada $6.50.

Thousands of Distributers

Hotpoint appliances are sold by electrical supply dealers, hardware stores, department stores, lighting companies, drug stores, etc. There are several thousand scattered over this country and Canada, and most foreign countries. Look for the Hotpoint sign in the window.

We Fill Orders

If you are unable to find a distributer in your community, order direct, sending check to our nearest office and any of our appliances will be shipped prepaid at regular prices. We guarantee safe delivery. Be sure to state voltage. Ask your Lighting Company.

Hotpoint Electric Heating Company

NEW YORK, 46 West Street ONTARIO, California CHICAGO, 1001 Washington Blvd.

LONDON, Albion House, 59 New Oxford Street

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Limited

TORONTO, 25 Brant Street VANCOUVER, 365 Cordova Street

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electrically Heated Household Appliances in the World.

-thoint way"

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE

COVERS THE CONTINENT

EVERY automobile accessory advertised in connection with this emblem is a proven product, backed by the resources and reputation of a firm over half a century old and sold *plus* the assurance of a reliable Service now in actual operation in every important city of North America.

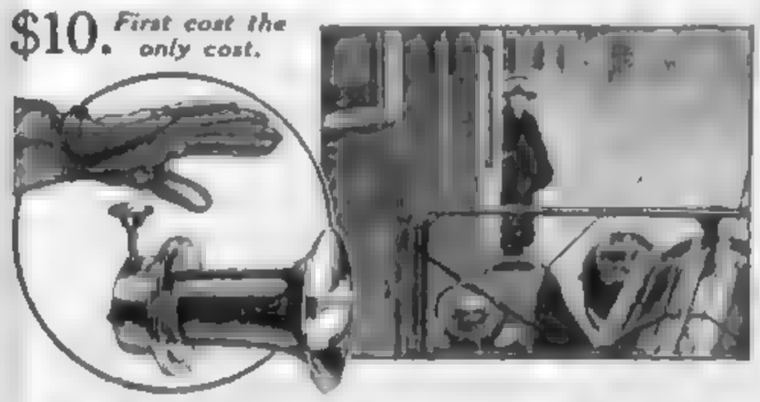
A Better Way to Buy Better Brake Lining

Still another reason has been added to the many which the user already has for being certain of the superiority of

J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining

Now supplied in cartons containing exact sizes and quantities necessary to reline the brake bands of the popular makes of cars, insuring an absolutely accurate fit when first applied. J-M Non-Burn stops the car almost instantly, or gradually as desired. Its grip is sure. Oil, water or gasoline does not affect it. It will not buckle or "burn out" through hardest, hottest service,—because it's made from pure, long-fibred Canadian Asbestos, reinforced with strong brass wires and woven on special looms to absolutely uniform thickness and texture. Ask for "J-M Non-Burn" and enjoy the economy of a lining that *lasts* and the convenience of a lining that comes *ready to put on*.

$10. *First cost the only cost.*



A Warning that cannot fail

Reliability is of first importance in a warning signal. Your safety depends upon it. Public safety demands it. Reliability in the Long Horn means the certainty gained by the complete elimination of all electrical devices. The Long Horn is a mechanical, hand-driven warning signal with nothing to get out of order. Its mechanism is entirely self-contained. With this assurance of absolute reliability goes the added value of a horn that costs nothing to maintain. Flexible as the human voice and under the operator's complete control. Made from tested materials to stand up under hardest service. The best horn buy on the market today.

LONG HORN

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THE CANADIAN H W JOHNS MANVILLE COMPANY Ltd.

Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

HOW PLAYS ARE BORN

(Concluded from Page 15)

actualized on the stage instead of being realized from a larger point of view and so added to by the stage.

The play did not succeed. The public concluded that it would not pay two dollars to see something that could be seen for nothing.

So much for plays born of ideas found in the newspapers; but some of the best plays ever written have been born in the streets. Many who read this have, without knowing it, seen one that was born in a fog.

One blindingly foggy night in London, Haddon Chambers and Paul Arthur were trudging after an evening spent at a theater to Chambers' quarters. Suddenly out of the impenetrable fog that surrounded both playwrights loomed what Chambers still calls "a smear," "a stain on humanity," a typical London tramp.

Chambers and the tramp collided; but the tramp was quick with apologies. He interested the dramatist, who finally invited him home for a bite of supper, much to the disgust of his friend Arthur.

The man, whose name was Burns, accepted—"Thanking you kindly!" With no thought of playwriting, Chambers seated his strange guest at a supper, to be served by Hogg, the playwright's valet; but, at the sight of "such an 'airy, hawful, in fact, 'orrible specimen of humanity," Hogg's sense of decency was so outraged it was only after a sharp word or two from his master that the valet consented to serve the tramp. That flash of class distinction alone would have repaid Chambers for bringing Burns home; but the real reward came when Burns was, with great difficulty, finally persuaded to talk. "He was a Horatian without knowing it," Chambers says in telling the story.

A Play for an Overcoat

Asked whether he had ever worked, Burns, amazed at the thought, answered: "Certainly not! Work's for workmen!"

Burns' only friends in life turned out to be a cabman, called Nighty because he was at his stand all night, and other flotsam and jetsam, male and female, who, like himself, were sustained by the charity of the Salvation Army.

The strange party ended finally by Burns, "Thanking you all kindly!" politely bowing his way out and leaving the house with Paul Arthur's overcoat, quietly but effectively taken from the hall rack.

What Burns left, however, was a play—Passers-By—which has since earned the price of many an overcoat. The tramp's conversation had assembled in Chambers' quarters five unusually dramatic characters—a philosophic tramp; an eloquent cabman; an aristocratic valet; a woman of the street; and Chambers himself, who portrayed any young man fond of multiplying sensations with real life.

Chambers called his hero Waverton, from the name of the street where the playwright lives. And, with that, he had his characters and wrote his first act. He employed Burns by his real name; Nighty by his. His valet, Hogg, he renamed Pine, and the woman of the street he called Margaret Summers.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. He could not begin his second act! None of his characters would move. The love interest he wanted to create was blocked at every turn. He had his young man and his young woman, but Margaret's character contradicted any true love story. Six years went by before he found a solution.

Mr. Chambers visits his dentist not always as a dentist, but frequently for what a playwright calls "the outside point of view."

It was during just such a visit that the dentist one day said to the playwright:

"How is it that nobody ever writes a play in which the modern Mary Magdalen, 'the lovely woman who stoops to folly,' gains some of the Christian sympathy accorded her in the New Testament? Why always ultimate disaster when we know it is not so in real life?"

"Done!" cried the playwright. "I shall redeem Margaret Summers. She shall not be a woman of the street, but a good woman, misled by her very goodness and yet triumphing because of it in the end. She shall marry my young man, Waverton."

"Whereupon," as Mr. Chambers puts it, "Passers-By began to write itself."

25% of the power your motor generates is lost *in* the car through friction, and this in spite of the best plain greases and oils.

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

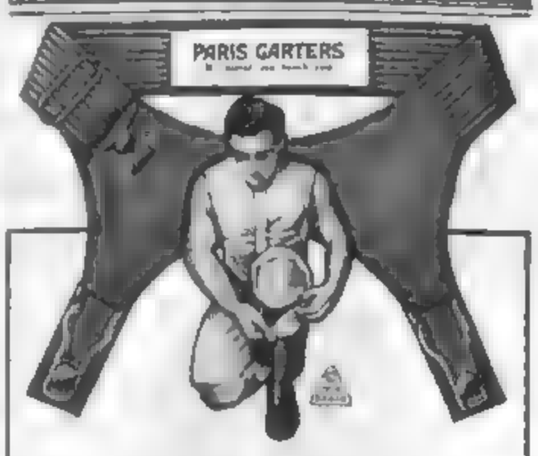
reduce friction to almost nil, give more miles, more power and save the car.

Equally good for motor boats.

"Words of Wisdom from the Speed Kings" and the Dixon Lubricating Chart will give you valuable hints in preventing friction in your car. Write for them.

THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Established in 1827



For thin summer hose try Double Grip

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

They will give you more comfort than you'll realize until you buy them.

The two grips hold the socks snug and smooth. They fit perfectly—"tailored to fit the leg."

25c — 50c

A. STEIN & COMPANY, Makers
Chicago New York

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

By the old way, these **10** operations were necessary:

1 Strop razor
2 Work up lather in cup
3 Apply lather to face
4 Rub in with fingers
5 Shave one side of face
6 Strop razor again
7 Re-work shaving lather on unshaven part of face
8 Shave second side of face
9 Wash off lather
10 Apply lotion to prevent soreness and heavy beard

By the Mennen way, only these **5** operations are necessary

1 Strop razor
2 Apply Mennen's Shaving Cream.
3 Lather with brush
4 Shave entire face without stropping and re-lathering—unnecessary as cream dries not
5 Wash off lather—no lotion or other toilet preparation necessary as cream dries not

Compare the Old Way of Shaving with the Mennen Way

Use Mennen's Shaving Cream and it will take you but *half* as long to shave. You will be rid of *all* the sore, smarting after-effects, for Mennen's contains no free caustic to bite and burn your skin.

You will find it is the lather—not the razor—that has made shaving a torture. The full creamy lather of Mennen's Shaving Cream needs no "rubbing in" with the fingers. It instantly softens the stiffest beard and leaves the face smooth, soft, cool and comfortable.

A user of Mennen's who says he is afflicted with an exceedingly tender face and a heavy, wiry beard, writes: "The first time I used Mennen's I attributed the good feeling to the condition of my razor—the second time I attributed the happy after-effect to the good condition of my face. The third day my scepticism blossomed into hope; but, to make *sure*, I used another preparation on the fourth day, and—Mennen's had a convert. Mennen's is economical in every sense; it economizes time; it saves temper; it protects the skin against razor irritation; it contains no alkali to eat into your pores; it leaves your face refreshed, your temper equable."

Another says: "A little strip of the cream applied to the face—a few strokes with a wet brush to distribute the lather—and one's face is ready for shaving. It isn't necessary to work up a lather with the bristles as was the case when using soap and powder, and best of all, the lather generated with your cream *lasts*. I may frankly say that I have never used a lathering medium that produced as fluffy, creamy lather, which softens the beard, does not dry on the face, and leaves the skin as cool and fresh as does Mennen's Shaving Cream."

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in sanitary, airtight tubes with handy, hexagon screw tops. No amount of advertising can make you realize what a difference there is between it and other shaving preparations. You must *try it*—then you will know.

At all dealers—25c. Send 10c for a demonstrator tube containing enough for 50 shaves. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powders and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.

Mennen's Shaving Cream

Trade Mark

Just Before You Start for the Game, Remember Tuxedo

Baseball and Tuxedo make a perfect combination. The perfect sport and the perfect smoke. In pipe or cigarette—Tuxedo is always ideal.

The fellows you see out there on the diamond know this; and after the game and the shower and the rub-down, their first bit of relaxation is a refreshing smoke of Tuxedo.

NAPOLEON LAJOIE
peerless second baseman of the Cleveland American team, says:

"Tuxedo and I have been friends for years, and the longer I use it the better I like its mild, soothing effect."

N. Lajoie

CHRISTY MATHEWSON
famous pitcher of the New York Giants, a great favorite with the "fans" all over the country, says:

"Tuxedo gets to me in a natural, pleasant way. It's what I call good, honest, companionable tobacco—the kind to stick to."

C. Mathewson

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Tuxedo is mild, healthful, wholesome, beneficial. If it wasn't, these ball players wouldn't continue to smoke it.

All sorts of famous athletes, opera singers, golfers, airmen, trapshooters—men who have to be right at the top notch of physical fitness all the time—use Tuxedo steadily.

There isn't a speck of irritation, scorch, sting or bite in a pound of Tuxedo. All that is removed by the famous *original* "Tuxedo Process"—a process that has had imitations *galore*—but the *original* "Tuxedo Process" is still the best.

Tuxedo is the *best* tobacco—made of rich, mellow, perfectly aged Kentucky Burley. None better can be bought, because none better is grown.

JOE TINKER
famous shortstop and manager of Chicago Federal B. B. Team, says:

"A pipeful of Tuxedo after a game is the most restful smoke I can find."

Joe B. Tinker

JOHN J. McGRAW
famous manager of the New York Giants, champions of the National League, says:

"Tuxedo gives to my pipe smoking a keen enjoyment that I have experienced with no other tobacco. Supreme in mildness and fragrance is Tuxedo."

John J. McGraw

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c *In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c*

JIMMY ARCHER
of the Chicago Cubs, well-known catcher and ".300" hitter, says:

"Tuxedo is my idea of a good smoke in every way—coolness, mildness, purity. Tuxedo is a winner."

Jimmy Archer

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a draw-string and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
Room 1287, 111 Fifth Avenue New York

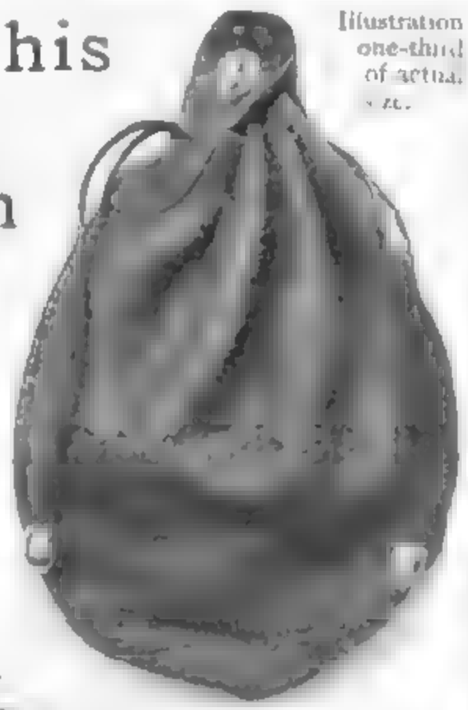


Illustration one-third of actual size.

JACK McINNIS
star first baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, says:

"Tuxedo gives a cool, mild smoke, and never affects the wind. Tuxedo is a tobacco that's always good."

John M. Innis

THE LAST ENTERPRISE

(Continued from Page 18)

and vague; but when he was near enough to see better, then it had risen again tantalizingly above his head, out of the reach of his eyes. It called him in the morning light; it held something up there for him. But here at his feet was his pick; his undertaking; his enterprise; his gold. He grasped the pick; he dug; he sealed his ears and his soul.

The insistence of the top of the mesa did not wane, though—it grew; it was constant. Now and then his petrified memory, stirring as though galvanized, told him he should be up there. There was something for him up there—something long lost, to be gathered up and reëntwined in the fibers of his existence.

And one bright Sunday morning, as he squatted on the bank of the river, rocking the gold out of the black sand he had mined during the week, he suddenly sprang upright, dropped everything, and went speeding drunkenly on his old thin legs to the mesa. When he reached it he did not stop; up the slope he had excavated, he scrambled painfully to the top.

Now that he was up there, he did not know why he had come or for what he was searching. It was warm, for one thing, and very peaceful. There was grass all over, thick and high—it was just beginning to dry to the season's aridity; and a light breeze, passing now and then, stretched it into long, silvery shimmerings.

A thread seemed to attach itself to his heart and to tug gently; but when, obeying, he began to walk, he found that the surface beneath the grass was not flat and smooth as the grass made it appear. His feet were passing over a series of rounded swellings, like smooth, solid waves. And now and then they kicked up a little plank—a little plank polished white by the years and the weather.

There seemed to be many of these, lost at the bottom of the grass. A few stood upright and he stumbled over one.

The invisible thread continued tugging at him gently. He walked, stepping high, placing his feet in the depressions between the earth-swells; with head inclined toward one shoulder, he seemed to be listening intently—listening to the behest of a memory which, though so old and faded it hardly was, would not let him go. At length he was in the center of the little plateau he had been so diligently demolishing. He stooped and parted the grass, and the movement revealed a stone there—a river boulder that, long ago, had been smoothed and carved.

The indentation made by a rude but patient chisel had long ago disappeared, but in the wound a lichen had taken hold—a lichen which, examined closely, was a tight tissue of hundreds of very small yellow flowers. And, written thus with these minuscular flowers, on the stone an inscription spread:

ROSE
WIFE OF TOM RAND, AND
BABY RICHARD
1861

The judge read. And now he knew why he was here. He saw again the vision he had had the first day in the deserted camp. He saw before a cabin again the young woman of sweet, buxom charm, with the little child in her skirts. But with that vision came others to complete it, to explain it. He remembered now—ah, he remembered! And dropping to one knee, like an empty scarecrow collapsed, he began to grimace in the horrible and piteous weeping of the very old.

Forty-five years before, in this camp of Coyote Flat, he had been the friend of Tom Rand. And he had loved Rose, the wife of Tom Rand.

It had not been a loud and red passion, but a gray, wistful and dreamy affliction of the innermost fibers of his heart, half ecstasy and half ache, rising at times exquisitely to a pang, of which he could not have told whether it was torture or whether it was heaven.

He was but in his early twenties then, yet for several years already he had knocked adventurously about the camps, very busy in concealing his real timidity beneath externals of swaggering wildness.

She was a few years older than he; she had come, but a child-bride, with her husband across the plains in the heroic period; and she was the glory, the pride, the treasure of the camp. All the men loved her, with the respectful chivalry of the time and the place. In that overwhelmingly male life she was the delicacy, she was the iridescence, she was the dream. The knowledge of her being lay there at the back of the heads of all, even at the most rageful moments of their toil for gold, a restfulness, a heavy happiness. It made them think sweetly of their return to camp, of the long Sunday at the end of the week; it was as though each had had a home. Fleet sensings of her passed over them like pleasant zephyrs—her flower cheeks; her rose mouth; the pink of her calicoes; her firm, round arms, bare to the elbows; the fragrance of baking bread. Rose hanging against the sunset the long line of wash—even that, to the camp, was an enchantment.

If they had been caressed by the radiance of her charm, he had been penetrated profoundly. And now, weeping, senile, on the little mesa, at the foot of the stone that bore her name, he saw himself again as he had been nearly half a century ago. He saw himself lounging about her cabin in long hours of delicious, half-sad idleness, during which all his energy of life, all his plans, had lain still, had lost substance, had evaporated; and his young strength itself had seemed to swoon.

The little girl, Bettie, gave him an excuse for long lingerings here. She was three years old, a miniature of her mother in her pink pinafores, with her yellow hair and her curiously maternal little air; he would play with her for hours before the cabin door. And the mother, going to and fro about her work, shed on him the moonlight of her charm, pierced him at times with a flashing blue smile.

Just what she felt toward him he did not know, he had never known. Perhaps she had been unable to tear out of her heart a certain happiness at his devotion. But her husband was to her her husband—there was no doubt of that; to her so much bigger, possessed of such patent superiority, that near him other men were all somewhat like children.

Her arms, bare to the elbow, were often floury; and a sweet odor of baking bread came from the cabin.

She was amused with him—that is how it was; a tender amusement that showed in her eyes. Once in a while the imp that is in all women sprang to the saddle, reined her to some small maneuver that almost killed him with joy; but immediately her amusement bedewed itself again with compassion.

One day she had kissed him.

In an explosion of mischief at the sight of his long, long face, she had suddenly seized that long face between her hands, warm and wet with suds, and had pressed a kiss on his lips.

For many years it had remained with him, the sense of that healthy, firm and sane kiss. He could feel it there on his lips now—and the memory on his cheeks of her warm, soapy hands.

And that had been all.

That had been all.

She had died one day—with the baby boy to whom she had striven to give life.

They had all stood there—the whole camp—one sunny morning on this little flat top. Tom, stiff and strange in black clothes, put on him earlier as though on a doll, seemed only dazed. The ground was a bit resonant here, as though hollow. The boots cried on the stones. Some one had read out of a book. It was very still and very hot. A woman he had never seen had little Bettie; the child cringed in the woman's skirt.

Plunk!

A small shovelful of heavy soil had been abruptly dropped on his heart, his naked heart; and he had fainted. He had fainted right here on this little flat, before all those men, before the woman and the child.

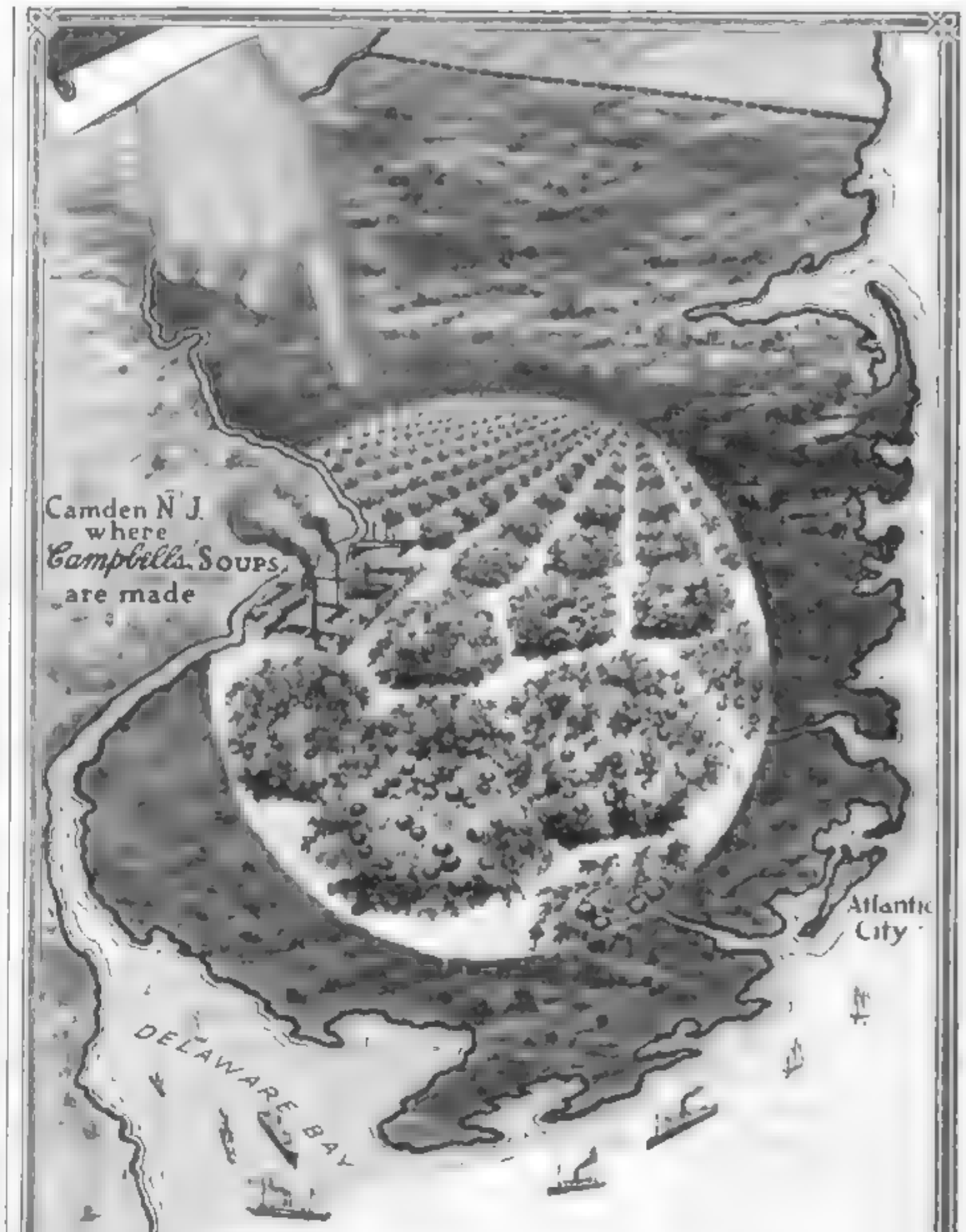
He had fainted right here forty-five years before, before all the men. And yet afterward he had forgotten!

He had forgotten!

And that was life!

He was now digging in this place for gold!

The idea that he should be digging in this place for gold now raised in him an uncontrollable grief; and, stretching full length along the stone, he wept in gurgles and falsetto sobs until a little rabbit, astonished and curious, peered with mobile nose over the edge of the mesa, and remained



Here's where they grow.

Here in America's tomato garden-spot are raised the red-ripe, juicy perfect specimens whose rare flavor is retained so delightfully in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The climate, the soil, the natural irrigation effected between the ocean and the Delaware, the long and special experience of local growers—all combine to produce here within a few miles of the Campbell establishment a type of tomatoes unexcelled in flavor and food-value.

We receive this delicious fruit fresh-picked from the vines. We prepare and blend it with other choice materials by the exclusive Campbell method and Campbell formula. Thus we produce this tempting soup renowned the world over for its superior quality and flavor.

Why not enjoy it again on *your* table *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Cussin' is jest grindin' of a feller's mental wheels. Grease the axle, I say, with a little oil o' human kindness. When I feel my dander gettin' up I jest lubricates with a pipe o' VELVET. Hev a tin o' VELVET handy in your pistol pocket and when y' see trouble coming, you draw first.

Velvet Joe

ANYBODY who understands human nature will tell you that no man can be really downright, rearin', tearin' *mad* while he's smoking cool, slow burning VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

The tobacco of which VELVET is made is the one tobacco which has all the full flavor and "body" and tobacco fragrance of a real *man's* pipe smoke, without the harshness found in many kinds. VELVET is made of Burley leaf which, owing to the most thorough cultivation, is the finest and richest grown. By the time we have finished the long, slow process of curing, all the natural qualities of this Kentucky *Burley de Luxe* have been brought out to the full and "fixed." There's an aged-in-the-wood mellowness in VELVET.

5c Bags
10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

½ Actual Size

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

with its two long ears petrified, watching seriously this heap of rags on the ground, from which came sounds so strange.

When, nearsundown, the judge descended from the mesa, he was spent, like a child who had been through a tantrum; appeased his woe, and through his veins a pleasant peace was stealing. Nicodemus was down there, waiting for him. The judge's voice was low in the slanting light, distended, as was his whole being.

"Nicodemus, it's all off. It's all off, Nicodemus. Back to Frisco with us! And just a little poorer than we came! Don't you understand, Nicodemus? Why, it's so very simple! That mining scheme is off—do you understand?—all off. You see, Nicodemus, one can't do what we've been doing. It isn't the custom. It isn't done."

Noon of the next day saw the two already well on their way back to civilization. The road, between pines and carpeted with needles, looped downward toward the plain; the pack was light, with much less provision than it had held coming up, and without shovel, pick and pan. Master and beastie tramped alacriously. Suddenly the judge broke out in loud laughter:

"Say, Nic, think of all that gold we two left up there! Can you see those fat little bags in a row under the boards? Looking at each other out of the corners of their eyes?

"Who'll get 'em? A rat, I guess. He'll come gnawing at the buckskin. The dust will get into his nose and he'll think it's snuff. Snuff, Nicodemus!

"Ah, well, Nico dear, I guess it's the Old Folks' Home for me now. 'Tisn't such a bad place, Nicodemus. I used to pass it once in a while in old Frisco. There's a bench in front, on the sunny side, and from it one can see the sea.

"And say, Nicodemus, you know, I didn't leave all the gold behind. You remember that little bag I was beginning to fill yesterday, just before I went up to the top of the mesa? Well, I've got that with me. Yes, Nicodee. It'll keep me in tobacco at the Old Folks' Home.

"I'll sit on that bench in the sun and I'll smoke my pipe; and maybe in the smoke sometimes I'll see—you know what I'll see, Nicodemus.

"Well, we haven't made our fortune, little donk. No; we haven't made our fortune. You see, our scheme was wrong from the bottom. One can't do what we were doing. It isn't the custom. No, Nicodemus; one can't mine a cemetery. It isn't done! Nope!

"Whoopee, Nicodemus! Let's trot. I'm beginning to pine for that Old Folks' Home!"

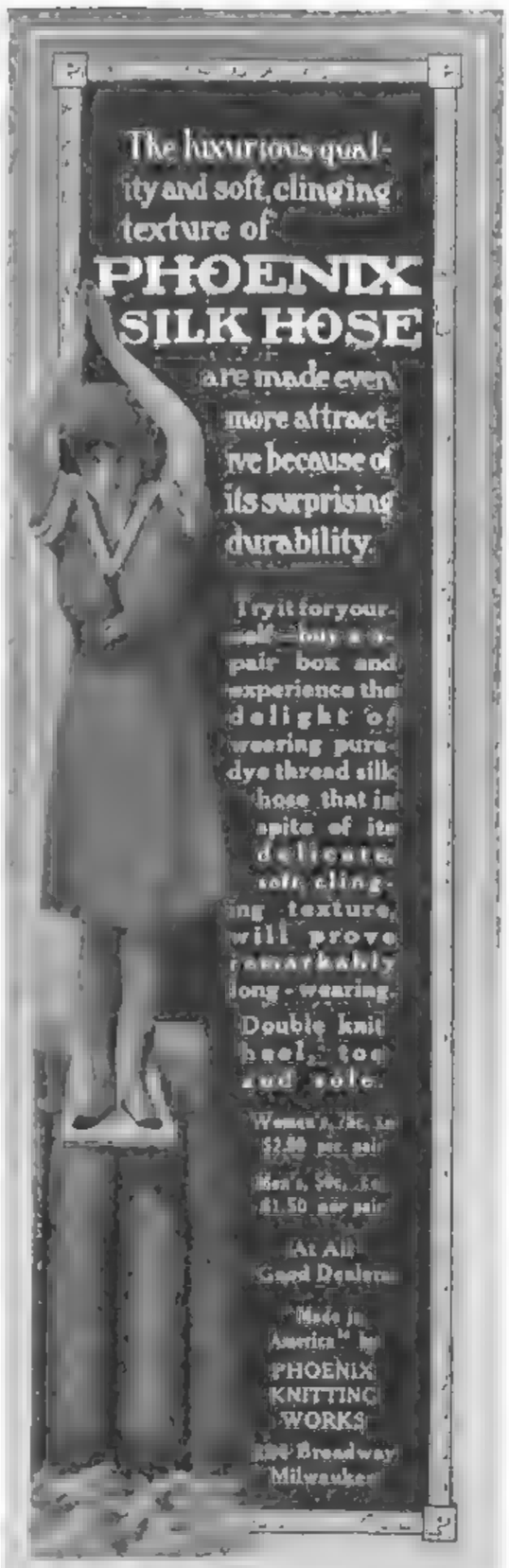
Hot Treatment

HEATING up an arm or a leg by electricity—not heating it from the outside, but equally all the way through—is one of the most recent uses of electricity in medicine.

In some forms of rheumatism, of neuritis and diseases of the joints, for instance, it has been found helpful to heat the diseased part of the body much above normal temperature; though, of course, this treatment is far from being a cure-all. It is like making an imitation of an electric stove or electric iron with a knee joint for a hot-plate, and is nothing like the old battery-shock treatments that gave one a pleasant tingle.

The principle of an ordinary electric stove is very simple. If the right kind of current is sent through the right kind of iron plate, the current finds it hard to get through. The metal from one side to the other resists the current, and this resistance shows itself by heat. The entire plate becomes hot, inside and out, from the quarrel it is having with the electricity. It is in this way that diathermy, as the electric heating of muscle and bone is called, operates.

A high-frequency current of considerable magnitude is sent through the leg, because this kind of current will meet with much resistance; and the consequence is that heat develops along the path of the current. The electricity is kept on only a few minutes at a time and may be regulated to give just the amount of heat desired. All beneficial effects come from the heat and not from the current itself. It is like having the benefit of a hot-water bottle inside of the joint as well as outside.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are made even more attractive because of its surprising durability.
Try it for yourself—buy a pair box and experience the delight of wearing pure-dye thread silk hose that in spite of its delicate, soft, clinging texture, will prove remarkably long-wearing.
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If you invest money in stocks at current prices, current dividend rates will yield you an income remarkable for the high class of the securities.

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Trade-Marked Goods and Westinghouse Electric

THESE familiar trade-marks represent good-will values of millions of dollars.

The creation of these values has required the exercise of commercial foresight and technical skill of the highest order.

These trade-marks would be valueless did not the goods which they mark represent the highest standards of quality.

High quality permanently maintained requires that goods shall be made by the latest and most improved processes.

All these successful trade-marks mark goods made in factories in which electricity is employed.

It is of great significance that the owners of all these trade-marks are users of Westinghouse Electric products.

Westinghouse Electric experience places the Company in an unusual position to be of service to those who seek to benefit by the latest and most up-to-date methods of manufacture.

The manufacturer who is seeking to create a reputation for his goods must appreciate that he can be helped by the service that has been so valuable to such successful manufacturers as are here represented by well-known trade-marks.

The consumer is interested to know that goods are made under modern conditions, for this is his greatest protection against deterioration in quality.

In addition to those things made by Westinghouse Electric which are employed in the making of products of other manufacturers, a large portion of Westinghouse Electric products perform useful service in the home, office and garage; in hotels, hospitals and other places. Among the innumerable articles are electric motors for household uses, electric heating and cooking appliances, fans and ozonizers, starting, lighting and ignition devices for automobiles. All are backed by the trade-mark of Westinghouse Electric, which is a guarantee. Westinghouse appliances may be obtained from electric light companies or good electric shops. Send for Electric Ware booklet No. 1529, and small motor booklet No. 4230.

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Skidding Protection Scientifically Correct

combined with the *heaviest* construction gives the Federal Rugged Tread Tire a ***value*** far greater than its selling price. You cannot buy *more safety* at *any* price, and the *ordinary* non-skid treads that sell for *less* than Rugged *give* less.

FEDERAL RUGGED TREAD

is *double* thick, and gives extra service. The large round projections, set in parallel rows, are *scientifically* correct skidding protection. No matter in what direction the wheel *tends* to slip, the same required number of big thick studs are *on the job* to stop it—gripping the road *tenaciously*.

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The exclusive Federal Double-Cable-Base construction *does away* with rim cutting, side-wall blowouts just above the rim, tube pinching and the danger of a tire slipping off its rim. Use Federal Tires and get extra service without extra cost.

Made in straight wall and quick detachable clincher styles.
Plain and Rugged Treads.

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Federal Pure Para Inner Tubes are Heavy, Seamless and ALWAYS FLAWLESS.

It has Ended 60 Million Corns

This little **Blue-jay** is removing a million corns a month.

It is doing that for hundreds of thousands who used to treat corns in old ways. And every one of those legions of people would gladly tell you this:

That **Blue-jay** relieves pain instantly. That the corn comes out generally in 48 hours without any pain or trouble.

That **Blue-jay** is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant one forgets the corn.

That the corns never come back. New ones may come, but the old don't reappear.

Think of that, you who pare corns, you who use old-time methods. A famous chemist, in the one right way, has solved the corn problem. And that way **Blue-jay**—is at every drug store waiting for your use.

Don't you think it time you tried it—now that sixty million ended corns owe their fate to **Blue-jay**?

Blue-jay

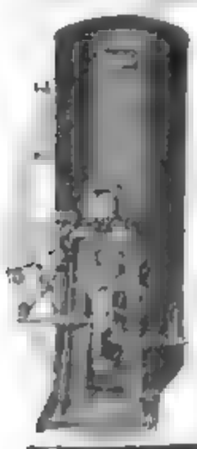
For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York

Makers of Physicians' Supplies

I am the "Silent Dayton"



successor to hand pumps, windmills and water lifts.

I will pump your water to the bath room, the laundry and the kitchen sink.

I will sprinkle your lawns, water the stock, and keep your gardens green.

I will fight fires—if necessity demands.

I am a willing servant—a guardian to health, comfort and safety.

A few cents each month for electricity—a few drops of oil each year—is all that I require.

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We have created a text book on Water Supply.

If you use an old fashioned gate pump or an unreliable windmill to pump your water from well, cistern, lake or stream—get this book. It tells of a *better* way.

If you are using a water motor to pump your rain water you are *losing* money that this book will tell you how to *save*.

If your city service does not provide *high pressure* for upper floors, fire protection or sprinkling, send for "Water Supply" and read pages 12 and 13.

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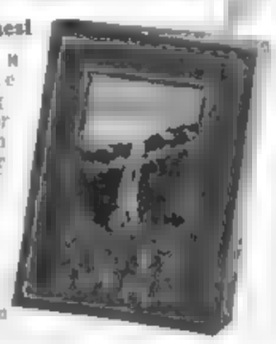
tells how and at what cost in town or country home, office or apartment building, country club, greenhouse or factory can be equipped with water supply. Send for copy today, *especially* if you are planning *building improvement*.



The Dayton Pump and Mfg. Co.

571 West Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio

New York—Philadelphia—Boston

San Francisco

A LILY OF THE FIELD

(Continued from Page 11)

it on the bills of the next month in case she was not able to carry out her determination to reduce expenses all at once.

Perhaps Marjory might have got along better during the next month, but one of her wealthy Eastern acquaintances came to visit her overnight; and, charmed with what she thought the simplicity of Marjory's way of living, she stayed a week. It seemed so quaint to her not to have a butler or a personal maid, and to live in dear, tiny rooms; but Marjory felt obliged to give her a dinner, a luncheon and a tea, and to take her once to the theater.

She was so busy during the guest's visit that she did not have time to go to her mother's house for lessons in cooking and managing; she did not even go to market, but continued to order over the telephone. She knew that the bills during the visitor's stay had risen enormously, but she thought she could cover them by her untouched eighty dollars. Her friends entertained her guest so lavishly that Grover grumbled at having to go out so much. That was his only complaint; but Marjory thought fearfully of the social obligations she was piling up and would somehow have to discharge.

The next month when the bills came in she looked at them anxiously but hopefully, for she thought she had been doing the best she could. Exclusive of rent they came to one hundred and thirty dollars. That was an improvement over the preceding month, of course, but a small one when she considered that she had spent her allowance and five-eighths over.

One evening while she was going over her accounts in her mind, wondering whether she really could have ordered this and that, Grover handed her another check for eighty dollars, remarking that the canceled check for the other eighty had not yet come back.

"No," said Marjory absently; "I haven't cashed it yet."

"You haven't! Marjory, what does this mean, dear? You didn't let last month's bills run on?"

Marjory broke into tears.

"Oh, please don't bother me!" she said; and going to her room she locked the door after her and threw herself on the bed, telling herself miserably that she was a failure, but really expecting Grover to knock at the door and make her let him in that he might tell her she was not.

Grover's Ultimatum

Grover, however, took his hat and went over to his father-in-law's. At the end of two hours he came back, to find Marjory pale and wasted with tears because he had been gone so long and so inexplicably.

"I've been having a talk with your father and mother," he began abruptly and without any endearments. "They've explained everything. I drew them a check for the money you begged of them last month. It took all the little surplus I had in the savings bank. Perhaps I did wrong to marry a girl like you, Marjory—you should have taken some fellow with a big income; but my mother was a rich girl and learned to be the wife of a poor man. I thought you, who had only been brought up as though you were rich, could surely do the same."

She began to protest that poverty did not matter when she loved him; but he held up a hand, compelling her silence.

"I'm not talking now to the woman I love, but to a prospective business partner. You can do one of two things—go back to your parents and live as you always have, an unthinking charge on them, or you can stay with me and live as I can support you; in which case you cannot be an unthinking charge, but will have to use every ounce of brain you've got to help me."

Marjory complained that he was cruel to suggest sending her home just because she had been slow to learn. He heard her in silence and repeated his terms. Again she fell into tears. When the scene had been repeated several times Marjory realized that Grover would not pet and soothe her, but was indeed trying to enter into negotiations with his business partner.

"I am very much in earnest," Grover said again and again. "I am trying to be patient with you, because your parents have said that if you are useless as a workaday woman it's their fault. Take all the time you like before deciding."

Bring Back Old College Days —at Home —*Around the Virtuolo*

GET a Virtuolo Player Piano in your home, cottage or camp for the fair summer evenings. Watch it make your house the centre of the neighborhood. See it fill your home with the rhythm and charm of the "light fantastic." Feel the joyous spirit of youth's laughter and song.

Then hear *yourself* singing, as you did in the days of yore:

"Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er

* * * * *

"Here's to good old Yale,
Drink her down, drink her down!"

* * * * *

"We'll all unite to shout and sing
Long life to old Nassau!"

HALLET & DAVIS

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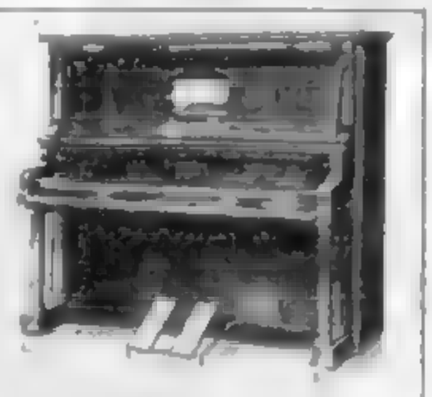
THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

Are You Going to Have a Virtuolo at *Your* Summer Home?

You should have a Virtuolo in your home, your cottage or camp this summer. It is easy to own one. A convenient payment on our Charge Account Plan sends you one at once. The Virtuolo is within the means of all. Eight different styles, from $450 to $1050, depending on the piano used. Let us ship you a Virtuolo on trial. We would rather have you *play it yourself* than listen to every argument we know. For the Virtuolo will sell itself to you.



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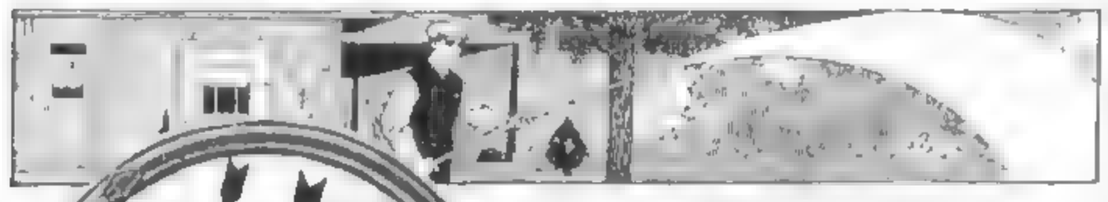


See Those Ribs

They Mean Hose Economy

Even a "velvet" lawn is hard on hose. Constant yanking and tugging is also trying. It all means wear—and the hose without protecting rubber ribs will soon play out.

Goodyear Lawn Hose has six such heavy ribs running its full length—besides eighteen additional corrugations. These add to the wear-resisting quality. Help the hose to slide over ground and glide around corners. Reduce friction 80 per cent. Best of all, they prevent "raveling" and kinking.

GOODYEAR

Lawn Hose

The Construction

Five thicknesses of best rubber and tested braided cotton—all cured into one sound unit—insure years of wearing quality and service.

Goodyear Lawn Hose has more rubber than the average hose. This rubber won't crack, chip or quickly deteriorate, however exposed to ordinary rough handling and the weather.

Such hose means real economy. When you buy it you buy once and for all.

How to Get It

You will know Goodyear Lawn Hose by the famous Goodyear trademark on every foot.

If your dealer happens to be out of Goodyear Lawn Hose, just send us his name. We will see that you are supplied immediately, by express prepaid. Price in 50-foot lengths: three-quarter-inch, 20 cents a foot; five-eighth-inch, 19 cents a foot; one-half-inch, 18 cents a foot.

We recommend the five-eighth-inch. You will find its size and weight best for average use.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Lawn Hose Dept., Akron, Ohio

Toronto, Canada — London, England — Mexico City, Mexico

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber (1682)

Shock Absorbers on Your Heels

Every step a light one. Every step a *safe* one. Seven shock absorbers under each foot—a heel of light, live, durable rubber, and the six famous air pillows that add to the "cushion" tread. Saves effort—saves nerves. *More* than mere rubber heels. You will not know utmost walking comfort until you wear Goodyear "Wingfoots."

Longer Wear

Outwear leather—don't wear smooth. The six air cushions are always live and active—dirt can't stay in—the "play" keeps it out.

Made by the makers of famous Goodyear No-Rim Cut tires—a further guarantee of quality, durability, comfort.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
Wingfoot Rubber Heels

or black—for city and outing shoes.

If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and size of your heel and we will see that you are supplied.

No other rubber heel can take the place of "Wingfoots."

They make you younger.

Cost No More

Your dealer can supply and apply "Wingfoots." Price, put on, 50c a pair. All sizes, for men and women, boys and girls—in red

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

Also ask for Wingfoot Rubber Soles—light, durable soles that make for added ease and comfort at every step.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Toronto, Canada — London, England — Mexico City, Mexico

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber (1681)

When Marjory had exhausted her emotions she lay quietly on her bed going over her situation. After a time she sat up and said:

"I choose to stay with you, John, and to be your helpful partner. I'll save somehow, and make up that money you had to pay back to my people. There's only one thing I'd like to suggest: I don't propose to blame any one for the do-nothing sort of creature I am, and I don't propose to ask much help in learning to be different. What I want to know is this: Will you back me up in whatever form my attempt at economy takes, even if it is hard on you?"

"I'm willing to pay whatever I have to while you're learning," Grover said; "for I'm guilty too."

Some days later Marjory proposed to Grover that they should rent their apartment, furnished, for nine months to a young married couple she knew, who lived in a hotel but wanted to try housekeeping. She had been to see them and had proposed to rent her flat for sixty dollars a month. She suggested to Grover that she and he should live in a flat in a model tenement in the poorer part of the city.

"I can subrent one, furnished, until the warm weather, for eighteen dollars a month," she said. "There are some nice people in the building—settlement workers and artists. We'll not be lonely. It may seem quixotic to you, but I want to get right down to fundamentals. I'd like to live in that quarter and see how poor women manage who do it on twelve dollars a week or less. Besides, if we live away from our friends we shall not have to entertain or be entertained so much; and we can come back to our home ready to form new habits."

Hard Lessons Worth Learning

Grover agreed; and so his lily of the field began to turn herself into something useful. She found her new life hard, for she did all the work herself—even the cleaning, though Grover objected to that. Marjory, however, wanted to work up from the beginning.

She learned from the Yiddish butcher how to judge meat; and she saw, with surprise, the discrepancy between the prices she had formerly been charged for roasts and steaks and the prices she now paid. She read every day in the newspapers the lists of prices for staple foods. She learned to weigh, to a cent, the values of prunes of various grades; and she grew to hate the sight of a prune. She knew sixteen ways of serving potatoes, because, in her first fervor of making up what her extravagance had cost her husband, she fed him almost nothing but stewed meat and potatoes. Grover never complained, for he saw that her mistakes were on the right side.

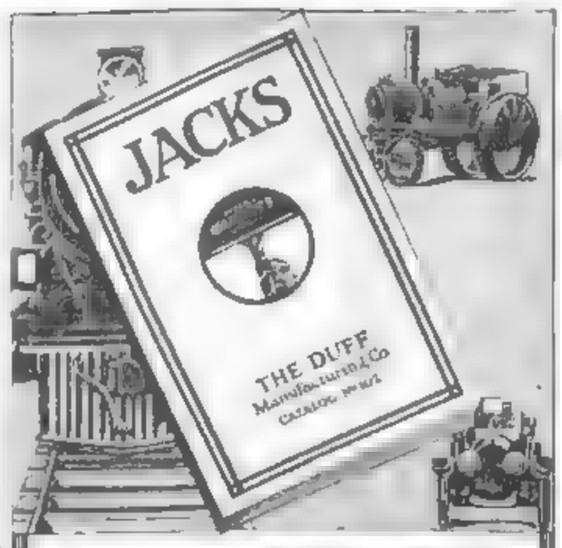
Marjory did not have to give up all her friends. She simply learned to discriminate between the few who cared for Marjory and the many who cared for Marjory plus the conventional expensive things with which Marjory used to be surrounded. She found, after her first disappointments and snubbings, that she was perfectly happy with those who took the trouble to seek her out and were ready to accept the simple entertainment she offered.

When her nine months' apprenticeship was over Marjory had lived on various allowances, ranging from forty dollars a month to eighty. She had put her mind on her work and was able to talk to her mother almost as an equal in housekeeping. Her hands were not so well kept, but her brain was kept much better. She went back to her home with the feeling of a sinner who has worked out a well-deserved punishment. She almost felt as though she ought to give up the flat because it cost two dollars and a half a month more than Grover at first intended to pay; but, after all, it was home—and it was likewise a good deal of trouble to move. She did not want to be quixotic.

She used only sixty or sixty-five dollars of her allowance of eighty, putting the balance in a savings bank. This economy she kept up for two years, despite the fact that Grover's salary had been increased to twenty-two hundred dollars. Marjory, however, said she was even happier when saving than she had been while spending.

Then an event happened that promised to increase their scale of expenditure some three hundred dollars a year. Prudent Marjory welcomed the expense and made no plans for cheeseparing; but she did say, when the event was but ten minutes old:

"John, of course she's beautiful; but does she look as though I could bring her up to be useful?"



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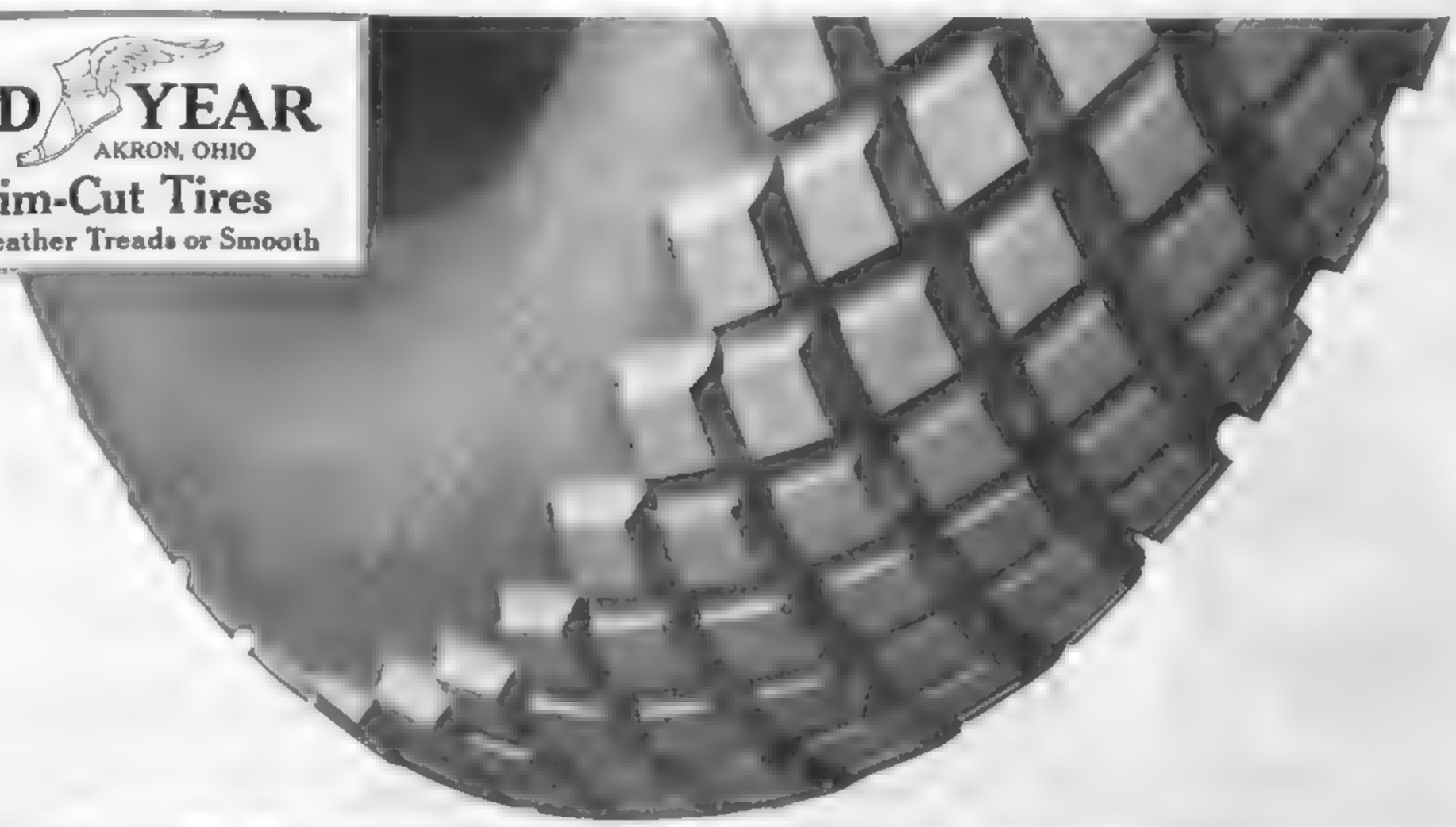

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A four speed transmission would be used, Bosch duplex ignition, the best type of some highest grade carburetor like the Rayfield, Spicer universals, full floating rear axles, Daimler leather couplings and Warner speedometer.

Then your equipment would be the best you could buy.

Now we say that you would incorporate these units in the car you built because the best engineers and the most experienced and successful builders are incorporating some or all of them in the highest priced cars on the market. It is no mere coincidence that the Jeffery is built from these high grade materials.

Jeffery brought the light, high speed, high efficiency motor idea, as an accepted and proven principle, from Europe last Fall. That made possible a wonderfully economical car.

Then he spent a million dollars for quality alone which he might have saved had he been satisfied to build an ordinary car, in putting that super-quality into the car which we have said you would put into the car you built.

So Jeffery has built for you the very car that you would build yourself had you the facilities. In finish and style it delights the eye.

The man who buys a Jeffery now will have the satisfaction of being thoroughly up to date next season.

The early announcements of many of the big manufacturers show that the light, high speed, economical type of motor will be the dominant one next season.

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Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

THE GENTLEMANLY THING

(Continued from Page 9

course, belonged to another order of things; but in the case of a junior clerk a pair of light-gray spats was certainly going rather far. Still, when all the facts of Mr. Hartshorne's amazing triumphs at Sheercliffe-on-Sea had been adduced, the more impressionable members of the staff were inclined to feel that, after all, there might be something to be said in their favor. Nevertheless incredulity tempered by disrespect was the prevailing emotion. Indeed, before the week was out Mr. Hartshorne was christened Lady Mary.

Mr. Hartshorne was too much of a gentleman to show annoyance at such a crude form of wit. He was seated too firmly on his throne to fear the opinions of those dwellers in outer darkness who had never seen Sheercliffe-on-Sea—let alone having been to tea at the Majestic. Indeed, he was inclined to take his courtesy title in the light of a compliment; and at the incredulity of his colleagues he could afford to smile.

Mr. Burrows, however, the ever staunch and faithful, lived in a kind of reflected glory. Was it not he who had driven in a taxi to Liverpool Street on that historic Saturday afternoon to see Mr. Hartshorne off by the 3:20? The taxi and the second-class return to Sheercliffe-on-Sea could not be denied; so what reason was there to discredit the Hotel Majestic and Lady Mary and Viscount Cardew?

Then there was Debrett. A freckled youth named Templeton, who wore pince-nez and was the acknowledged descendant of an Anglican clergyman, and was singularly cynical and well-informed in consequence, offered to bet Mr. Burrows a shilling that the Cardews were not in Debrett.

Mr. Burrows took him up at once, with great gallantry, though it was the first time he had heard of Debrett. He did not let on, of course, to young Templeton that such was the case, but looked very contemptuously at that skeptical youth, booked the bet in his pocket diary, and promptly carried the terms of it to Mr. Hartshorne.

"I say, Bertie, old man," he said breathlessly, "what do you think of that conceited young ass, Templeton? He's had the cheek to bet me a shilling the Cardews are not in Debrett."

"Not in where?" said Mr. Hartshorne with a slight fatigue in his manner. Indeed, his admirers had noticed already how well a slight air of fatigue went with a pair of light-gray spats.

"In Debrett," said Mr. Burrows.

"I don't know about Debrett," said Mr. Hartshorne, "but I do know they are in Grosvenor Square; and 1A is their number."

The fact was, Mr. Hartshorne himself was not quite clear as to what Debrett might be; but he was far too much a man of the world to confess his ignorance. He was under the impression that it might be a house-agents' list, but judicious inquiries that evening of a well-informed acquaintance at the Bagsworth Imperial Club gave him a truer insight into its nature.

"Oh, you mean the Snobs' Bible!" said the well-informed acquaintance, who was on the Press.

"Where can I see it?" asked Mr. Hartshorne carelessly, though he felt it was no disgrace to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel.

"In the British Museum, I expect."

In the company of Mr. Burrows Mr. Hartshorne went to the British Museum on the following Saturday afternoon. They would settle young Templeton's hash for him. He was the grandson of a parson, so he said; but there was no youth in the city more urgently in need of being taken down a peg.

At the British Museum there was a difficulty about admittance to the room in which Debrett enjoyed its being, owing to a rather stupid display of red tape on the part of an official, who was unable to pass them through without a ticket.

"We only just wanted a glance at the Snobs' Bible, you know," said Mr. Hartshorne with his slightly fatigued air, which Mr. Burrows felt he had never heard to better advantage.

"Cannot help that, sir," said the official. "You can't see a Common Prayer book here without a ticket."

"Where can I get a ticket?"

"At the office, I expect."

At the office, however, they wanted a householder's reference and other absurd pieces of ritual, which struck Mr. Hartshorne as such a ridiculous display of red tape that he suddenly left the building in a huff, for all his fatigue, and vowed he would try the Free Library at Bagsworth.

At the Free Library at Bagsworth they were more sensible; but they were too democratic to keep a Debrett. They thought, however, the Carnegie, at the end of the road, might be able to meet the case.

Mr. Burrows won his shilling. Debrett, at the Carnegie, said: "Cardew—see St. Quentin." After tracking William Philip Ambrose, fifth earl, through several pages of most intricate ramifications they were rewarded by "Viscount Cardew, b. 1889; Pea-green Guards" and so on; and "Lady Mary Evelyn Angelica, b. 1891." Mr. Burrows took pains to copy out these facts and claimed his money at quarter past ten on the following Monday.

It is no more than the due of young Templeton to say that he took his defeat like a sportsman and paid his shilling with a grace that became his lineage.

The incident made rather a sensation in the office. Even the most virulent opponents of the light-gray spats insensibly modified their attitude a little. Mr. Hartshorne's manner grew increasingly fatigued in consequence; but he was not really insufferable—at least Mr. Burrows would never allow that he was. It was certainly true that he became still more exclusive at the Bodega. He had no longer that friendly lightness and grace in his intercourse with Tom, Dick and Harry. It was no longer safe to call him Bert; there were times when even Mr. Saunders, his old schoolfellow, hardly liked to venture it. He was a lonely, inaccessible spirit now. Mr. Burrows alone in the office was admitted to his regard. And even he was far too full of tact ever to presume on it.

Yes; Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne was a changed man. He had entered his kingdom. He stuck to the light-gray spats so manfully that, with the aid of Debrett, in a surprisingly short space of time he had lived them down. He was not exactly popular, but he was admired. His voice was really very fatigued at times, and in moments of high inspiration a slight lisp was superimposed on it; but, as his faithful henchman, Mr. Burrows, said, if you were a born nut you were justified.

VIII

"YOU haven't called yet, Bert," said Mr. Burrows tentatively as one day they walked along Leadenhall Street from the Bodega.

"No; but I shall," said Mr. Hartshorne rather wearily, "as soon as my tailor fellow has finished my new morning coat."

Had Mr. Burrows not been of the faithful this reference to a new morning coat might have been interpreted as swank, because Mr. Burrows was aware that his distinguished friend had yet to possess an old one; but in real greatness little weaknesses are condoned—they strike such a human note. They give those on a higher plane of being a little in common with humanity at large; and it behooves humanity at large to be grateful accordingly—at least that was the view of Mr. Burrows.

"Will it have braid on it, Bert?" said the ever-faithful henchman. No one was by, so the "Bert" did not matter.

"What do you think?"

The answer was jocular, but very urbane and Cardew-like in its ease and charm; but Mr. Burrows somehow felt a tinge of shame. His plebeian question had been rebuked in a gracefully patrician manner.

Life was not altogether a bed of roses for Mr. Burrows. His friend took a lot of living up to; for Mr. Burrows, with all his keen appreciation of nuttiness in others, was far from being a born nut himself. Nature had not designed him for the course and he was acutely conscious of the fact; but he did his best to conform in speech and manner to the ever-rising standard of his friend. He made howlers sometimes, and his cheek often burned in the watches of the night when he remembered he had made them. Still, if you are not a born nut you cannot help committing little solecisms now and then.

Nevertheless Mr. Burrows did his best to live up to Lady Mary; and, making every allowance for an incurable absence of style, it was a very good and honest best, and Mr. Hartshorne, like the large-hearted and liberal-minded man he was, counted it to him for righteousness—though sometimes in public he patronized him fearfully.

One day—to be precise, the day before the braided morning coat was due from the artistic tailor in the Strand to whom had fallen the honor of devising its being—Mr. Hartshorne sauntered—literally sauntered—into the acting submanager's room at about quarter past eleven.

The acting submanager was a sour and satirical man, with a rather acid way of looking at life.

"Well, Mr. Hartshorne, what can I do for you?"

The acid way of looking at life remained just now with the acting submanager, who had not yet got over his spats. Indeed, he certainly looked as though he knew what he would like to do with Mr. Hartshorne.

"May I have next Thursday afternoon off, sir?" said Mr. Hartshorne, with so much fatigue in his manner that, instead of asking a favor, he might have been conferring one.

"Want to call in Park Lane, I suppose?" said the acting submanager with a considerable display of acerbity.

"Grosvenor Square, as a matter of fact," said Mr. Hartshorne in the way that Cardew himself would have said it.

"Oh!"

Oh! was all the acting submanager said at the moment; but he stroked his chin—one of those square and aggressive chins—rather thoughtfully.

He had heard the Lady Mary story from the lips of a thrilled subordinate; and, being a pessimist by nature, his longing at that moment to kick Mr. Hartshorne nearly overmastered him.

"What are you going to do there, Mr. Hartshorne? You have not taken a house there, have you?"

"No," said Mr. Hartshorne, quietly ignoring this banal piece of irony; "but I have an invitation from my friend Lady Mary Cardew to meet Prosser."

"Who the devil is Prosser?"

It was abundantly clear, of course, that the acting submanager was not acquainted with the works of the author in question, but he had no need to go out of his way to be vulgar when he confessed his ignorance.

"John Michael Prosser," said Mr. Hartshorne with patient impressiveness, "is the celebrated novelist."

"Never heard of him," said the acting submanager.

Mr. Hartshorne knew that. But in Mr. Hartshorne's opinion the time had come to administer the *coup de grâce* to the acting submanager. Accordingly he proceeded to do so. Very slowly he produced from his pocket a coroneted envelope and handed it in silence to that gentleman.

For a moment it almost seemed as if the acting submanager were going to be actively ill. With an effort, however, he was able, and by the courtesy of that Providence which watches over acting submanagers, to overcome his nausea. And then he read:

"Saturday. 1A, Grosvenor Square, W.

"*Dear Mr. Hartshorne:* It will be so pleasant if you will come to tea on Thursday at five o'clock, to meet John Michael Prosser. Do come if you can. He knows how you admire him.

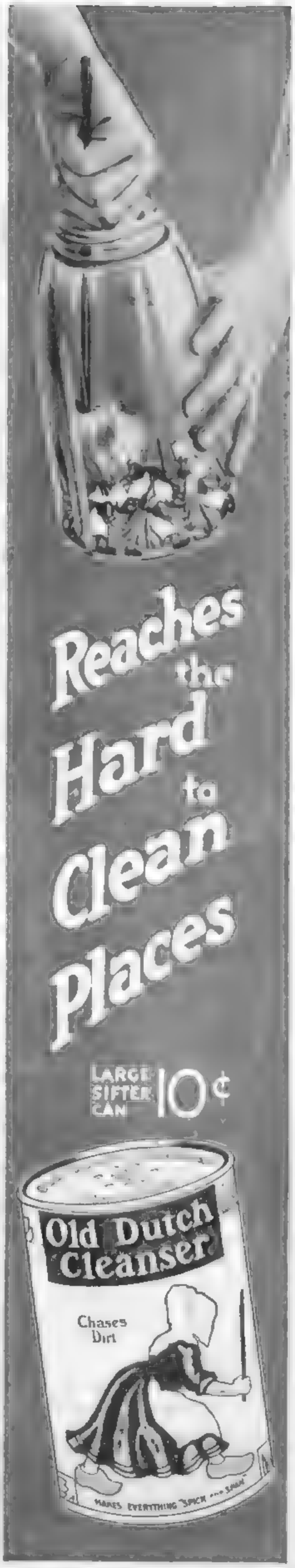
"Yours sincerely,
"MARY CARDEW."

The acting submanager folded Lady Mary's note, returned it to its coroneted envelope, and handed it, without a word, to Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne; but such a look of yearning had entered the eyes of the acting submanager as to give them that quality of soul they might be said to lack as a rule.

It was reasonable to suppose that an acting submanager would have made some attempt to behave like a gentleman, even if he was not one at heart; but he merely tugged at his straggling gray mustache, which gave him such a look of commonness, and glared from behind his spectacles.

"It really seems to me, Mr. Hartshorne," he said at last in his metallic voice that was so unpleasantly reminiscent of the provinces, "that the time has come when the Palatial will be well advised to dispense with your services. It is not the custom for its junior clerks to attend afternoon parties in Grosvenor Square."

"But this is an exceptional case," said Mr. Hartshorne quietly but firmly.



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"A very exceptional case, I should think," said the acting submanager.

The acting submanager, however, having no pretensions to be considered a gentleman, could hardly hope to appreciate the case's exceptionalness in all its aspects. He gave his vulgar mustache another tug and continued to glower.

"Look here, Mr. Hartshorne," he said at last; "you can have Thursday off on one condition. And the condition is that you accept a month's notice from to-day from the Palatial Insurance Company."

Mr. Hartshorne was completely taken aback for the moment. It was a blow in the face, and he felt he had done nothing to deserve it. However, the great soul that had conquered Lady Mary and had forced the portals of the Majestic did not desert him in this tragic hour.

"Sir," said Mr. Hartshorne, drawing himself up to his full height, "I accept your ultimatum."

It was pure Prosser, and subconsciously the great soul of Albert Edward Hartshorne was rejoiced in that sublime fact. But the acting submanager was an underbred man who did not know his Prosser. His lip curled contemptuously.

"Very well, Mr. Hartshorne," he said. "A month from to-day! But you are behaving like a fool. It will be a long while before you get as good a situation as the Palatial with such opportunities for bettering yourself. Your shorthand is not good enough."

His shorthand! In Mr. Hartshorne's opinion that was a sublime touch. Poor earthworm, burrowing in mire! How could any man speak of shorthand at such a moment as that!

"Sir, I accept your ultimatum," said Mr. Hartshorne again.

He bowed to the acting submanager with aloof dignity, turned on his gray-spatted heels and withdrew Prosser-like from the room.

IX

"I HOPE he's coming, Mary," said Sybil de Gex, preparing to bite a large piece out of her cake. "I've given up a matinée on purpose, you know."

This was spoken to the hostess in a confidential tone. She raised her own a little in reply.

"Of course he'll come, Sybil. I know nothing will induce him to miss John Michael Prosser."

John Michael Prosser sat very modestly in a corner of the immense drawing room, balancing a rather wabbly cup in a rather uncertain saucer on a rather nervous knee. John Michael Prosser was a funny little old lady in blue spectacles, and she beamed with anxious pleasure at Lady Mary's remark.

To Miss de Gex belonged the brilliant discovery that John Michael Prosser was in real life a certain Miss Agnita Shrubsole, a former governess of the Blenkinsops. The Blenkinsops, it seemed, were some rather quaint people who had come to live next door to the *famille de Gex* in Cadogan Gardens.

But the undefeated Sybil, having once scented her prey, tracked her through Pimlico, through Bayswater, and finally to Wimbledon Heath, where, having run her to earth in that sylvan retreat, she brought the poor old lady thence, small and sparrow-like, and rather anxiously smiling, to all the splendor of 1A, Grosvenor Square.

This is not the time or the place to display the Odyssey of Miss Agnita Shrubsole's heart as she sat pecking, without much of an appetite, at one of Mr. Rumpelmeyer's choicest cakes in a remote corner of this almost bewilderingly aristocratic interior.

She awaited the arrival of a most enthusiastic admirer, who, though not in the Guards himself, had had a father who had commanded them, and who had been simply thrilled to the marrow by John Michael Prosser's wonderfully vivid and lifelike pictures of that too-little-known branch of His Britannic Majesty's service.

The hour of five was told by a wonderfully melodious clock on the nearest of several chimneypieces that this great room could boast, which, however, was completely overshadowed by a Biblical subject from the brush of Titian.

"It must be so interesting, Miss Shrubsole, to be able to write," said Lady Mary as she gave John Michael Prosser her third cup of tea, for all that she had not yet finished her first piece of cake. "It is so clever of you to write as you do. I wish I could."

Lady Mary was lying quite agreeably in the cause of conversation. She neither thought it clever to be able to write like John Michael Prosser, nor had she the least wish to emulate the poor old thing in the queer old bonnet perched on the top of her absurd old head; but something had to be said, and to be said very pleasantly, because the proceedings were rather inclined to drag a little in the absence of the Prince of Denmark.

John Michael Prosser, by herself, was not showing much sport for the members of her own sex. She was too undercharged and wary to give them much of a run for their money. Dorothy and Pauline were frankly disappointed—they had counted on a Bonnie Edith at least; but poor, harmless John Michael was almost a lady.

"I shall be so disappointed," said Sybil de Gex to her hostess at ten minutes past five, "if he leaves us in the lurch! I didn't know that anything quite so priceless was in existence."

Nevertheless the minutes passed and Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did not appear. However, the totally unexpected arrival of Cardew at quarter-past five seemed to help matters a little. Cardew, it appeared, had quite definitely refused the invitation to be present at the meeting. Somehow he did not think it was quite going to be cricket. It was so like a man not to have a sense of humor.

Cardew came in looking a little duller than usual. He was carrying an evening paper. When he had had time to glance at John Michael Prosser, who as the minutes passed seemed to grow smaller and more insignificant and less articulate in her corner by the Adam chimneypiece, Cardew shook his head rather solemnly at his sister.

"No, Moll," he said in a solemn whisper; "I was afraid it wasn't quite going to be cricket."

"He hasn't come yet," said Lady Mary hopefully.

"He won't come now."

"Of course he'll come—unless he has been gathered to his fathers."

"Well, he has been, it appears. My eye fell on this at the club and I've brought it to show you."

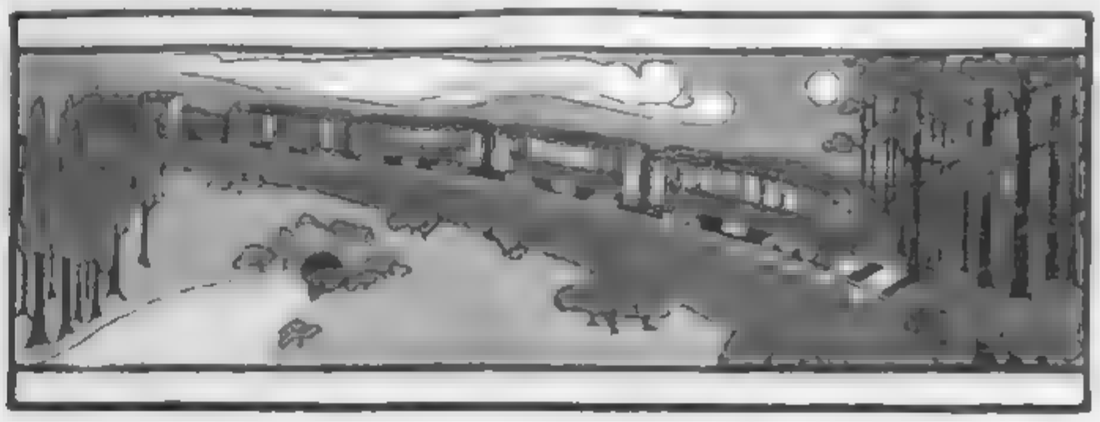
Cardew had opened the evening paper. He pointed to a short paragraph, set in an inconspicuous place at the bottom of the page:

A CLERK'S TRAGIC DEATH

An inquest was held last evening on Albert Edward Hartshorne, twenty-three, of Arcadia Villas, Bagsworth, a clerk in the service of the Palatial Insurance Company, Leadenhall Street, E. C., who lost his life in a gallant but vain attempt to rescue a woman from drowning in the Thames. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and, though highly commending young Hartshorne's conduct, added a rider to the effect that it was most unwise for persons who were unable to swim to venture out of their depth.

That fascinating smile of Lady Mary's had something perhaps a trifle odd in it.

"That's so like a British jury," she said—"no sense of romance! They don't seem to realize that, after all, it was the gentlemanly thing."



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THE GAY AND FESTIVE CLAVERHOUSE

Continued from Page 5

It's deadly to me to be agitated and bothered as you're agitating and bothering me now." At this she drew her two hands across her two eyes, moved to the chair, seated herself and clasped her hands tightly.

"I'm listening," she said, making what was clearly a tremendous effort at self-control.

"Very well," said the man, "I'm speaking." He cleared his throat, folded his arms and closed his eyes. "I know a girl who has professed to be madly in love with me for ever and ever so long." Then speaking slowly: "I know that I've never loved her, and I've told her so over and over again; but she won't believe it. She keeps declaring that she'll win me some day. She says that some time I'll be in bitter straits and turn to her. Then when I'm desperately in need she'll go through fire and water to save me. And after I'm saved I'll love her passionately, and we'll be happy thenceforth and forever. That's her view of our case. I don't say what I've always thought myself, but Fate has stood by her enough to have it come to this—that I am in bitter straits, and seeing the way she feels I'm going to take her at her word and see what her word is really worth. She has only wanted a chance to prove how much she feels and how thoroughly she means what she says. And now I'm going to give her that chance."

He paused and Madeleine leaned forward, almost breathless.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

Claverhouse coughed. "Quiet and rest might do something for me; and it's just possible I might marry a woman who would keep me alive from day to day by administering it sweetly and conscientiously. I don't say that I would; but I might." He paused again.

"Yes, yes," she whispered quickly.

"I've been inquiring into the matter," he went on, "and there's Yewstones, the property of our uncle. It's retired and suitable. I ask nothing; but your mother might negotiate with the agent, and after you and she had taken it and were settled there, you might ask me to visit you and I might come. Of course there's no time to be lost, because I'm pretty far gone; but if you feel like taking the matter up this is my ultimatum. That's what I wanted to say. That's why I sent for you. Don't bother me with any 'ifs' and 'ands,' but go straight home at once and see what you can do. I've put my life in your hands. Do as you please with it."

With a sudden fling of his head he turned from her and lay quite still. She was staring intently toward him.

"And my mother?" she said, very low.

He made no answer. She arose then, standing motionless.

"I will go home and try." Her voice was very uncertain. "I will make every effort. Perhaps mamma will consent; but I can't be sure. Yewstones is in the north, isn't it?"

"Quite so," he answered.

"If we cannot get it?"

"I won't go anywhere else."

"Our own place in Wilts is ——"

"I won't go anywhere else."

"But if the ——"

"I won't go anywhere else."

It might be fancied that such speeches would naturally irritate; but Madeleine Wythe was absolutely mad with love for the man stretched there before her.

"Ernest!" she pleaded.

Claverhouse extended his hand, seized the whisky bottle that stood on the table and hurled it against the wall opposite. It banged and shattered with an awful crash. The valet rushed in at once.

"My nerves are in a fearful state," said the invalid, turning his head. "Clean up that mess, Conrad!"

Very quietly Madeleine turned and left the room. The valet was sopping up the spirits with towels.

"See if they're gone," his master said presently. He went to see and reported in the affirmative.

"Wonder when Beck went!" drawled Claverhouse.

▼

"YEWSTONES! At this season!" The countess opened her eyes widely. "Why of course you can have it. Nobody is ever there now. I believe the shooting is all let away, because of the ghost or the damp or something. People never liked it. We haven't been there ourselves in years. But why do you fancy doing such a weird thing?"

Madeleine Wythe's mother shook her head. "I don't know exactly. My girl needs quiet, and Vivian—I think it was Vivian—suggested Yewstones. He used to be there as a boy, I believe, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes"—the countess' tone was mildly indifferent—"Gregory used to send the boys there a lot. We were always hearing of some way in which the heir had been maimed by Ernest at Yewstones. Still, if Vy went under Ernest came on; and we always rather loved Ernest, wretch that he was—and is."

Lady Wythe moved uneasily. "He's so ill," she said quite softly.

"Dying, I thought," returned the countess brightly. "Sir William looked in after his diagnosis, his blood examination and all that, to tell us the truth. Gregory was quite depressed. . . . But as to Yewstones now, you know it'll be ghastly lonely. You'll never stop there more than a week, I'll wager. Rats, bats, walls ten feet thick. They used to drive the cattle into the chapel during the border raids, I'm told. It's an awful hole."

Lady Wythe, looking very ill at ease, dropped her eyes over her outspread fan and felt extremely unhappy.

"I must get off to some quiet corner. The physicians feel that Madeleine is rather overdoing it."

"And I was just thinking how well she looked," the countess declared, staring across the ballroom. "How can you call her fagged? She's positively blooming to-night."

Lady Wythe lifted her eyes at that and glanced to where her daughter floated opposite.

"It's her nerves," she said in almost a whisper. "Nothing else."

"If it's her nerves they'll never come right at Yewstones," asserted the countess confidently. Then suddenly she became really serious. "It's the worst old hole in the county, and I don't know what besides. I wouldn't sleep under its roof again for worlds myself. You'd hate it."

"But I want it," persisted Lady Wythe. "Vivian has talked of it till Madeleine has set her heart on just that one place. It's its solitude that attracts her, I believe. I really do want it."

Then the countess put up her *lorgnon* and looked at her friend with close attention. "There's something back," she said. "Either you're keeping it from me, or ——"

"I'm keeping nothing from you," declared the other.

"Then they are keeping something from us. Gregory told me that Vivian was asking about it. What mystery is it? Are you taking Vyvie with you?"

"No," said Lady Wythe, "by no means. To tell you the whole truth, all I know is that Madeleine has begged me, as a personal favor to her, to take Yewstones—no other house in England—and live there for six months. I do not know why. Madeleine confides very little in me. If I thought that Vivian had much to do with the plan I should be only too happy." The mother could barely restrain her tears as she spoke.

The countess nodded wisely. "Depend upon it, he has something to do with it. Madeleine is plotting a bit, as girls love to do. Only some very serious and united thought could spring from Yewstones as a base. You shall have the place, my dear, and Gregory will get a line sent Shandy as to cleaning it up and getting in firewood, and all that. You'll take your own servants, of course?"

"Naturally."

"Then do not trouble as to other things. If we can help to bring Vivian's affair out smoothly we'll be only too happy. The poor fellow's been looking so knocked up lately. It's too bad of your girl, it really is, you know."

"It's not my fault, dear."

"I know it's not. But possibly all's on the road to mending now. Let us hope so."

The countess rose and moved on to other guests; but Lady Wythe remained seated and thoughtful. She had much to trouble her in the behavior of her beautiful and

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headstrong daughter—the daughter who would not accept a possible fiancé with Captain Beck's prospects and who would persist in loving his reprobate cousin.

"What does possess girls nowadays?" she asked of herself tearfully, recollecting her own calm betrothal and most correct married life.

Later, going home in their brougham, she said to Madeleine: "I spoke to the countess about Yewstones."

"Is it to be ours, then?"

"I think so. The earl will send word to his agent to have it put in order."

The lights of Grosvenor Square were flashing in bright succession past Madeleine's gaze. "I'm glad," she said briefly. "We can be there by the first, then?"

"Possibly; soon after anyway."

There was a little pause, and then the daughter said: "Surely you know who will visit us there?"

There was that in her words that suddenly froze the mother's heart. "Madeleine!" she stammered. "He ——"

"I know" — the daughter's voice was stilly calm—"I know that he is dying. Everybody believes it. Well, I have seen him ——"

"You have seen him!" cried the mother, starting in her seat

"I have seen him. There is just one chance for him to recover—a home life of love and care. I mean to give it him if it wrecks my whole future to do so. It is no use to discuss the matter with me. I mean to give him that chance."

Lady Wythe leaned back as one deprived of all sense and strength.

"Oh, Madeleine!" It was a moan.

"It is no use, mother, not the slightest use. I have never loved any one but Ernest and I never shall. If he does not live to marry me I shall never marry. Never! Never!"

There was silence after that, and silence after they reached home.

But the next afternoon Lady Wythe went to see Claverhouse, and the call was prolonged. When later she met her daughter in her boudoir, just before the dressing bell, she said:

"I have been to see Ernest and to ask him to stop with us, and he has accepted my invitation."

It was then Madeleine's turn to start in surprise.

"And all is settled now as to Yewstones. We shall go down on the third," continued her mother. "He will come on the sixth. We shall need a day or so between to set his rooms in order."

"You've heard from the agent, then?"

"Yes; all the arrangements are complete."

Madeleine seemed lost in thought. "I hope that he will grow better there," she said to herself.

Her mother said nothing. Within her soul she hoped to heaven that Claverhouse would die there, and that there would be an end of him. She and Beck and not a few others were united in their view of the Honorable Ernest. But Madeleine Wythe adored him.

VI

IT IS one of the cruelest facts in life that one who does a thing may never know what he does until he has done it. This is a fixed law and was promulgated on the day that humanity was turned loose to try to find a way to avoid it by pleading, not ignorance but omniscience. On that day men and women began to fancy that they could know what they were doing before they did it. But the majestic might of any law is not to be altered. And so life moved on and tried to ignore the unalterable truth.

It followed that no woman who loved ever knew what she did until it was all over; but every woman, aye, every girl of seventeen, was quite positive that she knew, and acted accordingly. Also no man ever planned anything whatever really open-eyed as to the consequences; but every man, young or old, is positive of being himself the one and only exception to the rule. We are all born blind, live blinded and die blindly. And we none of us ever admit it. Thus God has ordained, Allah has evidently willed and Satan has most certainly determined.

All of which incontrovertible and philosophic reflections applied strikingly in the case of the coming of Claverhouse to Yewstones. For the plot worked out as the plotter had planned and he came hither to be nursed back to health, if that were possible, by the sweet retired life of "deep-in-the-country," and the affectionate and

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solicitous ministrations of one who really worshiped the ground he walked on.

But, to revert to the statement which opens this chapter, never did any one in this world of unforeseen developments do anything with less idea as to the actual *finale* than did Madeleine Wythe when she undertook to save Claverhouse's life, if such a saving were possible.

The whole affair, indeed, was bound to be unlike anything else that ever had happened, simply because of the man whom it concerned; but how unlike was altogether unthinkable.

Neither Lady Wythe nor her daughter had ever had their cousin to stop with her before, for the simple reason that as soon as Madeleine fell in love, Claverhouse began to avoid her. He had not avoided her altogether, but he had dropped all cousinly intercourse. Lady Wythe disliked him, disapproved of him. It had all been most unfortunate. And now things were to be brought to a head.

But what a business it all was! In the first place it had been comparatively simple to give the invitation, receive the acceptance, and travel down to Yewstones. But Yewstones was, despite vigorous preparation, anything but the ideal country house into which to bring an invalid. It was a huge old place with window embrasures six and eight feet deep, and a stone-arched entrance from which the drawbridge had been withdrawn for less than a century. It was all ups and downs, three steps here and seven there, with oak paneling; long, heavy, dark hangings; and stone floors that felt cold and hard through the thickest rugs. The pale September sunshine could not possibly get within and at night the candles and lamps seemed smothered by the overhanging darkness.

Under these circumstances it was but to be expected that the installing of a London environment should prove more than a little difficult. The time was very short and the work very arduous. It was likewise natural that Lady Wythe should be much depressed by the gloom and chill of the place, and should feel anything but joyous as on the appointed day she awaited in the drawing room the arrival of her unwelcome visitor.

She was trying to be trustful and courageous, but she had small faith in her hold on either of these virtues. Claverhouse had assured her of his good intentions, but no one believed anything that he said, for it was never possible to divine just what he meant when he uttered statements. Small wonder, therefore, that the mother sighed as she waited.

Conrad had wired the hour they were leaving in Claverhouse's touring car. If all went well they should arrive just before tea. It was quite four now. Madeleine was upstairs, giving some last personal touches to the suite set apart for the invalid, his nurse and his valet. This was in the opposite wing from the apartments occupied by her mother and herself, and consisted of large, stately, paneled chambers, as were all the rooms at Yewstones.

"I do hope he will be in time," said Lady Wythe to herself, looking at the clock. Nothing told her that he would be in time; for it was not at all certain that, having once started, he would keep on coming. Indeed there was no knowing what he would do. She, having married into the family, knew his disposition far better than Madeleine. To marry into a family is far more enlightening than to be born into it. She sighed deeply. She was wretchedly worried and anxious.

Then Madeleine came in, her cheeks flushed and her head held extremely high.

"Is all quite right abovestairs?" her mother asked, turning her head.

"Quite right," she answered, a certain defiant coldness ringing clearly in her tone.

At that moment the whir of a motor spun in from outside.

"There he is!" exclaimed Lady Wythe, starting to her feet and hastening first toward the window and then to the hall.

Madeleine had run quickly toward the remodeled entrance with its graded carriage sweep. Her heart was bounding with joy over the thought that the tiresome drive was ended and the dear man safely at the door. It must be remembered that she had no more personal experience of Claverhouse than had her mother. Perhaps this fact accounted for a great deal, love rarely depending much on personal experience.

By the time Lady Wythe reached the portico the first amazement as to young Claverhouse's behavior had become a settled fact. Lady Wythe, coming out upon the step, stopped as if turned to stone. And small wonder; for quite a striking tableau had formed there.

Madeleine was down by the car and a group of house-servants was gathered close about it. The chauffeur and Conrad were among them. Every one seemed rather uncertain what to do. Her ladyship was at a loss to imagine what had happened, and her heart throbbed quickly as she ran down the steps. Then she learned the explanation, which was, like the explanation of most mysteries, extremely simple: Claverhouse was asleep in the car!

"He must not be disturbed," said the new nurse, a meek, pale little woman, speaking softly over the side. "I will sit here beside him until he wakes. More rugs, please."

"But wouldn't it be better to awaken him and get him to his room?" said Lady Wythe, also softly.

Conrad shook his head. "We shouldn't dare undertake it, my lady. We never disturb him when he is asleep. I can carry up the luggage and unpack, and Mrs. Watson will sit here beside him. If you'll just station some one at the gate to see that no other car comes to make a noise, and tell the servants, please, my lady, not to make any noise indoors either. His hearing is so acute." All this in a whisper.

Lady Wythe gave the necessary orders at once, of course, and the luggage was got out and carried in with infinite precautions. Madeleine went up to the rooms again to make sure that the fires were all right.

"If I might just suggest, Miss, the sending out of a cup of tea to poor Mrs. Watson," said Conrad, busy unbuckling and unstrapping. "She'd appreciate the kindness so."

"Certainly," was Madeleine's reply. A cup of tea was sent out to the nurse, who did appreciate the kindness, but indicated by signs that still another rug should be provided with which to cover the sleeper. The butler undertook to have somebody fetch one.

"You haven't got anything like a little oil-stove, have you?" Claverhouse's valet asked him next. "To set on the windward side of the motor to hold off the chill, you know."

The butler thought there was one in the housemaids' room. But it was old, and possibly the wick ——

"You get it out and we'll have a look at it," said Conrad. "Possibly I can fix it."

The butler didn't seem altogether pleased at the prospect of spending the interim between tea and dinner cleaning an oil-stove, but he went away again and had a scullery maid bring the stove into the outer pantry. There the two men took off their coats, and after working for an hour and a half did finally succeed in persuading the stove to burn gayly beside the car.

"We ought to put two or three screens round it," suggested Claverhouse's devoted attendant.

The screens were accordingly brought from all over the house and arranged about the car.

"I suppose you haven't any hangings big enough to cover over the top?" whispered Mrs. Watson.

"Well, we can see," replied the now perspiring manservant, and went to consult her ladyship. Together they toured the house, measuring draperies by eye, and in the end the staircase curtains were unhung with a ladder belonging to the garden department. These were adjusted over the screens, secluding Claverhouse and his nurse inside.

"But ain't it just wonderful how he sleeps!" observed the butler.

The reflections of the lady of the house were much the same; but presently altered.

"I hope that no one will come to call this evening," she ejaculated, contemplating the nondescript gypsy tent from the doorway. She was quite sure that no gravel sweep had ever been so graced before. Madeleine, standing beside her mother, made no comment. She was thinking how different the arrival had been from anything which she had planned.

They went indoors.

"If I might suggest, no dressing-bell," Conrad said later in the servants' hall.

"Of course not," returned the butler. And then he hurried away to adjust that little matter.

Dressing time came and dinner was served, and still Claverhouse slept on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The "Aquitania"

A Very Swagger Model For Summer Wear

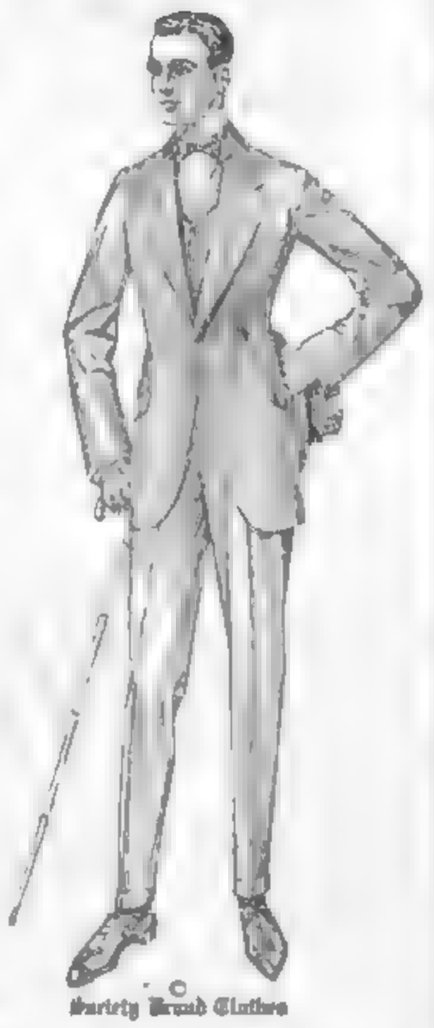
PICTURED here is a new Society Brand model of the season—The "*Aquitania.*" Designed especially for young men who pride themselves on being just in advance of the mode.

A one-button, 30-inch coat, closely curved to the figure, arching in at the sides. Soft-roll, low-cut lapels; close-clipped shoulders, bottom sharply cut away in front; made with skeleton lining for warm weather wear. Piped seams and pockets.

Five-button waistcoat with soft-roll lapels, "whipped-in" waist, and wide bottom points. Trousers straight and narrow, with a trifle of taper over instep.

Made in Tartans, Glen Urquharts, soft Summer flannels in dark colors and stripes.

Ask your local Society Brand merchant to show it to you NOW and have the satisfaction of being the style-leader in your community.



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MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

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"You Can't Go Wrong With a Feist Song"

"YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE"

BY HARRY B SMITH and JEROME D KERN

The Hit of five Big Shows

SING IT! DANCE IT!

HERE'S a truly great song! It's rare good luck for a song to become the hit of one big musical comedy. This song is the hit of five, and they are five big ones, viz.: Donald Brian in "The Marriage Market," "Queen of the Movies," "When Dreams Come True," "The Laughing Husband" and Elsie Janis in London in the "Palace Revue"

Charles Frohman, the theatrical magnate, cables from London: "'*You're Here and I'm Here*' is now being sung in every musical comedy I have in America. *The nation, from Maine to California,* is singing it"

Probably more *real* money was paid for this song than ever before for any similar composition. For rare sentiment of lyric and charm of melody, it is in a class by itself.

"Every Summer has its song" is an old saying. 1914 has its SONG and DANCE—"YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE" is IT this year

ON SALE EVERYWHERE TODAY—30 cents each

Get your copy at any Music or Department Store

Other Song Hits from Successful Musical Comedies:

"Madame Mosselle" — "The Crinoline Girl"

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"Peck O' Pickles" (Rolfe & Hall)

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All of these pieces are published for Orchestra and most of them for Band

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... hear it played on talking machine or player-piano rendered it you'll enjoy dancing as never before.

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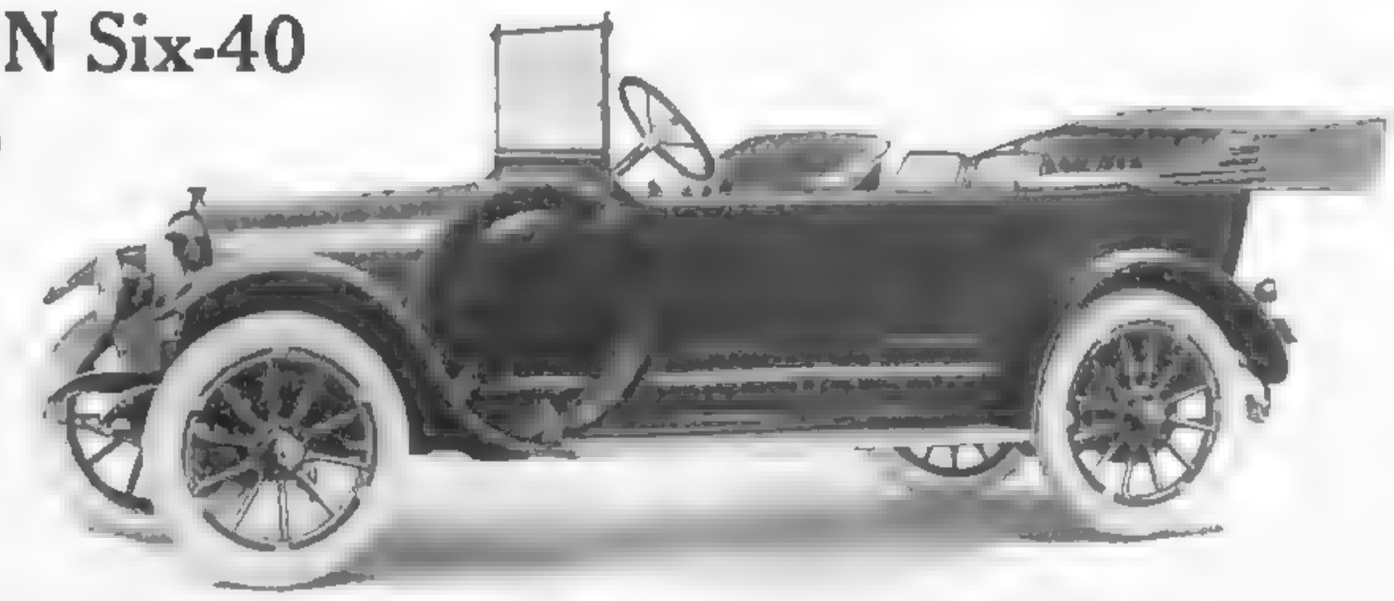
HUDSON Six-40
For 1915



As Pictured
$1,550

The Thoroughbred

The latest refinement in Sixes—one of the handsomest cars in the world—setting many new standards in high-grade cars, and another new record in quality price—the 1915 model of the car whose popularity compelled us in eight months to treble our output.

31 New Features

The HUDSON Six-40 came out last year to win a new field to Sixes. Our famous engineering corps—headed by Howard E. Coffin—had devoted three years to the model. It typed, in their opinion, the ultimate in Sixes, as denoted by modern trends.

In lightness, it set a new standard for cars of this capacity. It cut down old-time averages about 1,000 pounds. All this was saved, with no sacrifice of staunchness, by costlier materials and better engineering.

In economy, it lowered operative cost from 15 to 30 per cent under former like-powered cars. This by lightness, by employing six cylinders and by a new-type motor.

In beauty, design and equipment it excelled, in some respects, any other car of the year.

In price—then $1,750—it set a new record among cars of comparable quality.

We knew that men wanted this type of car. They wanted lightness, modest size, economy. They rebelled against over-tax. Yet they wanted quality and they wanted beauty. And they wanted, above all, a Six.

But we did not dream how many men waited such a car. They flocked by the thousands to HUDSON dealers, and placed 3,000 orders more than we could fill. At the end of the season men were offering premiums—as high as $200—to obtain this light Six-40.

Now our 48 engineers have devoted another whole year to this car. They have brought the weight down to 2,900 pounds. They have added comfort, convenience, silence and beauty in 31 important ways.

In the HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 we offer you the best consensus of present-day ideals. Many men must buy cheaper cars. Some will always want the big and the costly. But most men will concede this new HUDSON Six-40 to be America's representative car.

Price $200 Less

The HUDSON Six-40 demand has compelled us to treble our output for next year. Building three times as many, our cost per car will be lessened by $200. So the price for 1915 has been fixed at $1,550.

That accords with HUDSON policy. It is the latest of the thousand things we have done to bring the best within reach of the many.

Think of this ideal car—the very embodiment of all that's desirable—a HUDSON and a Six—selling for $1,550. Only a little while back there was no Six sold for twice that.

The new HUDSON Six-40 is a thoroughbred Six. Its very lightness denotes the highest grade of materials and a masterpiece in designing. It is distinguished in lines and beauty. Its finish, its beauty and equipment all show our infinite pains. It seats up to seven, with the disappearing tonneau seats.

A year of use in thousands of hands has proved the faultless construction. And now this new model shows all the refinements which 48 men in four years have worked out.

Go to your Hudson dealer and see it. It is the finest example you will find this year of the progress made in motor car building.

Six-40 Phaeton, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit
Six-40 Standard Roadster, same price

The HUDSON Six-54, built on the same lines, but with larger motor and 135-inch wheelbase, sells for $2,350. It offers to men who want size and impressiveness the best that is possible, and at a modest price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have these new cars on show. Our new catalog on request.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
8034 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE FAKERS

Continued from Page 21

against you you will have to spend, at the very least calculation, a hundred thousand dollars right off the bat for new equipment, for extension of your lines, and lose a lot of fares because of the universal transfers, besides the increased tax you must pay. It seems to me a very modest requirement."

"I can't put you on the board," parleyed Jenkins.

"Oh, yes, you can; or you can have Roscoe put me on, with the aid of his proxies, at the next annual meeting, and you know it."

"Maybe he won't do it."

"He will if you ask him."

"And our attorneys ——"

"Oh, quit four-flushing round like this!" exclaimed Chittlings. "I'll take a chance, if you will give me your word and call Roscoe in to make it good."

"Come on over and see Roscoe then, and explain it to him."

"Bring him here," insisted Chittlings. "It's only a step from your offices and it's safer here."

"That partner of yours may be coming in."

"No danger. He's off somewhere taking great pleasure in hearing himself rip the hides off you and Roscoe."

Hicks heard Jenkins say a very uncomplimentary and profane thing about himself, and smiled. Jenkins called Roscoe on the telephone and urged him to come over. In a few minutes Roscoe arrived. Chittlings was waiting outside for him and ushered him into his office.

"What is it?" asked Roscoe brusquely.

"Mr. Chittlings has a plan whereby he says we can make sure to win the election next Tuesday."

"What is it?"

"But," continued Jenkins, "there are a few conditions. He wants to go on our board and he desires a share of our legal business for himself."

"Let's hear the plan and we'll decide that later."

"Oh, no," said Chittlings. "Decide first and make a memorandum to that effect, and then listen. You're in a bad way, Mr. Roscoe, and I can pull you out. Of course if I do not, nothing comes of the deal."

"All right," assented Roscoe; "it can be arranged."

"Write a line asking me to call at your offices and saying you desire me to enter your employ as one of your legal representatives; say the question of a retainer can be arranged at our meeting. I shan't call until after election, and if you are beaten I'll never call. The board business can be arranged later."

Hicks heard the scratching of a pen.

"There," said Roscoe, "is that satisfactory?"

"It is," Chittlings answered after a pause.

"Well, what's the plan?"

"A simple thing," said Chittlings. "All you've got to do is to have some sort of a fake accident at your powerhouse on the afternoon of election day and tie up your entire system. The men who do the bulk of the voting in the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth wards are figuring on voting between six and seven at night. The polls close at seven. Paddy Ross has the machinery and he can see they are closed sharp on the dot. Wreck a dynamo or do something and shut down every car. They won't get on to it for ten or fifteen minutes after they come out to take the cars, and by the time they have walked across not enough of them can vote to carry those wards, for P. Ross will have his votes in early and his election officials in the booths will take good care that the votes of those who do get there are slowly taken. The polls will close at seven, and you can carry those wards and win. Almost childish, isn't it, Jenkins? Wonder you hadn't thought of it yourself; but like all business men you do your political thinking by proxy, and I happen to be the proxy in the present instance."

"Good!" exclaimed Roscoe. "We can do that. It will work, too, if nobody knows of it. Why didn't you think of it, Jenkins?"

"Hold on," broke in Jenkins, trying to justify himself. "Hold on a minute. Election day is a holiday. The men won't be in the factories."

"For heaven's sake, Jenkins!"—Chittlings was brutal in his tone—"do you know any politics at all? This isn't a general election and a holiday by law. This is a municipal election, and no holiday at all, unless individual employees want to make it so, and you can see to it that they do not."

The three went out. Hicks, standing against the ground-glass partition, thought hard. The plan would work. The main strength of the fusionists was in those four wards, and the men couldn't vote until after six o'clock. He knew the employers wouldn't shut down a minute before six o'clock, and the polls closed at seven. Without a street-car service they couldn't get across town in time to vote in numbers enough to carry the wards.

His first impulse was to tell Rollins about it. He started, stopped with his hand on the doorknob, walked slowly back to his chair and sat down. Chittlings had exacted a price for the plan, a good price, and Hicks had been amazed at the eagerness with which Roscoe and Jenkins had snatched at this straw. Evidently they were badly frightened over the outcome of the election.

He sat for an hour and considered the situation. He knew he could make a sensation by exposing the plot, but that would mean nothing to him but a possible election to a place he didn't want, except for advertising purposes, and he had about as much advertising as he could get anyhow. He weighed it all carefully in his mind. He saw the headlines in the Chronicle, lauding him for exposing this last desperate expedient of the plutocrats, and he saw the headlines in the other papers calling it a roorback and him a fool. Of course, if he exposed the plot the street-car company wouldn't dare to put it through, and that might result in the election of his ticket; but he had no fancy for serving as an alderman. He wasn't concerned about the franchises for the company. He had been talking to exploit Hicks, and here was a possible chance to get something concrete out of it—some money, perhaps.

There were two courses of action open to him, as he viewed the matter—for the idea of making no use at all of the information he had secured by eavesdropping never occurred to him. He could withhold the news of the plot, confiding in nobody but Rollins, until Monday, the day before election, when he could disclose it dramatically and sensationally at his last noonday meeting, and block the plan. Or he could do as Chittlings had done, realize on it from Roscoe for his own profit and say nothing. There was glory and a possible election to a minor and laborious place in the first procedure; and there might be money in the second. He liked glory and he liked money. He had no scruples about trying to realize on his information, in a financial way, in case that seemed to be the best thing to do, for, according to his lights and political upbringings, corporations were legitimate prey for men in politics and money extorted from them was honest graft. Corporations, he had been taught in Washington, were to be milked whenever possible, as a slight recompense to the politicians for the conferring on the corporations, through favorable legislation, of the milking privileges for the people. It seemed to him a smart, a thoroughly political and not a reprehensible thing to do to shake down a corporation whenever possible, especially such a corporation as this street-car company, which was robbing the people every day and desired further legalized opportunities for greater robberies.

He debated with himself whether, in the long run, it would be more profitable to him to use his information to extort money from Roscoe, or some other perquisite of value, or to make an exposure, run the danger of losing his law connection with Chittlings, with the great gain to come in advertising and public acclaim. He knew Rollins would be delighted, and could see in his mind's eye the way that earnest antagonist of the street-car company would display the news of this plot in the Chronicle.

Several times he decided to get what he could out of it from Roscoe, and each time his decision was reversed by the thought of the sensation he could make and the headlines in the paper, with himself as the central figure in the exposure and destruction of this startling conspiracy. His fingers itched for money and his vanity clamored for publicity. He worked himself into a fever between his doubt and his desire, and he remained locked in his office until five o'clock wrestling with the problem, without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Finally he had an inspiration.

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Four-ply cable-twist heels (high spliced) and toes—to make NOTASEME *wear*. Seamless to make NOTASEME *comfortable*. Sheer and lustrous—that's for *style*. NOTASEME Hosiery is known the nation over.

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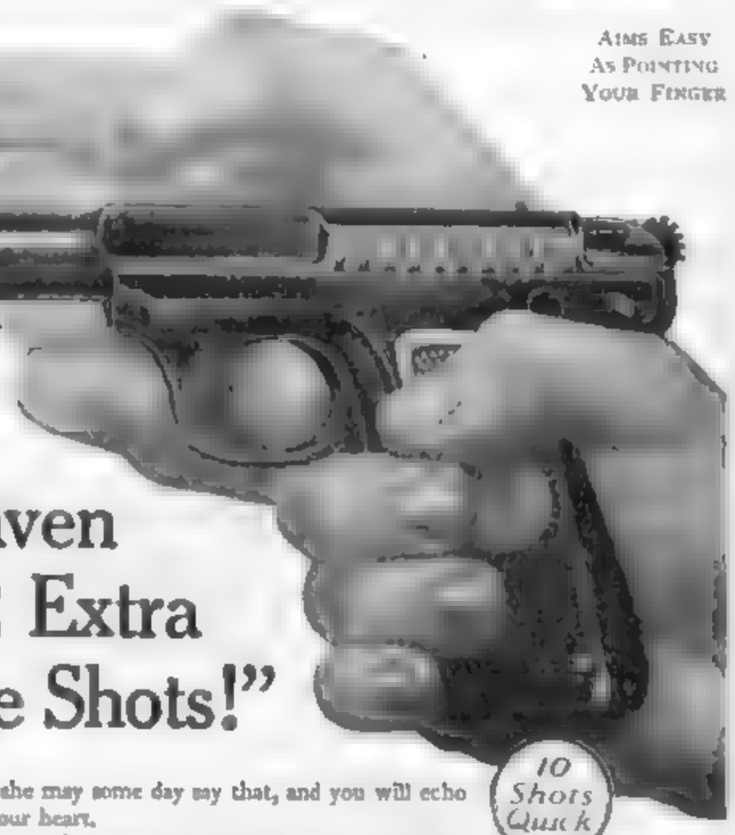

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10 Shots Quick

IF your wife is left alone she may some day say that, and you will echo it from the bottom of your heart.

She may use up five or six bullets, shooting through the door or window, and then turn unexpectedly to face another burglar, the pal, who has been inside all the time.

Ten shots are better than eight when you are attacked by more than one burglar—when you have to let go several shots out of the window to call the police—when the burglars' hiding place is unknown, and you have to send bullets biffing and banging to rout them out.

Get a 10-shot Savage. Otherwise you may some day find yourself with a pistol in your hand empty.

You can tell at a glance or touch if the Savage is loaded; also if cocked. No other automatic guards against the old excuse "didn't know it was loaded." You pull the trigger fast or slow—once for each shot. .32 and .380 caliber.

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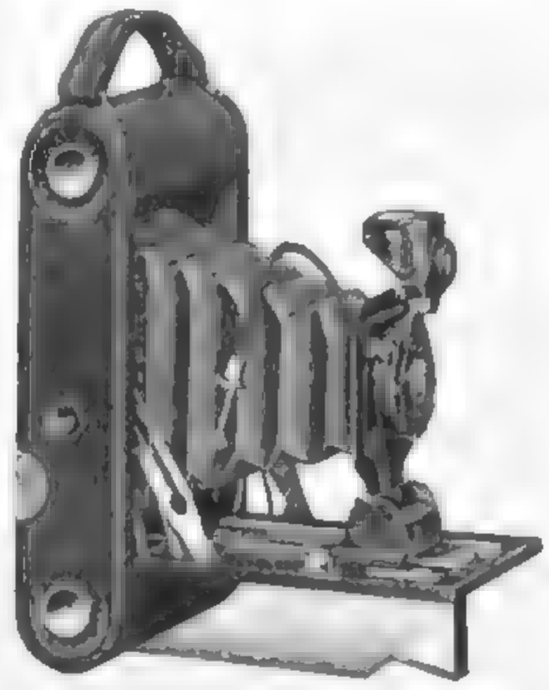

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A $4.25 Guaranteed Bicycle Tire for $2.48

Rubber prices have dropped in the last three years. Yet you are still asked as high as $4.25 for a quality bicycle tire. Here is offered you the famous "Goodyear-Akron" single-tube Bicycle Tire, at $2.48—a tire of genuine Goodyear quality through and through.

Why This Low Price? These tires are made in the world's greatest tire plant. An output of up to 10,000 pneumatic tires a day has brought the cost down and down. Goodyear profit last year averaged 6½ per cent. Thus you get the two-fold advantage of lowest profit and largest output.

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THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 224, Akron, Ohio

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I know what I'll do. I'll ask the senator."

It was Wednesday afternoon. A letter sent on the night train would get to Washington late on Friday. He could address it to the senator's house, put on a special delivery stamp, and be reasonably sure of receiving the telegraphic reply he would ask for by Saturday morning. That would give him all Saturday for operation on Roscoe. He went to his typewriter and wrote:

REXTOWN, April 15, 1902.

"*My dear Senator:* You have always been willing to advise with me heretofore, and I want your counsel again. I am in a dilemma. Briefly, the facts are these:

"It has become known to me that the street-car company, against which we are fighting in the municipal campaign now going on, has a plot in mind that will disfranchise the bulk of the voters in the four wards where the most of our strength is. This plan was of sufficient value to the corporation to induce it to pay handsomely for it.

"Aside from the three principals, I am the only person in Rextown who knows of this plot. Now, my dilemma is this: Shall I use this information to destroy the plot, and thereby help our side win and get a lot of publicity for myself out of it; or shall I use it for the purpose of getting money for myself?

"The street-car magnates are in desperate straits. We have them whipped. They probably can win if they put this thing through, and that makes it certain they will pay me to withhold my knowledge of their plan, for if they lose they must immediately spend large amounts of money for improvements, extensions, and so forth.

"I know enough of what goes on in Washington to know that corporations are considered legitimate subjects of attack in this manner, and that they usually pay for protection and political aid. I can aid this corporation by withholding my information, or I can hurt it in a most vulnerable spot, its treasury, by telling what I know. Which would be best for me? I am sure I can get a good-sized sum for my information.

"Please consider this sacredly confidential and advise me by telegram. In order that there may be no leak here, I suggest you send me a telegram reading like this: 'Your brother has arrived,' and sign it 'Charles Smith,' if you advise me to expose the plot, or a telegram reading: 'Your money will be held subject to your directions,' and sign it 'William Jones,' if you think I should negotiate with the corporation. I merely suggest these ciphers. Any telegram with the word 'brother' in it will mean to me that I am to proceed with the exposure; and any telegram with the word 'money' in it will mean that I shall negotiate with the street-car company.

"With kind regards and best wishes,

"Faithfully,

"T. MARMADUKE HICKS."

Hicks mailed his letter, taking it to the station himself to make sure it went on the eastbound train. A telegram was waiting for him when he reached his office on Saturday morning. He tore it open and read:

"WASHINGTON, April 17, 1902.

"T. MARMADUKE HICKS,
"Care Chittlings & Hicks,
"Rextown.
"Your brother's money.
"Charles William Smith-Jones."

XXII

HICKS stared at the telegram in dismay. He read it again: "Your brother's money!"

What did it mean? Was the telegram a joke? If it was it was a cruel one, for it left him in a most uncomfortable position with no plan formed.

"Your brother's money!"

Hicks sat at his desk and racked his brain. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and shouted:

"I know! I know! He means to do both—get the money and make the exposure. That must be it."

Hicks reproached himself for not thinking of this himself, and for going to the senator with a problem which, now that it was solved for him, seemed so simple of solution. He instantly determined to get in touch with Roscoe, see what could be done with him, and later to seek Rollins and plan the explosion.

There was an envelope on his desk, addressed to him in the heavy handwriting of Chittlings. He tore it open and read, scrawled on a slip of paper:

"*Dear Hicks:* I'm going out to Grandsburg to spend Sunday. I'll be back on Monday afternoon, in sufficient time to vote against you on Tuesday. Yrs., J. K. C."

As Hicks sat with the note in his hand he had an idea. "Why certainly," he said. "That's the way to do it. Use Chittlings."

He locked the outside door and called up the offices of the street-car company.

"Hello," he said, talking as much like Chittlings as he could. "This is Mr. Chittlings, the attorney, to talk to Mr. Roscoe."

There was a pause.

"Hello, Mr. Roscoe, this is Chittlings J. K. Chittlings . . . I'm very well, thank you . . . Oh, yes, I am sure it will work . . . Excellent plan, don't you think, can be executed easily too . . . My business with you . . . I think it would be well if you came to see my partner, Mr. Hicks. Don't say I mentioned the matter to you. He'll be at the office about nine-thirty . . . Oh, no, I am not concerned. From some things I heard I fancy it would be to your advantage to talk to him. . . . Nine-thirty . . . Yes . . . That's right."

Hicks thought over what he would say. At half-past nine the outside door opened and Jenkins came in.

"Who do you wish to see?" asked Hicks.

"Mr. Hicks."

"I am Mr. Hicks. And you?"

"I am Mr. Jenkins, general manager of the street-car company."

"And what is your business with me?"

"I understand you desire to see me."

"For what purpose?"

"I don't know. Mr. Roscoe said you wanted to see me. He said he was in touch with a person this morning who intimated you would talk with Mr. Roscoe."

"If that is so, why didn't Mr. Roscoe come himself, provided he wants to see me, although I cannot imagine what business he can have with me?"

"He thought I ——"

"But, Mr. Jenkins, I have no possible business with you, nor am I in the habit of talking to intermediaries. If Mr. Roscoe wants to see me I should suggest that Mr. Roscoe appear in person. Good morning."

Jenkins stared at the perfectly possessed Hicks, whistled and went out. Half an hour later the door opened again and Roscoe came in.

"Mr. Hicks?" he asked in a much-strained voice.

"I am Mr. Hicks, sir."

"And I am Mr. Roscoe."

"I recognized you instantly. And what can I do for you, Mr. Roscoe?"

Hicks waved Roscoe to a chair with a polite gesture. Roscoe sat down, clutching his derby hat in both hands. He was red in the face and breathing hard.

"It was intimated to me, Mr. Hicks, that you desire to see me."

"For what purpose, Mr. Roscoe?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Nor have I."

"But"—Roscoe was much perplexed—"I was told to call on you, and I am here."

"I am sure I am very glad to see you, Mr. Roscoe," said Hicks suavely; "but unless this is a social call I know of no other reason why you should be here."

"A social call!" snorted Roscoe. "I like your nerve, young man! The idea of me calling on you socially. Good-day."

He rose and jammed his hat on his head. As he was passing out of the room Hicks called: "Oh, by the way, Mr. Roscoe, now that your visit has refreshed my memory, there is a matter I might discuss with you."

Roscoe turned. "What is it?" he asked sharply.

"It relates to that plan you have for a fake accident in your powerhouse on the afternoon of election day, and the consequent crippling of your system just before the polls close."

Roscoe's jaw dropped. He stared at Hicks. His face went from red to purple and then faded slowly back to red again. He stammered, stuttered, gasped.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted. "Do you mean that you and your blackmailing partner are trying to collect twice on that? Well, take it from me, you can't! I'll have you arrested first!"

"I do not know to whom you refer as my blackmailing partner, Mr. Roscoe," said Hicks steadily, his eyes narrowing as he concentrated them on the street-car magnate.

Roscoe flopped down in a chair.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. I merely suggested we might discuss this matter. Of course, you know, now that I am in full possession of the facts in the case, it is my duty to expose them, which I shall do at my noonday meeting to-day, and you will not be able to carry out your nefarious scheme."

"Do you intend to do that?" asked Roscoe, who was clearly badly frightened.

"It is my duty," declaimed Hicks. "Doesn't it appeal to you in that light?"

"What will you take to keep quiet?" Roscoe's voice was husky. His tongue was dry. He gulped and choked over the words. He knew he was trapped.

"What will I take?" exclaimed Hicks. "Why, my dear sir, I have no idea of keeping quiet! What will I take? Do you mean you are trying to bribe me to keep this nefarious plot a secret and allow you to defeat the will of the people? I am surprised at you, Mr. Roscoe!"

"What will you take to keep quiet?" demanded Roscoe again.

"Why, really, Mr. Roscoe," continued Hicks, "the matter hadn't appealed to me in that light. I am at a loss to understand you. Do you mean what compensation would I exact to remain silent about this whole affair?"

"Exactly that," Roscoe replied.

Hicks paced back and forth across the room.

"I hadn't considered that," he said, half to himself. "Of course I could not think of doing such a thing; but if I were so inclined, what would it be worth to you, Mr. Roscoe?"

"I will give you a thousand dollars to say nothing."

"A thousand dollars!" laughed Hicks. "Why really, Mr. Roscoe, for a man of large affairs you have very primitive ideas about money."

"How much then?" asked Roscoe, glaring at the laughing Hicks.

"Well, Mr. Roscoe, if I were to put a valuation on this matter, which of course I shall not do—inasmuch as I have no idea of not exposing you—except for the purpose of prolonging a most agreeable conversation, I should say that five thousand dollars would be barely adequate."

"Five thousand dollars!" screamed Roscoe. "Why, that is preposterous!"

"Oh, fie, fie, Mr. Roscoe, you are excited. Remember I am offering you nothing."

"Well," said Roscoe, "I'll give you five thousand dollars. I'll mail you a check."

"My dear Mr. Roscoe you will do nothing of the kind. I could not use a check."

"How do you want it then?" persisted Roscoe.

"I have often noted the peculiar shade of yellow on the backs of one-hundred-dollar bills," said Hicks as if no one were present and he were talking aloud for his own amusement. "It certainly symbolizes the gold for which they are legal tender. I don't suppose a package of fifty of those bills would be bulky, would it, Mr. Roscoe?"

He turned to Roscoe, who sat and glared indignantly at him.

"I haven't got fifty hundred-dollar bills on me and you know it," growled Roscoe.

"Why should you have? I see no reason why a man, even of such great affairs as yours, should carry so much money with him. However, I understand the banks have them in large supply. Not going, are you? Well, I shall be glad to see you at any time. I shall be here until a quarter to twelve, when I have an address to make. It would be quite sensational, wouldn't it, Mr. Roscoe, if I happened to mention this matter of the proposed fake accident at the powerhouse in that address? I am assured of a large audience and the reporters generally drop round."

Roscoe's face grew purple again. He rushed out.

Half an hour later Roscoe came back. He took a bundle of bills from his inside coat pocket.

"Here's your money," he said, holding out the bills.

Hicks gazed steadily out of the window. "What money?" he asked.

"Your five thousand dollars."

"Not mine, yours," insisted Hicks. "How very kind of you to bring me these samples for my admiration! Fifty, did you say? Would you mind counting them one by one? It doesn't seem possible there are fifty there."

Roscoe, trembling with rage, counted the bills one by one.

"Ah," said Hicks, after he had finished; "there are fifty, are there not? Ours is a most compact currency."

"Gr-r-r!" choked Roscoe, standing with the little package of bills in his hand. "I suppose you will give me what passes for your word that you will not mention this matter?"

"I have promised nothing, Mr. Roscoe."

"Do you mean you sent me out to get this money and that you are going to give no return for it. What is this—just a plain hold-up?"

Roscoe by this time was almost beside himself. "Here is your rotten money," he shouted. "You and your gang have got me crazy. If you break faith with me I'll punish you if it takes a lifetime."

He threw the money on the desk and hurried out.

"Mr. Roscoe! Mr. Roscoe!" shouted Hicks. "You left something here."

Hicks gathered up the money, counted it, caressed it, felt the texture of the bills, admired the engraving and the color. It was more money than he had ever seen at one time in his life, and it was his, if he wanted to keep it. He thought he would keep it, and was preparing to hide it somewhere until a favorable time came to deposit it in a bank, when his eye caught the telegram from the senator.

"Your brother's money."

Hicks recalled men who had taken money to entrap bribers, and the notoriety they had attained by exposing the bribe-givers. He felt sure the senator meant to do that.

"This game is only half over," he said to himself, and he telephoned to Rollins to come to his office after the noonday meeting that day, which Rollins promised to do. Hicks went across to the store where the noonday meetings were held and excoriated Roscoe and the other street-car magnates; but he said nothing about the plot.

"What is it?" asked Rollins as he came into Hicks' office about one o'clock.

"Roscoe was here this morning."

"Roscoe!" repeated Rollins in amazement. "What did that pirate want of you?"

"He tried to bribe me."

"What for?" asked the incredulous Rollins. "Why should he try to bribe you?"

"Because I know something he wants no one else to know. He left these," and Hicks took the hundred-dollar bills out of his pocket and spread them on the desk.

"How much?" asked Rollins, looking at Hicks and then at the money. "How much? What for? Did you take it?"

"Hold on," interrupted Hicks. "Don't get excited. Of course I took it, for here it is; but I didn't take it to keep. I took it to show at the meeting on Monday, when I will expose the whole affair."

"I don't understand," said Rollins. "What is it? What does he want? Why have you all this money if you don't intend to keep it? What is it all about?"

"Now keep quiet and listen," urged Hicks, "and I'll explain it all. I found out a plot they have to stop the cars ——"

"Stop the cars!" broke in the excited Rollins. "When? Why? What for?"

"Wait a minute, please. I found out about a plot they have to stop the cars about closing time in the factories on Tuesday afternoon, and thus make it impossible for the majority of the mill men to get home in time to vote. Roscoe learned I knew of this and came here and offered me this money to say nothing about it."

"How are they going to stop the cars?"

"By a fake accident at the powerhouse that will put them out of commission just before six o'clock. The polls will close at seven sharp. The men won't know about this and will hang round waiting for cars for ten or fifteen minutes. Then they will walk across town, but most of them won't get to their polling places in the four outlying wards until after it is too late to vote."

Rollins whistled. "Well," he said, "what shall we do about it?"

"Expose them," said Hicks. "Put a big advertisement in the Chronicle for Monday morning urging all the people in Rextown to come and hear my noonday address. Get up an extra edition of the Chronicle for circulation on Monday afternoon. Play it up all over the paper on Tuesday morning, and they won't dare pull off any accident. Besides, we can frighten the factory owners into shutting down for half a day if we go at it right."

"Fine!" shouted Rollins. "Fine! It'll beat them. But what shall we do with this money?"

"I'll take care of that," replied Hicks. "I'll use it as proof in my speech, and then we can decide what use to make of it afterward."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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When you leave your garage note how accurately the Stewart registers as your Ford starts to move. Slowly, steadily moves the speed dial with its big, plain, easily read figures—1 mile per hour—2—5—10—20; always on the dot—steady as a die—indicates from first turn of wheel—no jumping of the figures—tells exactly just how fast you are going.

Look out! There's a motorcop, his eye is on you. Watch your speedometer—it will keep you within the speed limit set by law. *Your Stewart Speedometer will save you from arrest,* humiliation and a fine probably greater than its price.

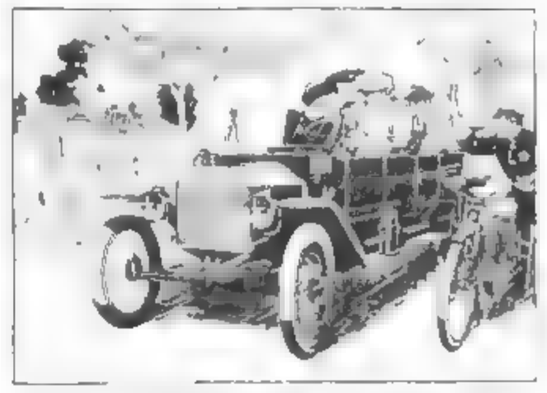
Out to the country roads. Now what is your Ford really doing? Open her up. Soon your Stewart Speedometer shows 25 miles—30 miles—35 miles—40 miles—more if you want it. *Again your Stewart Speedometer is right on the dot,* telling you exactly how fast you are going,—not guess work, but exact proof of what your Ford can do.

Gasoline,—how many miles per gallon are you getting out of your Ford? Oil, too? What a satisfaction to know, definitely, how cheaply you can run your Ford. *Your Stewart Speedometer tells you exactly.*

Bang! There goes a tire! What's this? Your Stewart Speedometer mileage record shows you that that tire has run only 3,000 miles. Perhaps it is guaranteed for 5,000 miles. Off to the tire dealer you go. Is he skeptical? Is he disagreeable? Not at all! He takes one look at your Stewart Speedometer's mileage record which he never questions. He sees exactly how many miles that tire has run,—how far it has fallen short of the guarantee. You have got the proof and he's glad to accept it. And you get an allowance on the new tire equal to 2,000 miles.

Again you hit the country road. 33 miles—34 miles—that is all that you seem to be able to get with everything wide open. Something is the matter somewhere. You cannot get the speed you know your Ford has been giving. Needs fixing. *Your Stewart Speedometer has told you.*

Off for a tour. New country—new roads—you must depend upon a guide book. And to follow a guide book's directions you must have a *Stewart Speedometer to show the miles and fractions you travel.*



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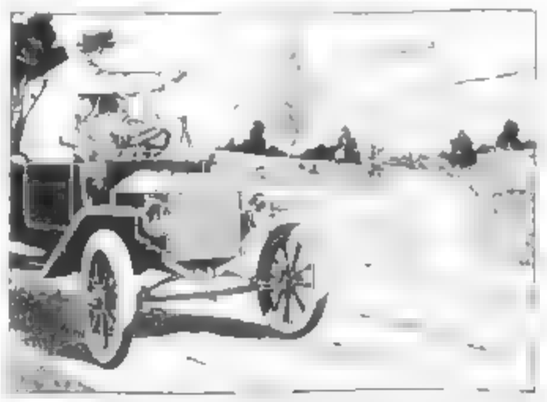

It is impossible to accurately follow Road Maps without a Stewart Speedometer with its re-set feature.

Stewart Speedometer

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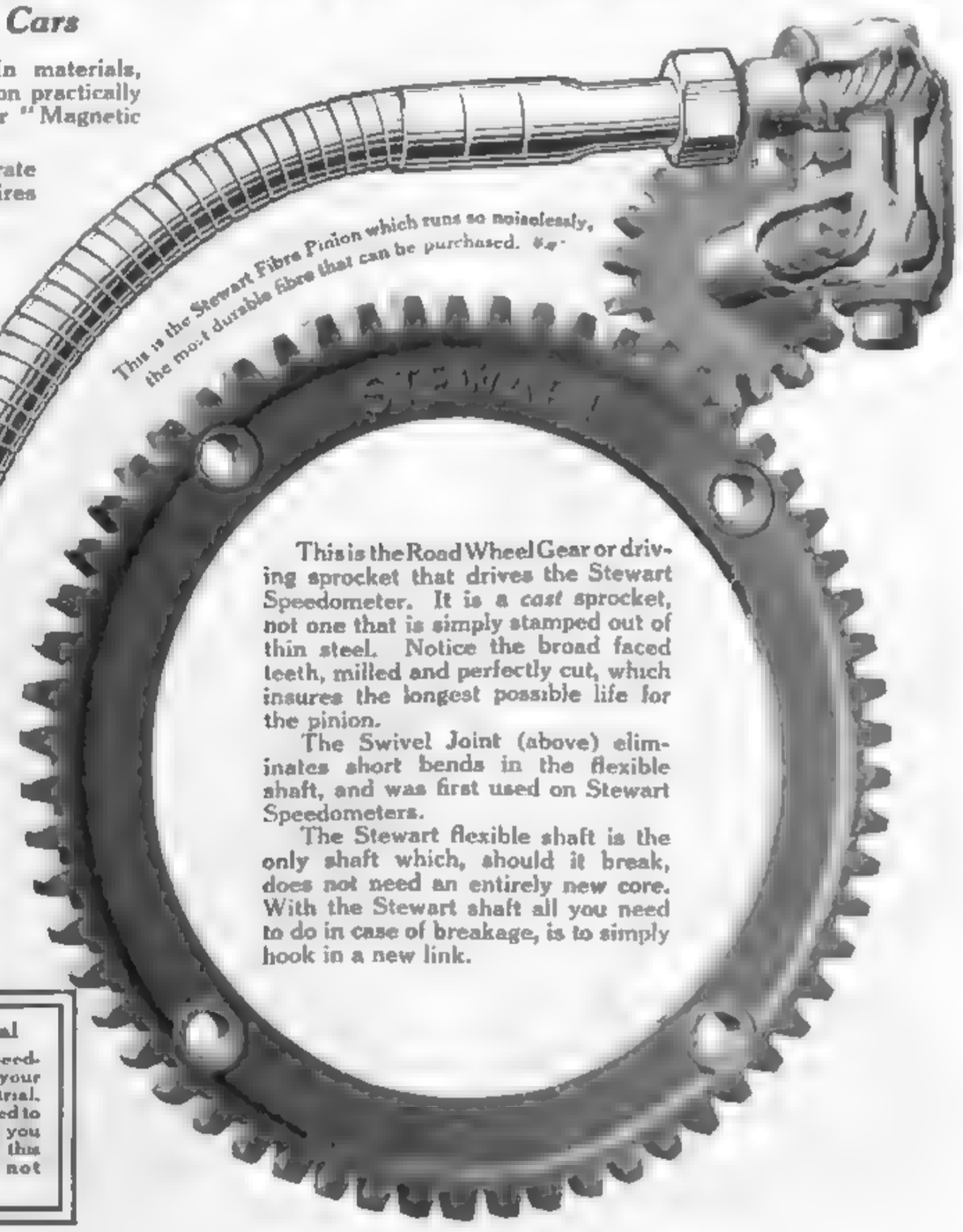

This is the Road Wheel Gear or driving sprocket that drives the Stewart Speedometer. It is a *cast* sprocket, not one that is simply stamped out of thin steel. Notice the broad faced teeth, milled and perfectly cut, which insures the longest possible life for the pinion.

The Swivel Joint (above) eliminates short bends in the flexible shaft, and was first used on Stewart Speedometers.

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30-Day Free Trial

Drive this Stewart Speedometer Model 100 for your Ford car on a 30 days' trial. Any dealer is authorized to return your money to you within thirty days if this Speedometer does not prove satisfactory.

PINCH HITTING FOR CUPID

(Continued from Page 14)

"Oh, I'm all right, I guess," says he, rather short. "See you later."

"Don't forget the number," says Mary. "I want to hear all about the ranch." She watched him as he crossed the lobby to the elevator.

"Chief, is it true what they're saying about him?" she asked me.

"That depends on what they're saying."

"Billy Mason told me he'd be surprised if Joe finished the season. Of course last year was his bad year, but I was hoping he'd get going again. I see he's not hitting."

"Well, Mary," I says, "he may last the season and he may not. You know how it is with ball players. They don't last forever. Next to me, Joe's the oldest man on the pay roll."

"Humph!" says Mary. "Do you call him old? Better look out, Chief! Joe and me are the same age."

"He's old for a second baseman." I saw I should have to hedge that bet. "This is his twelfth season and naturally he's slowing up. There's three or four years of baseball in him yet, but not of the big-league variety. He told me last fall I'd better look out for another man."

Right in the middle of our talk the other man came along. Tom bought a box of cigarettes and I had to introduce him to Mary. She knew he was warming the bench, waiting for Joe's job, and that was probably the reason why she was rather cool with him. That's a bad way to get rid of a fellow who is loaded to the ears with pride and good opinions of himself. Tom can't get over the notion that strange women ought to like him on sight, and when I went away he had both elbows on the showcase and was settling down to convince Mary that he was quite a fellow. He put in the whole evening at it. Joe passed through the lobby twice, but he didn't stop.

The next day, in the dressing room at the park, Tom brought about the first open clash with Joe. It might have been accident, but it had all the earmarks of design.

"People," says he, "that girl at the cigar counter in the hotel is all right. If she's got a night off this week I'm going to take her to the theater. I'll bet she'd go if I asked her."

Joe was over in a corner lacing up an ankle bandage. He walked over and stood in front of Roche. Some men get noisy when they're in earnest. Joe spoke just above a whisper.

"That'll do you!" says he. "Let your voice fall right there."

"What do you mean—let my voice fall?" asks Tom. "I didn't say anything wrong about the girl, did I?"

"There was nothing wrong with what you said and you may be thankful for that. You picked the wrong place to say it—that's all."

"It seems to me you're mighty particular," says Tom with a sneer.

"I am," says Joe.

They looked at each other for a few seconds. Joe's right hand hung at his hip, cocked and primed, ready if Tom made a move; and a nasty right hand it was too. Tom saw it hanging there and cast his vote for peace. He sat down.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it ——" says he.

After Joe had gone out on the field Tom began to ask questions.

"Bancroft ain't no Chevalier Bayard that I can see," says he. "What license has he got to hop all over me like that?"

"Well," says Nat Beers, the catcher, "Joe thinks pretty well of that lady himself."

"Oh, he does, does he? And what does the lady think?"

"Maybe you'd better ask her," says Beers.

"I guess I will," says Tom.

By accident Roche had found a way to bedevil Joe, and he went to it with all the poor judgment of a kid and all the spite of a grown man. He hung round that cigar counter every minute he was in the hotel; and of course Joe wouldn't come near while he was there. I'll bet Tom didn't enjoy it any more than Mary did, but he was out to make Joe sore and he succeeded. Joe spent the rest of his evenings in his room and didn't get a chance for a quiet talk with Mary on that trip.

We finished up at St. Louis and started East; and somewhere on the road Joe lost the fighting snap and the pepper that had been holding him in the line-up. When a man gets so that he doesn't kick on a called third strike he's in a bad way. Joe began to play ball as though he didn't care; and the home papers started to roast him and demand a new second baseman. Two or three sporting writers can put their heads together and drive any baseball player in the country out of business if they hammer at him long enough; and the newspaper knocking was just an additional push down the toboggan for Joe. The fans chimed in, too, and it got so that the anvil chorus struck up the minute Joe showed his head.

Even at this time Joe's absolute fairness did not desert him.

"It's no use, Chief," says he. "I'm gone!"

There was only one thing I could do. I benched Joe and put Roche at second; and Tom, seeing that his chance had come at last, played like a wild man. A week or ten days afterward Joe came to me again.

"It's up to you to do something," says he.

"What do you want me to do, Joe?"

"Ask for waivers. Find out whether any of these other teams want me. Even if I was in shape to play, I couldn't stay here, with the papers knocking and the fans after me. I might finish the season with some other club, but I'm not going to finish it on the bench. I don't want to draw a salary that I can't earn."

I tried to talk him out of it, but it wasn't any use. Joe was in earnest and in the end I asked for waivers. None of the other managers wanted him; I hardly thought they would. This was the situation when we started West the second time and on the train I had a long talk with Joe.

"They've all waived," says I. "I can trade or sell you to Toledo or Milwaukee. You'd get pretty good money in the American Association for a couple of years. What do you say?"

"It's all the same to me," says Joe.

"Well, you might be thinking it over and let me know. If you've got a preference for either of those towns ——"

"It don't make any difference," says Joe.

Of course I could have gone ahead and made any arrangements that suited me. The baseball law is all on the manager's side and when a man is worn out you can sell him, trade him for a bat-bag, or give him away; but when a player has given me the best that's in him I believe that he is entitled to some consideration.

V

I HAD hoped that Tom Roche would forget his foolishness; but the first thing he did when we got to Chicago was to ask when Mary would come on duty. He gave the cigar counter a strong play—and Joe, the chump, let him do it. After the opening game Tom anchored himself, with one elbow on the chewing-gum case, and Joe sat down across the lobby with a magazine in his hands.

It was a three-handed game of freeze out, Mary playing against Tom and Tom playing against Joe. Joe lost. Tom stuck till eleven o'clock, when Mary shut down for the night, and then he escorted her as far as the street door.

Several times that evening I noticed that Mary glanced over at Joe as though she wanted to catch his eye. That started me to thinking. If Joe was ever going to have his heart-to-heart talk with Mary now was the time. I didn't know how things stood with them; but it seemed to me that after the shoe drummer had hit for Cupid, and I'd gone in to run for him, a score was in danger of being left on the bases.

The next day I asked Mary whether she couldn't get off at eight o'clock and go to the theater. She said there wasn't a chance; it was her long day, from noon till eleven.

"That's too bad," says I. "I wanted to give a party for you and me and Joe."

"Maybe I can fix it," says Mary. "Yes; I can pay a woman to work in my place."

Then I went after Joe. I found him in his room, getting ready to shave. His face was all covered with lather.

"Anything doing tonight?" I says.

Joe shook his head.

"All right. You're going to a theater party."

"Not on your life!" Joe didn't like theaters.

"But it's my party," I says. "I'm giving it. It is going to be very select. Mary will be there."

"And who else?" Joe shot that one at me quick, without waiting to set himself. "Who else?"

"Why, just you and me."

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Joe didn't say a word for a minute. Then he took a towel and wiped the lather off his face.

"I guess I won't shave till after the game," says he.

Because I've never done any courting myself it's no cinch that I'm entirely ignorant of the game or the playing rules. There's many a man sitting out on the bleachers who knows as much baseball as I do. I went and hunted up a good, noisy musical comedy and I bought an upper box. Get that? I bought it—gave up twenty great big iron dollars for it!

Mary looked as sweet as a peach that night. Up to now I've sidestepped saying anything about her hair or her eyes; but to make the women readers feel easier I'll go so far as to state that Mary wasn't at all hard to look at, and this night she'd fixed herself up extra special. It pretty near took Joe's breath away when he saw her.

I'm no piker and when I start anything I do it right. We went to the show shop in a taxi. Joe didn't have much to say; he was busy looking at Mary. At the door I pulled out the whole bunch of tickets and handed three to the man. Carrying out the general idea I took one of the front seats, right over the footlights.

"Mary," says I, "you and Joe better sit back there a little, so you won't get the glare in your eyes."

"There's oceans of room, you extravagant man!" says Mary. "Don't you want to sit back here too?"

"Not me!" says I. "I'd rather see the tops of their heads than their faces."

Did you ever sit up under the roof of a theater, with the bull fiddle snorting, the slide trombone sliding, the drums batting .550, a flock of females in tights squalling on the stage, and try to hear what two people were saying behind you? It can't be done. I got an earful here and there in the quiet spots—I figured that I had a right to listen—and from the snatches of the conversation I gathered that Joe was breaking the news that he wasn't long for the big league. As if Mary didn't know that!

In the second act there was a place where a bottle-blond lady came out with a rose in her hand and began to coo to it. Most of the lights went down, and that was where I got the worth of my twenty bucks.

"It makes a difference being a minor leaguer," Joe was saying. "I had a lot of plans, but I guess they're up the flume now. It's Milwaukee or Toledo for me, Mary."

"Why," says Mary, "Milwaukee is one of the nicest towns in the country! I was there once and I've always been crazy to go back."

"For a visit, maybe," says Joe; "but you wouldn't be satisfied to live there for a couple of years."

"I'd love it!" says Mary. "Sometimes I think I can't stand Chicago another minute."

Well, there was one for him, square on the glove-hand side and waist high; but Joe fumbled it.

"Honest, Mary? Why, if I thought that——"

And there he dropped the ball. I believe he had the right idea, but he lacked the nerve. Just then—confound it!—the bull fiddle and the slide trombone and the drums and everything else busted loose all at once, and I lost track of the conversation completely; so I'll never know and you'll never know whether Joe made the play himself or whether Mary should be given an assist on it.

One thing is certain—the play was made. I saw that much when I went for my hat after the curtain came down. Joe and Mary were sitting together in the back of the box; and by the look on their faces they didn't know the show was over or that there was anybody else within a thousand miles of 'em—and didn't care, either.

"Chief," says Joe as we stepped out into the little hallway, "you can make it Milwaukee—and the sooner the better."

"Yes," says Mary; "we're going to Milwaukee. And oh, Chief, you're a darling!"

There's no use in denying it. She put her arms round my neck and kissed me. I suppose a bonehead would have pretended to be surprised and asked a lot of questions. I kissed her back and let it go at that.

"Fair enough," I says. "Now we will go out and see what we can scare up in the way of an engagement supper."

Probably Joe, if he thinks about it at all, gives Cupid a lot of credit. Mary is wiser than that, for she named the first boy after me.

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—But Closer Scrutiny Will Disclose Lozier Superiority

ALL CARS ARE GOOD—when new.

ALL CARS LOOK WELL—when new.

ALL CARS ARE SILENT—when new.

AND ALL CARS ARE POWERFUL—when new.

IN A "DEMONSTRATION"—much abused word, more abused sales expedient—any automobile you can name will give a creditable performance, will climb any hill or show any burst of speed you can specify.

BUT THAT PROVES NOTHING—as you know.

YOU KNOW, IF YOU HAVE OWNED CARS—and if you haven't this ad is not for you, for the Lozier is the connoisseurs' car—you know that the performance of a car that has just been "tuned to concert pitch" and driven by one who is an artist at making demonstrations, proves—absolutely nothing.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING that if the car were incapable of doing the regulation "stunts" it never would have left the factory. The second one of that series never would have been built.

YOU CAN CALL TO MIND cars you have known to perform the most remarkable feats when new, but which, in six months, a year, or at the longest, two years, have become veritable rattle-traps. And the power—it also has vanished. Hills it would take on "high" it will now struggle up only on second.

NOR ARE THE NOISES CONFINED to the motor. They seem to come from everywhere. Gears growl, frame whines, springs creak, and the body squeals as it weaves; while the doors either will not open or will not stay shut.

THE MOTOR—you wonder how one motor can make so many different kinds of sounds at the same time. Valve-slaps—those silent valves—when new. Pistons pound; bearings rattle—and the other noises can be distinguished but not described.

WHY IS THIS? YOU ASK. Perhaps the following may explain. It may or may not be news to you—depending on whether you have ever indulged in the expensive luxury of a speed launch.

A ONE HOUR GUARANTEE is the maximum that makers of high-speed launch motors will give. Think of that! That the motor is capable of running under sustained maximum load for one hour and no more.

YET ANY ENGINEER KNOWS that is a tremendous guarantee. Sustained maximum load for one full hour—why, 80 per cent of all the gas engines built would "burn up" or fly to pieces under the terrific strain.

AND ANOTHER FIFTEEN PER CENT might stand the hour's test—but would never be good for much afterward.

AN HOUR—THEN A REST—then another hour if you like—that is what the speed launch motor is guaranteed to do. But it must have that rest between times.

NOW LET'S APPLY THAT to an automobile motor—in actual use. The average car in hands of the average driver—and especially the expert demonstrator—is never driven to its limit for long at one time. A spurt, a stunt—then a good long rest—inspection and the necessary adjustments. And most any motor will stand up under that.

OR; IF THE OWNER DRIVES carefully always—never forgets—a motor of mediocre quality will stand up for quite some time.

BUT IF, ONE DAY, he and the car happen to be feeling good and a friend tries to pass him on a clear straight road, he is liable, being human, to step on the accelerator and cut her loose for a few miles.

THEN—GONE IS THE SILENT CAR; gone the sweetness that tempted him to buy. Gone the power of which he was so proud. Gone—and gone for good.

PERHAPS HE DOESN'T NOTICE IT just at the time. But a few days later his ear catches a lot of sounds that were not there before.

SO THE VALVES ARE GROUND, lifters adjusted and everything else done that can be done. But the doctor cannot replace decayed tissue—nor wholly cure a sprain. Never again will that motor be the same.

YOU SEE IT WASN'T CAPABLE of withstanding the sustained load for so long.

BUT THERE ARE CARS THAT WILL.

LOZIER IS ONE OF THEM. If we were asked to explain the essential difference between Loziers and some other cars, we would say that it is in that ability to withstand the severest service for the greatest length of time.

AND IF ASKED TO PROVE IT we would point to the records made by Lozier in such terrific tests as the Vanderbilt—which Lozier won; the Santa Monica, which Lozier won; the Elgin road race, which Lozier won; and the memorable 24-Hour Grind at Brighton Beach, when Loziers finished "One," "Two"—a Four and a Six.

IN THOSE EVENTS—those contests—the kind of quality we like to call Lozier was proven most conclusively—for they were called upon to withstand maximum speed—maximum sustained load—for three to twenty-four hours!

WE COULD GO BACK OF THAT and show records of Lozier motors in marine events. For, fifteen years before Lozier began to make automobiles, Lozier motors were the Standard of Perfection in marine engines.

(BY THE WAY—The rating of marine motors was actual—determined by pulling against water—which will not compress and so must be displaced. That calls for sustained effort. No rest, no let-up. No releasing or slipping of the clutch. Maximum load all the time.)

LOZIER STILL ADHERES to that standard. Lozier motors and Lozier cars are made to stand up under sustained maximum stress, and to make sure they will, every Lozier motor is tested under hydraulic load. That is why Loziers STAY good.

STAY GOOD! LET'S ANALYZE THAT. It is, as we have said, the essential difference between Loziers and—cars of lesser quality.

AFTER LONG YEARS OF SERVICE any Lozier car ever made—and we do not need to specify any particular model—any Lozier, is silent, smooth, sweet—and just as powerful as on the day it left the factory.

LOZIERS STAY GOOD. No matter if the owner or the driver pushes his car to full speed. No matter how often or for how long—still that motor retains its silence and its power.

ARE YOU A HARD DRIVER? Are you one of those who, when you pay for a car, assume that the maker knew his business and gave you a product that does not call for nursing?

THEN YOU CAN FORCE YOUR LOZIER to full speed as long as your own nerves will stand the strain. And when you have had enough the Lozier will say, "Come on!—Now let's do some real work."

AND THE NEXT DAY when you go out with the family for a quiet, restful drive, you'll find that wonderful car in the same mood—none of the creaks and squeaks and noises you'd find in a car—of lesser quality.

"BUT," YOU MAY SAY, "I am not a speed maniac." All right. Nevertheless you do want to get there and back—regardless of weather or road conditions. Don't you?

VERY WELL, THEN. YOU KNOW that, on the way, you may encounter a bad stretch of road. And so you must call on the motor for the same service, essentially, as speed. Maximum load—a grind on intermediate or low, for miles—for hours perhaps.

IF YOUR CAR WERE one of lesser quality than a Lozier, you would find, next day, that all the silence and sweetness, and most of the power, had passed into the hopeless beyond.

WE SAY "LOZIERS STAY GOOD!" That's not a mere catch phrase. It's a fundamental fact.

AFTER TWO OR THREE YEARS of service the average car is an old car.

AFTER FIVE YEARS—ten years even (and that is as long as Lozier has been making motor cars), a Lozier is still—a Lozier.

WHICH IS TO SAY, a car of superlative quality. A car ready for any test you may choose to put it to. And a car of which you may be proud.

ONE LOZIER OWNER SAID, speaking at an automobile banquet recently: "It is worth five hundred dollars to me just to say I own a Lozier. I don't have to stutter when I mention the name of the car I am driving. And to my wife and daughter—it's worth a thousand to say 'Ours is a Lozier.'"

WE'D LIKE TO TELL YOU how we make Loziers—how we incorporate in the motor and the car those features that make Loziers STAY good.

BUT IT WOULD TAKE A BOOK—and it would be a large one. For we'd have to tell you not only of the major features—the larger parts—but we'd have to go into the design, the making and the inspection of the minutest details of Loziers.

FOR NO PART IS SLIGHTED—no part can be slighted and make a car that will stay good. In a word a—Lozier.

BUT WE CAN SAY TO YOU: Look at the Lozier records in tests that called for sustained effort, and better still, talk to men who have owned Loziers; not for a season; but for many years—and they will repeat our pet phrase—Loziers stay good.

NOW A WORD ABOUT PRICE—always a consideration no matter what the wealth of the buyer. We wouldn't mention it, because our policy is to sell Loziers on a quality basis first and mention price as the last consideration, but—

WE FIND THAT MANY PERSONS who have said "Some day I'll own a Lozier, too," still think a Lozier unattainable at less than $5,000 or $6,000. That is all wrong.

IT IS NOW POSSIBLE to gratify your heart's desire—to own a Lozier—at $2,100.

THAT IS THE WONDERFUL "FOUR." A Lozier in every line and in every part. A Lozier in looks and in performance. And, above all, a Lozier that will stay good.

OR, IF YOU PREFER A SIX and feel you can afford the difference in up-keep cost, then you can have a Lozier Six for $3,250.

AND IF YOU CAN CONCEDE that a manufacturer may be honest and fair in his advice, even in a competitive matter, we will add this: If you choose a Lozier—"Four" or "Six"—you will own a car that, in quality and price, cannot be surpassed, if it can be equalled, in the world.

AND WE'LL DO MORE—we'll back that statement with the Lozier guarantee.

LOZIER

"The Choice of Men Who Know"

Light Four $2100
Light Six $3250

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT

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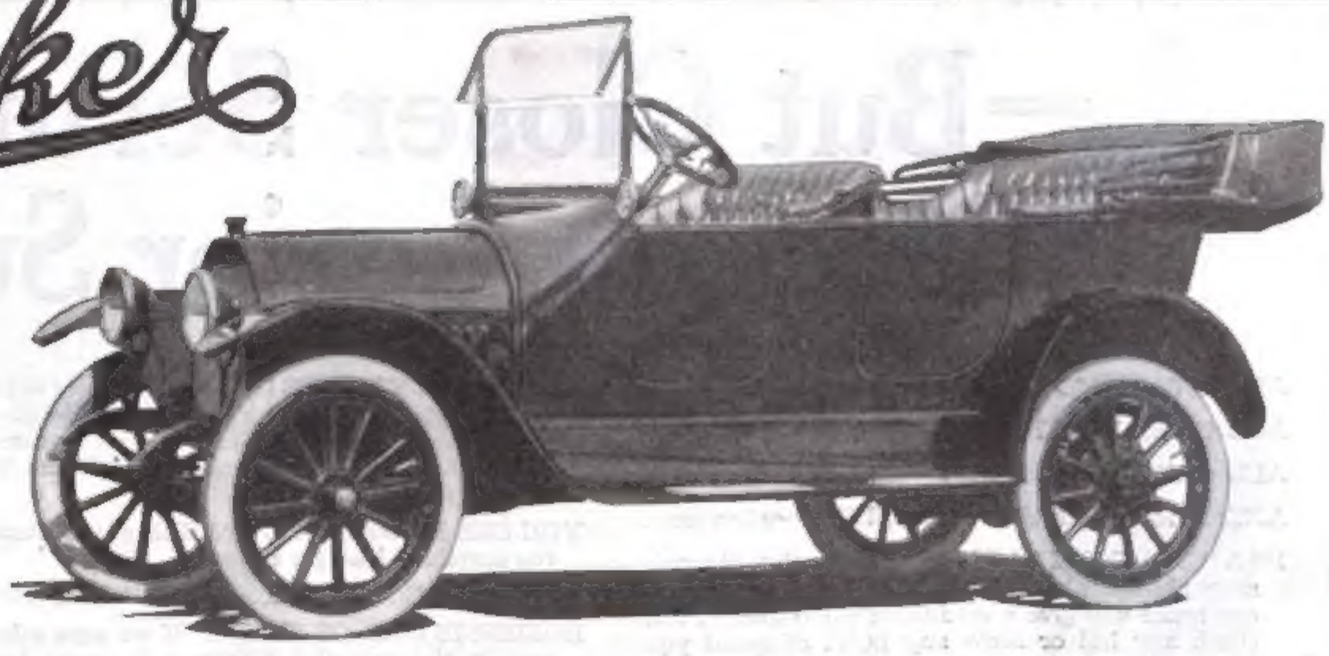
Studebaker



FOUR $1050

What You Get In This FOUR That You Do Not Get In Others

A greater proportion of manufactured parts.

A chain of quality-producing processes not equalled in the construction of any car at any price.

247 drop forgings produced in the greatest drop forge plant in the automobile industry.

Studebaker steel stampings in the rear axle housing and other parts in which others use castings of iron or aluminum.

The highest priced steels made to our own special formulæ.

Every steel shipment analyzed and tested; and, if accepted, subjected to two to four heat treatments.

Studebaker steels used in this FOUR are thus doubled and trebled in strength.

Full floating rear axle with heat treated driving shaft which, in a special machine, is capable of being twisted seven times on itself before breaking.

A front axle built to stand the same tremendous torsion test.

Springs that will withstand 200,000 complete oscillations in a machine built to break down springs.

Timken bearings protecting every point susceptible to strain and friction.

The only FOUR at the price which is Timken-equipped even to the wheel hubs.

A starting and lighting system without constantly-moving chains or fly-wheel gearing—two units perfectly balanced, so certain in action that they approach infallibility.

A body finish produced by no less than 24 distinct operations—money can't buy a better or more lasting finish.

A car in which quantity production is scientifically directed to the creation of the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price.

The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the scientific manufacturing operation of Studebaker. Send for it.

STUDEBAKER
Detroit

The Full Floating Rear Axle
Full Timken Bearing Equipment
24 Body Finishing Operations
Electrically Lighted and Started
Completely Equipped

F. O. B. Detroit

FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	1575
SIX Landau-Roadster	1800
SIX Sedan	2250

F. O. B. Walkerville

FOUR Touring Car	$1375
SIX Touring Car	1975
SIX Landau-Roadster	2250
SIX Sedan	2950

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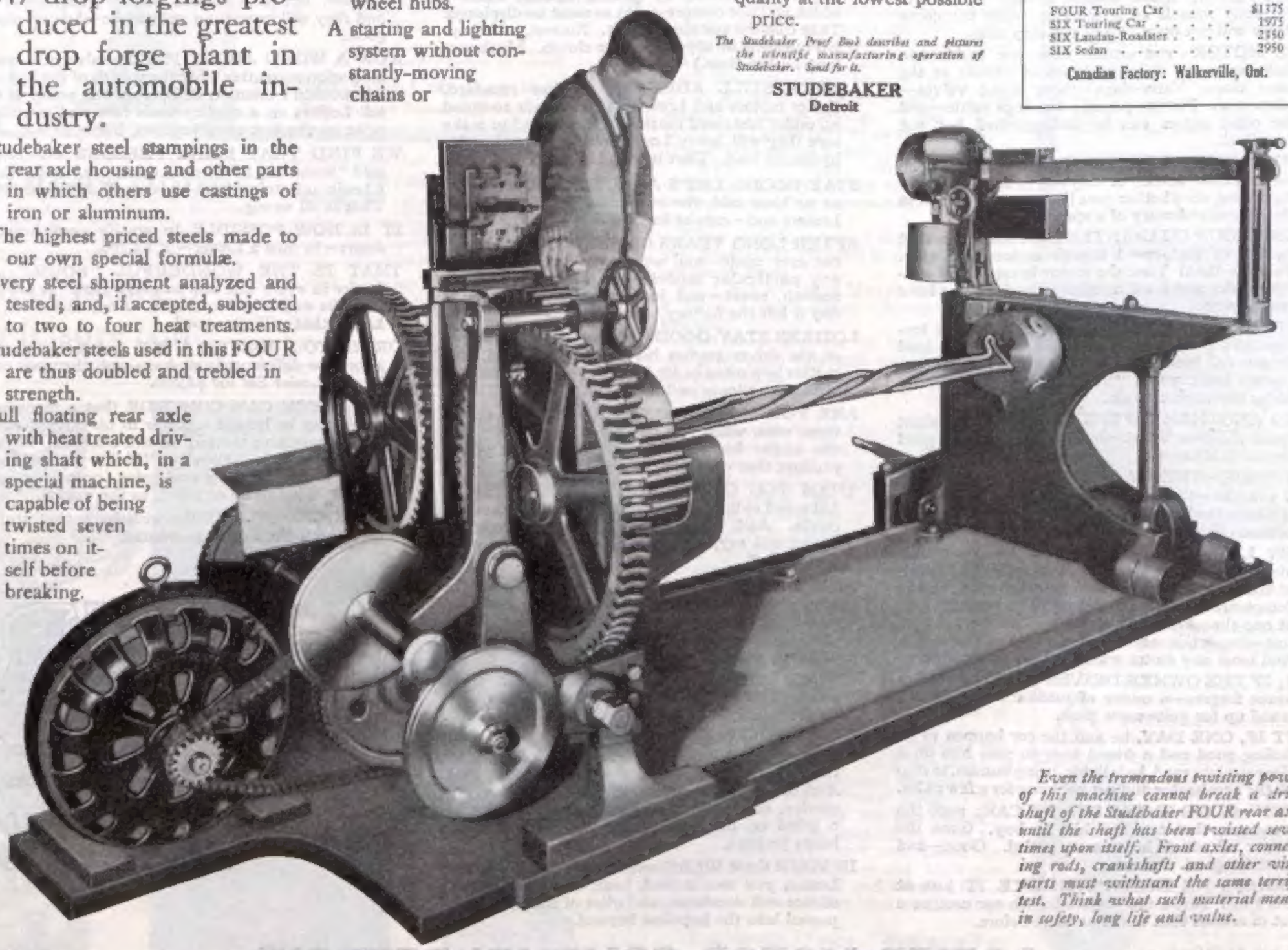

Even the tremendous twisting power of this machine cannot break a drive shaft of the Studebaker FOUR rear axle until the shaft has been twisted seven times upon itself. Front axles, connecting rods, crankshafts and other vital parts must withstand the same terrific test. Think what such material means in safety, long life and value.

"Quantity Production of Quality Cars"

There's "An Ocean Of Comfort" In B. V. D.

You wear a *coat* and a *smile* with B. V. D. On land or sea, in city or country, outdoors or in the office, B. V. D. takes the bite out of the "dog-days". *It keeps you cool.* Being loose-fitting, it lets invigorating air at your pores. Being light-woven, you hardly feel that you have it on. If you dance, B. V. D. leaves you arm, leg and body-free. Remember that *all* "Athletic" Underwear is *not* B. V. D.

For your own welfare, fix the B.V.D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

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